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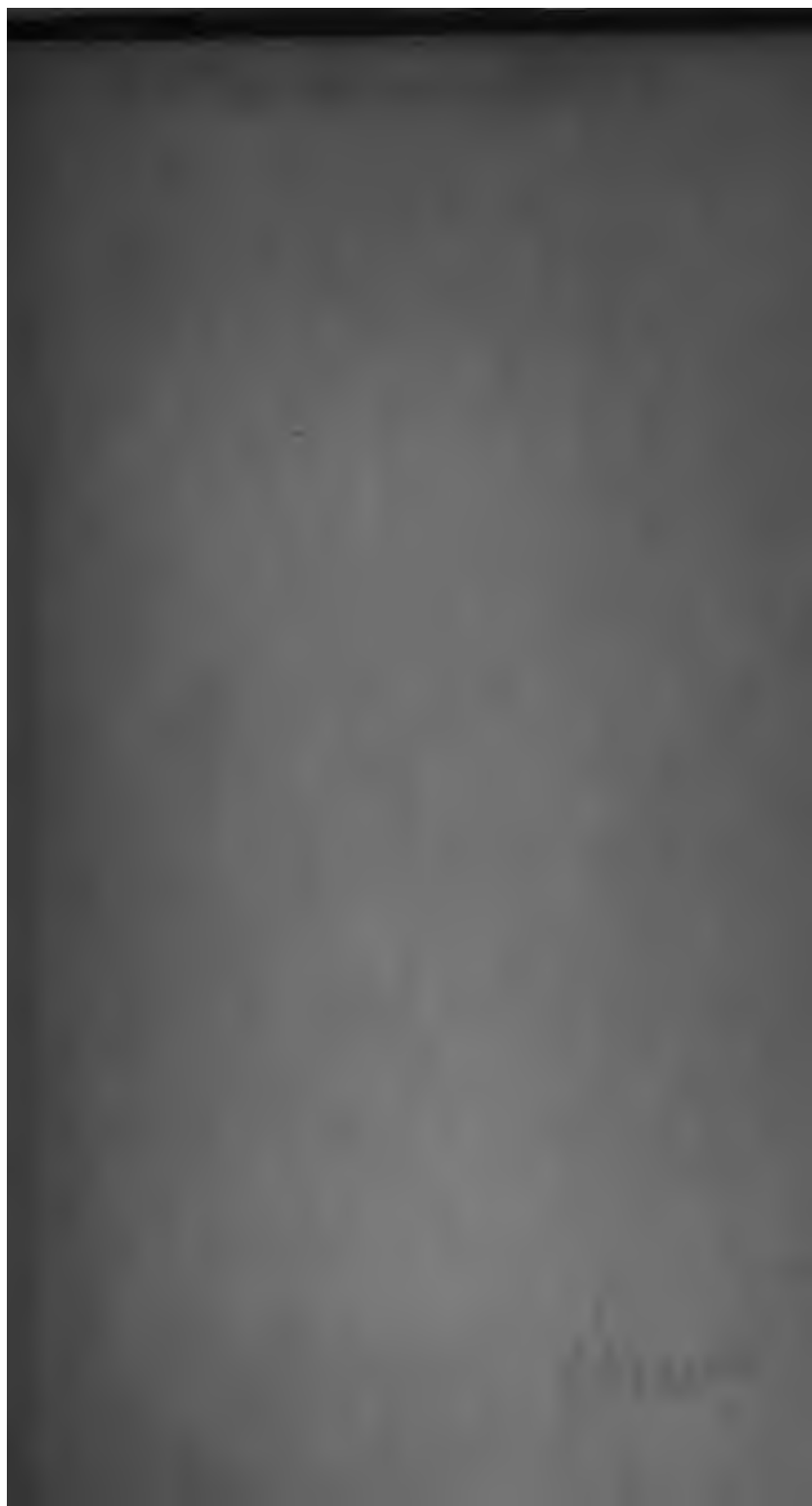
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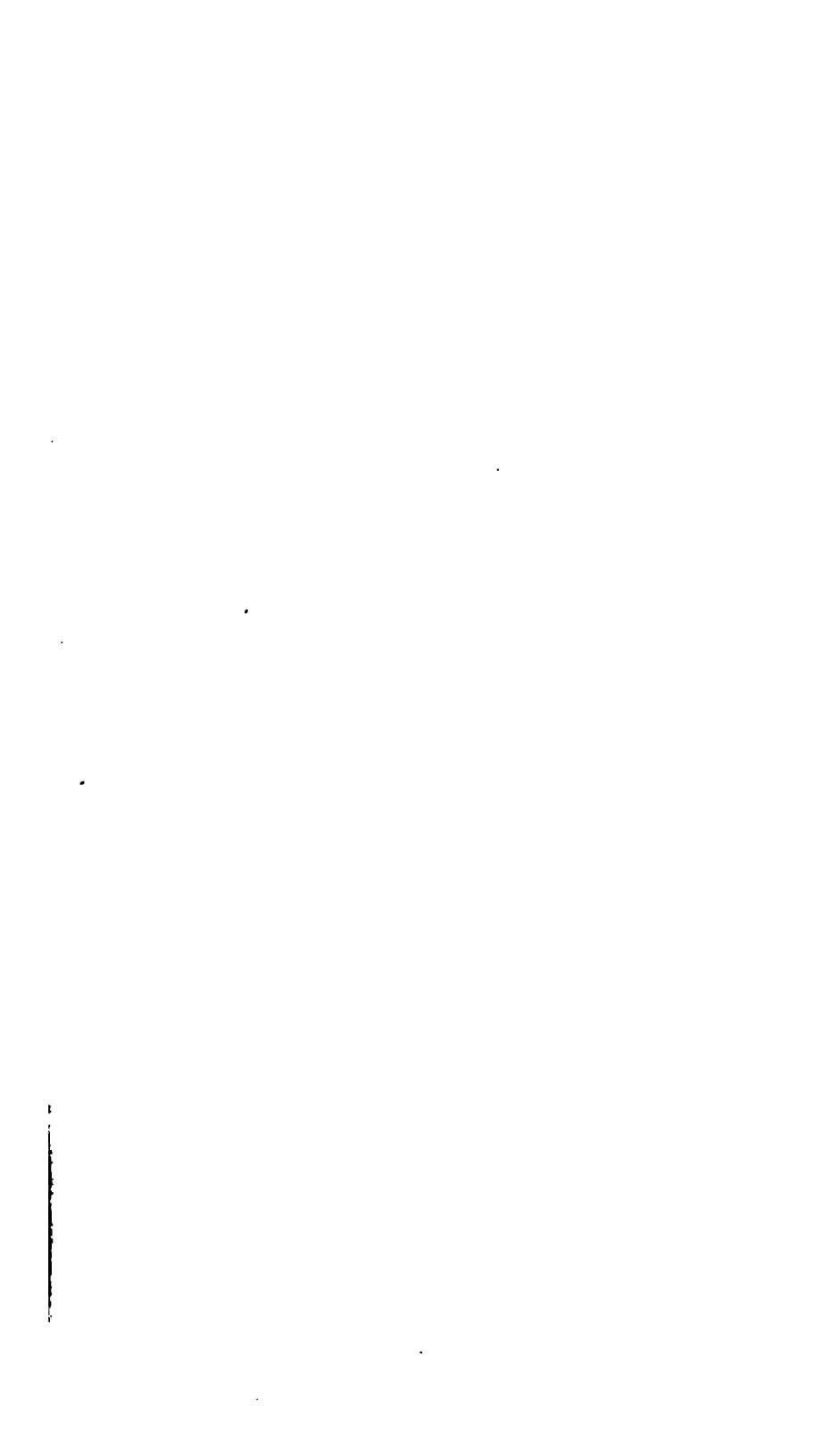


W. H. G.















\* NCM  

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H 28









St. Calcutt

St. Calcutt

## JULIUS CESAR

CAST: And there could you have the same  
and there you can see the same

5

**Shakspeare's**

**DRAMATIC WORKS:**

WITH

**A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,**

AND A SELECTION OF

**NOTES, CRITICAL, HISTORICAL, AND EXPLANATORY,**

BY THE

**REV. W. HARNESS, A. M.**

**OF CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE**

**TO WHICH ARE ADDED, THE AUTHOR'S POEMS.**

**IN EIGHT VOLUMES.**

**VOL. VII.**

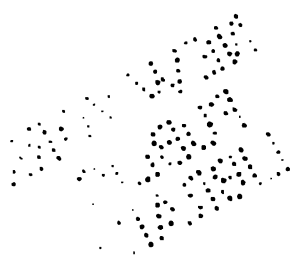


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**1830.**



**SHAKSPEARE'S  
DRAMATIC WORKS.**

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**VOL. VII.**

## CONTENTS.

	Page
<b>JULIUS CÆSAR . . . . .</b>	<b>1</b>
<b>ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA . . . . .</b>	<b>83</b>
<b>CYMBELINE . . . . .</b>	<b>201</b>
<b>TITUS ANDRONICUS . . . . .</b>	<b>319</b>
<b>PERICLES . . . . .</b>	<b>397</b>

## JULIUS CÆSAR.

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THIS tragedy was neither printed nor entered at Stationers' Hall, till 1623. It was probably composed about the year 1607. From the words of Polonius in Hamlet, who says that, when in the university "he did enact Julius Cæsar," it seems probable that an English play on this subject had appeared before Shakspeare commenced a writer for the stage.

A Latin play on the death of Cæsar was acted at Christ's Church, Oxford, so early as 1582, as appears from Peck's *Collection of divers curious historical Pieces*, &c. (appended to his *Memoirs, &c. of Oliver Cromwell*) p. 14, and William Alexander, afterwards earl of Sterline, wrote a tragedy on the story, and with the title of Julius Cæsar. "It may be presumed," says Malone, "that Shakspeare's play was posterior to his; for Lord Sterline, when he composed his Julius Cæsar, was a very young author, and would hardly have ventured into that circle, within which the most eminent dramatick writer of England had already walked. The death of Cæsar, which is not exhibited, but related to the audience, forms the catastrophe of his piece. In the two plays many parallel passages are found, which might, perhaps, have proceeded only from the two authors drawing from the same source."

The real length of time in Julius Cæsar is as follows: About the middle of February, A. U. C. 709, a frantick festival, sacred to Pan, and called Lupercalia, was held in honour of Cæsar, when the regal crown was offered to him by Antony. On the 15th of March in the same year, he was slain. November 27, A. U. C. 710, the triumvirs met at a small island, formed by the river Rhenus, near Bononia, and there adjusted their cruel proscription.—A. U. C. 711, Brutus and Cassius were defeated near Philippi.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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**JULIUS CÆSAR.**

**OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,**  
**MARCUS ANTONIUS,** } *triumvirs after the death of Julius*  
**M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS,** } *Cæsar.*

**CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA, senators.**

**MARCUS BRUTUS,**  
**CASSIUS,**  
**CASCA,**  
**TREBONIUS,**  
**LIGARIUS,**  
**DECIUS BRUTUS,**  
**METELLUS CIMBER,**  
**CINNA,** } *conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*

**FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, tribunes.**

**ARTEMIDORUS, a sophist of Cnidos.**

**A Soothsayer.**

**CINNA, a poet. Another Poet.**

**LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, young CATO, and VOLUMNIUS; friends to Brutus and Cassius.**

**VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS; servants to Brutus.**

**PINDARUS, servant to Cassius.**

**CALPHURNIA, wife to Cæsar.**

**PORTIA, wife to Brutus.**

*Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.*

**SCENE, during a great part of the Play, at Rome; afterwards at Sardis; and near Philippi.**

# JULIUS CÆSAR.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a Rabble of Citizens.*

*Flav.* HENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you home; Is this a holiday? What! know you not, Being mechanical, you ought not walk, Upon a labouring day, without the sign Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

*1 Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

*Mar.* Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule? What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—  
You, sir; what trade are you?

*2 Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

*Mar.* But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

*2 Cit.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

*Mar.* What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

*2 Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

*Mar.* What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

*2 Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

*Flav.* Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

*2 Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no tradesmen's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl.\* I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As pro-

\* — I meddle with no tradesmen's, &c.] This should be "I meddle with no trades-mān's matter, nor woman's matters, but with awl."—FARMER.



per men as ever trod upon neats-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

*Flav.* But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? .  
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

*2 Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

*Mar.* Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he  
What tributaries follow him to Rome, [home?  
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?  
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!  
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft  
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,  
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,  
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat  
The live-long day, with patient expectation,  
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:  
And when you saw his chariot but appear,  
Have you not made an universal shout,  
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,  
To hear the replication of your sounds,  
Made in her concave shores?  
And do you now put on your best attire?  
And do you now cull out a holiday?  
And do you now strew flowers in his way,  
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?  
Be gone;  
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,  
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague  
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

*Flav.* Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,  
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;  
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears  
Into the channel, till the lowest stream  
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [*Exeunt Citizens.*  
See, whe'r<sup>b</sup> their basest metal be not mov'd;  
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.  
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;

<sup>b</sup> — whe'r —] i. e. *Whether*.

This way will I : Disrobe the images,  
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.\*

*Mar.* May we do so?

You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

*Flav.* It is no matter ; let no images  
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,  
And drive away the vulgar from the streets :  
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.  
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,  
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch ;  
Who else would soar above the view of men,  
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

*The Same. A publick Place.*

*Enter in Procession, with Musick, CÆSAR ; ANTONY, for  
the course ; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS,<sup>d</sup> CICERO,  
BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great Croud follow-  
ing ; among them a Soothsayer.*

*Cæs.* Calphurnia,—

*Casca.* Peace, ho ! Cæsar speaks.

[Musick ceases.

*Cæs.*

Calphurnia,—

*Cal.* Here my lord.

*Cæs.* Stand you directly in Antonius' way,  
When he doth run his course.—Antonius.

*Ant.* Cæsar, my lord.

*Cæs.* Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,  
To touch Calphurnia : for our elders say,  
The barren, touched in this holy chase,  
Shake off their steril curse,\*

\* — ceremonies.] i. e. Honorary ornaments ; tokens of respect.—MALONE.  
<sup>d</sup> This person was not Decius, but Decimus Brutus. The poet (as Voltaire has done since) confounds the characters of Marcus and Decimus. Decimus Brutus was the most cherished by Cæsar of all his friends, while Marcus kept aloof, and declined so large a share of his favours and honours, as the other had constantly accepted. Shakspeare's mistake of Decius for Decimus, arose from the old translation of Plutarch.—FARMER.

\* The barren, touched in this holy chase,  
Shake off their steril curse.] " At that time the feast Lupercalia was celebrated, the which in olde time men say was the feast of shepherds or herdsmen,

*Ant.* I shall remember :  
 When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.  
*Cæs.* Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Musick.*  
*Sooth.* Cæsar.  
*Cæs.* Ha! Who calls?  
*Casca.* Bid every noise be still :—Peace yet again.  
 [*Musick ceases.*

*Cæs.* Who is it in the press, that calls on me?  
 I hear a tongue, shriller than all the musick,  
 Cry, Cæsar : Speak ; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.  
*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.  
*Cæs.* What man is that ?  
*Bru.* A soothsayer, bids you beware the ides of March.  
*Cæs.* Set him before me, let me see his face.  
*Cæs.* Fellow, come from the throng : Look upon Cæsar.  
*Cæs.* What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.  
*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.  
*Cæs.* He is a dreamer ; let us leave him ;—pass.  
 [*Sennet.*<sup>1</sup> *Exeunt all but BRU. and Cæs.*

*Cæs.* Will you go see the order of the course?  
*Bru.* Not I.  
*Cæs.* I pray you, do.  
*Bru.* I am not gamesome : I do lack some part  
 Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.  
 Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ;  
 I'll leave you.

*Cæs.* Brutus, I do observe you now of late :  
 I have not from your eyes that gentleness,  
 And show of love, as I was wont to have :  
 You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand

and is much like unto the feast of Lyceans in Arcadia. But howsoever it is, that day there are diverse noble men's sonnes, young men (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern them), which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leathern thongs. And many noble women and gentlewomen also go on purpose to stand in their way, and doe put forth their handes to be stricken, perswading themselves that being with childe, they shall have good deliverie ; and also, being barren, that it will make them conceive with child. Cæsar sat to behold that sport upon the pulpit for orations, in a chayre of gold, apparalled in triumphant manner. Antonius, who was consul at that time, was one of them that *ronne* this holy course." *Plutarch* : North's translation.—MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Sennet.*] A certain set of notes on the trumpet or cornet, different from a flourish.

<sup>2</sup> *strange*—] i. e. *Alien, unfamiliar*, such as might become a *stranger*.—JOHNSON.

## ACT I.—SCENE II.

Over your friend that loves you.

*Bru.* *Cassius,*  
Be not deceiv'd : If I have veil'd my look,  
I turn the trouble of my countenance  
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,  
Of late, with passions of some difference,<sup>a</sup>  
Conceptions only proper to myself,  
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours :  
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd ;  
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one ;)  
Nor construe any further my neglect,  
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
Forgets the show of love to other men.

*Cas.* Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion ;  
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried  
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.  
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

*Bru.* No, Cassius : for the eye sees not itself,  
But by reflection, by some other things.

*Cas.* 'Tis just :  
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,  
That you have no such mirrors, as will turn  
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,  
Where many of the best respect in Rome,  
(Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,  
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

*Bru.* Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,  
That you would have me seek into myself  
For that which is not in me ?

*Cas.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear :  
And, since you know you cannot see yourself  
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
Will modestly discover to yourself  
That of yourself which you yet know not of.  
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus :

<sup>a</sup> — *passions of some difference,*] With a fluctuation of discordant opinions and desires.—JOHNSON.

<sup>b</sup> — *your passion ;*] i. e. The nature of the feelings from which you are now suffering.—STEEVENS.

Were I a common laughèr, or did use  
 To stale with ordinary oaths my love<sup>k</sup>  
 To every new protester ; if you know  
 That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,  
 And after scandal them ; or if you know  
 That I profess myself in banqueting  
 To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish, and shout.*]

*Bru.* What means this shouting ? I do fear the people  
 Choose Cæsar for their king.

*Cas.* Ay, do you fear it ?  
 Then must I think you would not have it so.

*Bru.* I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well :—  
 But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?  
 What is it that you would impart to me ?  
 If it be aught toward the general good,  
 Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,  
 And I will look on both indifferently :  
 For, let the gods so speed me, as I love  
 The name of honour more than I fear death.

*Cas.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,  
 As well as I do know your outward favour.  
 Well, honour is the subject of my story.—  
 I cannot tell, what you and other men  
 Think of this life ; but, for my single self,  
 I had as lief not be, as live to be  
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
 I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :  
 We both have fed as well ; and we can both  
 Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.  
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
 The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,  
 Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now  
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
 And swim to yonder point ?* — Upon the word,  
 Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,  
 And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.  
 The torrent roar'd ; and we did buffet it

<sup>k</sup> To stale with ordinary oaths my love, &c.] To invite every new protester to my affection by the stale or allurement of customary oaths.—JONSON.

With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside  
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.  
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,  
 Cæsar cry'd, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*  
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber  
 Did I the tired Cæsar : And this man  
 Is now become a god ; and Cassius is  
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,  
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.  
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark  
 How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake :  
 His coward lips did from their colour fly ;  
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,  
 Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :  
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans  
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
 Alas ! it cried, *Give me some drink*, Titinius,  
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
 A man of such a feeble temper<sup>1</sup> should  
 So get the start of the majestick world,  
 And bear the palm alone.<sup>m</sup> [*Shout. Flourish.*

*Bru.* Another general shout !

I do believe, that these applauses are  
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

*Cas.* Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,  
 Like a Colossus ; and we petty men  
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about  
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.  
 Men at some time are masters of their fates :  
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
 Brutus, and Cæsar : What should be in that Cæsar ?  
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?  
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;

<sup>1</sup> — temper — ] i. e. Temperament, constitution.

<sup>m</sup> So get the start of the majestick world,  
 And bear the palm alone.] This image is extremely noble : it is taken from  
 the Olympic games.—WARBURTON.

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;  
 Weigh them, it is as heavy : conjure with them,  
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. [Shout.  
 Now in the names of all the gods at once,  
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
 That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art sham'd :  
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !  
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,  
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man ?  
 When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,  
 That her wide walks encompass'd but one man ?  
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,  
 When there is in it but one only man.  
 O ! you and I have heard our fathers say,  
 There was a Brutus once,<sup>a</sup> that would have brook'd  
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,  
 As easily as a king.

*Bru.* That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;  
 What you would work me to, I have some aim ;<sup>o</sup>  
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,  
 I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,  
 I would not, so with love I might entreat you,  
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said,  
 I will consider ; what you have to say,  
 I will with patience hear : and find a time  
 Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.  
 Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this ;<sup>p</sup>  
 Brutus had rather be a villager,  
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
 Under these hard conditions as this time  
 Is like to lay upon us.

*Cas.* I am glad, that my weak words  
 Have struck but thus much shew of fire from Brutus.

*Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.*

*Bru.* The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

*Cas.* As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve ;

<sup>a</sup> There was a Brutus once,] i. e. Lucius Junius Brutus.

<sup>o</sup> — aim ;] i. e. Guess.

<sup>p</sup> — chew upon this ;] Consider this at leisure ; ruminate on this.—JOHNSON.

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you  
What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

*Bru.* I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,  
The angry spot doth grow on Cæsar's brow,  
And all the rest look like a chidden train:  
Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero  
Looks with such ferret<sup>1</sup> and such fiery eyes,  
As we have seen him in the Capitol,  
Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

*Cas.* Casca will tell us what the matter is.

*Cas.* Antonius.

*Ant.* Cæsar.

*Cas.* Let me have men about me that are fat;  
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:  
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

*Ant.* Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;  
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

*Cas.* 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him not:  
Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
I do not know the man I should avoid  
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;  
He is a great observer, and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,  
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no musick:  
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit  
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.  
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,  
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;  
And therefore are they very dangerous.  
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,  
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.  
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,  
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train. CASCA stays behind.*]

*Casca.* You pull'd me by the cloak; Would you speak  
with me?

<sup>1</sup> — *ferret* —] A ferret has red eyes.—JOHNSON.



*Bru.* Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,  
That Cæsar looks so sad?

*Casca.* Why you were with him, were you not?

*Bru.* I should not, then ask Casca what hath chanc'd.

*Casca.* Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a' shouting.

*Bru.* What was the second noise for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Cas.* They shouted thrice; What was the last cry for?

*Casca.* Why, for that too.

*Bru.* Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

*Casca.* Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other: and at every putting by, mine honest neighbours shouted.

*Cas.* Who offered him the crown?

*Casca.* Why, Antony.

*Bru.* Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

*Casca.* I can as well be hanged, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

*Cas.* But, soft, I pray you: What? Did Cæsar swoon?

*Casca.* He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

*Bru.* 'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

r — these coronets;—] So in the old translation of Plutarch:—"he came to Cæsar and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel."—STEEVENS.

*Cas.* No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,  
And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

*Casca.* I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.\*

*Bru.* What said he, when he came unto himself?

*Casca.* Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation,<sup>†</sup> if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done, or said, any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them: if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

*Bru.* And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

*Casca.* Ay.

*Cas.* Did Cicero say any thing?

*Casca.* Ay, he spoke Greek.

*Cas.* To what effect?

*Casca.* Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those, that understoð him, smiled at one another, and shook their heads: but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

*Cas.* Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

*Casca.* No, I am promised forth.

*Cas.* Will you dine with me to-morrow?

*Casca.* Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

*Cas.* Good; I will expect you.

\* — true man.] i. e. *Honest man.*

† — a man of any occupation,] Had I been a mechanick, one of the plebeians to whom he offered his throat.—JOHNSON.

*Casca.* Do so : Farewell both. [*Exit CASCA.*]

*Bru.* What a blunt fellow is this grown to be ?  
He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

*Cas.* So is he now, in execution  
Of any bold or noble enterprize,  
However he puts on this tardy form.  
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,  
Which gives men stomach to digest his words  
With better appetite.

*Bru.* And so it is. For this time I will leave you :  
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,  
I will come home to you ; or, if you will, <sup>+</sup>  
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

*Cas.* I will do so :—till then, think of the world.

[*Exit BRUTUS.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble ; yet, I see,  
Thy honourable metal may be wrought  
From that it is dispos'd :<sup>\*</sup> Therefore 'tis meet  
That noble minds keep ever with their likes :  
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd ?  
Cæsar doth bear me hard :<sup>+</sup> But he loves Brutus :  
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,  
He should not humour me.<sup>+</sup> I will this night,  
In several hands, in at his windows throw,  
As if they came from several citizens,  
Writings, all tending to the great opinion  
That Rome holds of his name ; wherein obscurely  
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at :  
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure ;  
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*]

<sup>\*</sup> *Thy honourable metal may be wrought*

*From that it is dispos'd :*] The best metal or temper may be worked into qualities contrary to its original constitution.—JOHNSON. *Disposed* is for *disposed to* : we have many instances of a similar phraseology.—MALONE.

<sup>+</sup> — *doth bear me hard :*] i. e. Has an unfavourable opinion of me.—STEEVENS.

<sup>+</sup> *If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,*

*He should not humour me.*] The meaning, I think, is this : *Cæsar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love should not humour me, should not take hold of my affection, so as to make me forget my principles.*—JOHNSON.

## SCENE III.

*The same. A Street.**Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his Sword drawn, and CICERO.*

*Cic.* Good even, Casca : Brought you Cæsar home ?<sup>w</sup>  
 Why are you breathless ? and why stare you so ?

*Casca.* Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth<sup>x</sup>  
 Shakes, like a thing unfirm ? O Cicero,  
 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds  
 Have riv'd the knotty oaks ; and I have seen  
 The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,  
 To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds :  
 But never till to-night, never till now,  
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.  
 Either there is a civil strife in heaven ;  
 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,  
 Incenses them to send destruction.

*Cic.* Why, saw you any thing more wonderful ?

*Casca.* A common slave (you know him well by sight,)<sup>y</sup>  
 Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn  
 Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,  
 Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.  
 Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)  
 Against the Capitol I met a lion,  
 Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by,  
 Without annoying me : And there were drawn  
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,  
 Transformed with their fear ; who swore, they saw  
 Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.  
 And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit,  
 Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,  
 Hooting, and shrieking. When these prodigies

<sup>w</sup> — Brought you Cæsar home ?] i. e. Did you attend Cæsar home ?

<sup>x</sup> — sway of earth —] The whole weight or momentum of this globe.—

JOHNSON.

<sup>y</sup> A common slave (you know him well by sight)] So in the old translation of Plutarch :—" A slave of the souldiers that did cast a marvelous burning flame out of his hande, insomuch as they that saw it, thought he had been burnt ; but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt."—STEEVENS.

Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,  
*These are their reasons,—They are natural;*  
 For, I believe, they are portentous things  
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

*Cic.* Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:  
 But men may construe things after their fashion,  
 Clean<sup>a</sup> from the purpose of the things themselves.  
 Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

*Casca.* He doth; for he did bid Antonius  
 Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

*Cic.* Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky  
 Is not to walk in.

*Casca.* Farewell Cicero. [Exit CICERO.]

*Enter CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* Who's there?

*Casca.* A Roman.

*Cas.* Casca, by your voice.

*Casca.* Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this?

*Cas.* A very pleasing night to honest men.

*Casca.* Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

*Cas.* Those, that have known the earth so full of faults,  
 For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,  
 Submitting me unto the perilous night;  
 And, thus unbrac'd, Casca, as you see,  
 Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:<sup>b</sup>  
 And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open  
 The breast of heaven, I did present myself  
 Even in the aim and very flash of it.

*Casca.* But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?  
 It is the part of men to fear and tremble,  
 When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send  
 Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

*Cas.* You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life  
 That should be in a Roman, you do want,  
 Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,  
 And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,  
 To see the strange impatience of the heavens:

<sup>a</sup> Clean—] i. e. Altogether, entirely.

<sup>b</sup> — thunder-stone:] A stone fabulously supposed to be discharged by thunder.—STEEVENS.

But if you would consider the true cause,  
 Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,  
 Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;<sup>b</sup>  
 Why old men, fools, and children calculate:<sup>c</sup>  
 Why all these things change, from their ordinance,  
 Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,  
 To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,  
 That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,  
 To make them instruments of fear, and warning,  
 Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,  
 Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night;  
 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars  
 As doth the lion in the Capitol:  
 A man no mightier than thyself, or me,  
 In personal action; yet prodigious<sup>d</sup> grown,  
 And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

*Casca.* 'Tis Cæsar that you mean: Is it not, Cassius?

*Cas.* Let it be who it is: for Romans now  
 Have thewes<sup>e</sup> and limbs like to their ancestors;  
 But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,  
 And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;  
 Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

*Casca.* Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow  
 Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:  
 And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,  
 In every place, save here in Italy.

*Cas.* I know where I will wear this dagger then;  
 Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:  
 Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;  
 Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:  
 Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;  
 But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
 Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

<sup>b</sup> *Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind; &c.*] That is, *Why they deviate from quality and nature.*—JOHNSON.

<sup>c</sup> ——— *calculate:*] i. e. *Foretell or prophecy.* This use of the word is taken from the technical term of *calculating a nativity.*

<sup>d</sup> ——— *prodigious*—] i. e. *Portentous.*

<sup>e</sup> ——— *thewes*—] An obsolete word implying *nerves or muscular strength.*—STEEVENS.

If I know this, know all the world besides,  
That part of tyranny, that I do bear,  
I can shake off at pleasure.

*Casca.* So can I :  
So every bondman in his own hand bears  
The power to cancel his captivity.

*Cas.* And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?  
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,  
But that he sees, the Romans are but sheep:  
He were no lion, were not the Romans hinds.  
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,  
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,  
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves  
For the base matter to illuminate  
So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O, grief!  
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this  
Before a willing bondman: then I know  
My answer must be made:<sup>f</sup> But I am arm'd,  
And dangers are to me indifferent.

*Casca.* You speak to Casca; and to such a man,  
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:<sup>g</sup>  
Be factious<sup>h</sup> for redress of all these griefs;  
And I will set this foot of mine as far,  
As who goes farthest.

*Cas.* There's a bargain made.  
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already  
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,  
To undergo with me, an enterprize  
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;  
And I do know, by this, they stay for me  
In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,  
There is no stir, or walking in the streets;  
And the complexion of the element  
Is favour'd,<sup>i</sup> like the work we have in hand,  
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

<sup>f</sup> *My answer must be made:]* I shall be called to account, and must answer as for seditious words.—JOHNSON.

<sup>g</sup> — *Hold my hand:]*—is the same as, *Here's my hand.*—JOHNSON.

<sup>h</sup> — *factious—]* i. e. *Active*, says Dr. Johnson. Does it not rather mean clamorous?

<sup>i</sup> *Is favour'd,]* i. e. *Is like in appearance or countenance.*—STEVENS.

*Enter CINNA.*

*Casca.* Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste,

*Cas.* 'Tis Cinna, I know him by his gait;  
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

*Cin.* To find out you: Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

*Cas.* No, it is Casca; one incorporate  
To our attempts. Am I not staid for, Cinna?

*Cin.* I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this?  
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

*Cas.* Am I not staid for, Cinna? Tell me.

*Cin.* Yes,  
You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win  
The noble Brutus to our party——

*Cas.* Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,  
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,  
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this  
In at his window: set this up with wax  
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,  
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.  
Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

*Cin.* All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone  
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,  
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

*Cas.* That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

*[Exit CINNA.]*

Come, Casca, you and I will, yet, ere day,  
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him  
Is ours already; and the man entire,  
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

*Casca.* O, he sits high, in all the people's hearts:  
And that, which would appear offence in us,  
His countenance, like richest alchymy,  
Will change to virtue, and to worthiness.

*Cas.* Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,  
You have right well conceited. Let us go,  
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,  
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

*[Exeunt.]*



## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.* Brutus's Orchard.*Enter* BRUTUS.*Bru.* What, Lucius! ho!—

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,  
 Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—  
 I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—  
 When, Lucius, when? Awake, I say: What, Lucius!

*Enter* LUCIUS.*Luc.* Call'd you, my lord?

*Bru.* Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:  
 When it is lighted, come and call me here.

*Luc.* I will, my lord.[*Exit.*]

*Bru.* It must be by his death: and, for my part,  
 I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
 But for the general. He would be crown'd:—  
 How that might change his nature, there's the question.  
 It is the bright day, that brings forth the adder;  
 And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—That;—  
 And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,  
 That at his will he may do danger with.  
 The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins  
 Remorse<sup>1</sup> from power: And, to speak truth of Cæsar,  
 I have not known when his affections sway'd  
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,<sup>2</sup>  
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:  
 But when he once attains the upmost round,  
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees<sup>3</sup>  
 By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;  
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel

<sup>1</sup> When, Lucius, when?] This exclamation of impatience has already occurred in *King Richard II.*—STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> Remorse—] i. e. Pity, tenderness.

<sup>3</sup> — common proof,] i. e. A matter proved by common experience.—M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> — base degrees—] i. e. Low steps.—JOHNSON.

Will bear no colour for the thing he is,  
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,  
Would run to these, and these extremities:  
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,  
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind,<sup>a</sup> grow mischievous;  
And kill him in the shell.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* The taper burneth in your closet, sir.  
Searching the window for a flint, I found  
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure,  
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

*Bru.* Get you to bed again, it is not day.  
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

*Luc.* I know not, sir.

*Bru.* Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

*Luc.* I will, sir. [*Exit.*

*Bru.* The exhalations, whizzing in the air,  
Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[*Opens the Letter, and reads.*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.*

*Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake,——*

Such instigations have been often dropp'd  
Where I have took them up.

*Shall Rome, &c.* Thus must I piece it out:  
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What! Rome?  
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome  
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.

*Speak, strike, redress!*—Am I entreated then  
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,  
If the redress will follow, thou receivest  
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[*Knock within.*

*Bru.* 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*

<sup>a</sup> —— as his kind,] i. e. According to his nature.—JOHNSON.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,  
I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
And the first motion, all the interim is  
Like a phantasma,<sup>o</sup> or a hideous dream:  
The genius, and the mortal instruments,  
Are then in council; and the state of man,<sup>p</sup>  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection.

*Re-enter LUCIUS.*

*Luc.* Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius<sup>q</sup> at the door,  
Who doth desire to see you.

*Bru.* Is he alone?

*Luc.* No, sir, there are more with him.

*Bru.* Do you know them?

*Luc.* No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,  
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,  
That by no means I may discover them  
By any mark of favour.<sup>r</sup>

*Bru.* Let them enter. [*Exit LUCIUS.*

They are the faction. O conspiracy!  
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,  
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,  
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough  
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;  
Hide it in smiles, and affability:  
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,<sup>s</sup>  
Not Erebus itself were dim enough  
To hide thee from prevention.

<sup>o</sup> — *phantasma*,] "*A phantasma*," says Bullokar, in his *English Expositor*, 1616, "is a vision, or imagined appearance."—MALONE.

<sup>p</sup> *The genius, and the mortal instruments*,

*Are then in council*;] Shakspeare is describing what passes in a single bosom, the insurrection which a conspirator feels agitating the little kingdom of his own mind; when the *genius* or power that watches for his protection, and the *mortal instruments*, the passions, which excite him to a deed of horror and danger, are in council and debate; when the desire of action and the care of safety, keep the mind in continual fluctuation and disturbance.—JOHNSON.

<sup>q</sup> — *brother Cassius*—] He married Junia, Brutus's sister.—STEVENS.

<sup>r</sup> — *any mark of favour*,] Any distinction of countenance.—JOHNSON.

<sup>s</sup> *For if thou path, thy native semblance on*,] If thou walk in thy true form.—JOHNSON.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

*Cas.* I think we are too bold upon your rest :  
Good morrow, Brutus ; Do we trouble you ?

*Bru.* I have been up this hour ; awake, all night.  
Know I these men, that come along with you ?

*Cas.* Yes, every man of them ; and no man here,  
But honours you : and every one doth wish,  
You had but that opinion of yourself,  
Which every noble Roman bears of you.  
This is Trebonius.

*Bru.* He is welcome hither.

*Cas.* This, Decius Brutus.

*Bru.* He is welcome too.

*Cas.* This, Casca ; this, Cinna ;  
And this, Metellus Cimber.

*Bru.* They are all welcome.  
What watchful cares do interpose themselves  
Betwixt your eyes and night ?

*Cas.* Shall I entreat a word ? *[They whisper.]*

*Dec.* Here lies the east : Doth not the day break here ?

*Casca.* No.

*Cin.* O pardon, sir, it doth ; and yon grey lines,  
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

*Casca.* You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd.  
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises ;  
Which is a great way growing on the south,  
Weighing the youthful season of the year.  
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north  
He first presents his fire ; and the high east  
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

*Bru.* Give me your hands all over, one by one.

*Cas.* And let us swear our resolution.

*Bru.* No, not an oath : If not the face of men,<sup>1</sup>  
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—  
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
And every man hence to his idle bed ;

<sup>1</sup> — face of men,] i. e. The countenance, the regard, the esteem of the public.—  
JOHNSON.

So let high-sighted tyranny range on,  
 Till each man drop by lottery.<sup>a</sup> But if these,  
 As I am sure they do, bear fire enough  
 To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour  
 The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,  
 What need we any spur, but our own cause,  
 To prick us to redress? what other bond,  
 Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,  
 And will not palter?<sup>v</sup> and what other oath,  
 Than honesty to honesty engaged,  
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it?  
 Swear priests, and cowards, and make men cautelous,<sup>w</sup>  
 Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls  
 That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear  
 Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain  
 The even virtue of our enterprize,<sup>x</sup>  
 Nor the insuppressible mettle of our spirits,  
 To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,  
 Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,  
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,  
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,  
 If he do break the smallest particle  
 Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

*Cas.* But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?  
 I think, he will stand very strong with us.

*Casca.* Let us not leave him out.

*Cin.*

No, by no means.

*Met.* O let us have him; for his silver hairs  
 Will purchase us a good opinion,<sup>y</sup>  
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:  
 It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;  
 Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,  
 But all be buried in his gravity.

<sup>a</sup> *Till each man drop by lottery.*] Perhaps the poet alluded to the custom of *decimation*, i. e. the selection by *lot* of every tenth soldier, in a general mutiny, for punishment.—STEEVENS.

<sup>v</sup> — *palter?*] i. e. *Shuffle*. Cole, in his Latin dictionary, 1679, renders to palter by *tergiversor*.—MALONE.

<sup>w</sup> — *cautelous,*] i. e. *Wary, circumspect*.—MALONE.

<sup>x</sup> *The even virtue of our enterprize,*] The calm, equable, temperate spirit that actuates us.—MALONE.

<sup>y</sup> — *opinion,*] i. e. *Character*.

*Bru.* O, name him not; let us not break with him;  
For he will never follow any thing  
That other men begin.

*Cas.* Then leave him out.

*Casca.* Indeed, he is not fit.

*Dec.* Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?

*Cas.* Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not meet,  
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,  
Should outlive Cæsar: We shall find of him  
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,  
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,  
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,  
Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

*Bru.* Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,  
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;  
Like wrath in death, and envy<sup>\*</sup> afterwards:  
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.  
Let us be sacrificers, but no butchers, Caius.  
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;  
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:  
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,  
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,  
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,  
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;  
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds:  
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,  
And after seem to chide them. This shall make  
Our purpose necessary, and not envious:  
Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.  
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;  
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,  
When Cæsar's head is off.

*Cas.* Yet I do fear him:

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

*Bru.* Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:

<sup>\*</sup> — *envy*,]—is here, as almost always in Shakspeare's plays, *malice*.—  
MALONE.

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do  
Is to himself; take thought,<sup>a</sup> and die for Cæsar:  
And that were much he should; for he is given  
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

*Treb.* There is no fear in him; let him not die;  
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*

*Bru.* Peace, count the clock.

*Cas.* The clock hath stricken three.

*Treb.* 'Tis time to part.

*Cas.* But it is doubtful yet,

Whe'r Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:

For he is superstitious grown of late;

Quite from the main opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:<sup>b</sup>

It may be, these apparent prodigies,

The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his augurers,

May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

*Dec.* Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd,

I can o'ersway him: for he loves to hear,

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,<sup>c</sup>

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:

But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,

He says, he does; being then most flattered.

Let me work:

For I can give his humour the true bent;

And I will bring him to the Capitol.

<sup>a</sup> — Takes thought,] i. e. Turn melancholy.—JOHNSON.

<sup>b</sup> Quite from the main opinion he held once

*Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:]* Main opinion, i. e. general estimation. Fantasy was in our author's time commonly used for imagination. Ceremonies means omens or signs deduced from sacrifices, or other ceremonial rites.—MALONE.

<sup>c</sup> That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,

*And bears with glasses, elephants with holes.]* Unicorns are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was despatched by the hunter. Bears are reported to have been surprised by means of a mirror, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim. Elephants were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them, was exposed.—STEVENS.

*Cas.* Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

*Bru.* By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermost?

*Cin.* Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

*Met.* Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,  
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;  
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

*Bru.* Now, good Metellus, go along by him;<sup>d</sup>  
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;  
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him. [Brutus.

*Cas.* The morning comes upon us: We'll leave you,  
And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember  
What you have said, and shew yourselves true Romans.

*Bru.* Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;  
Let not our looks put on our purposes;  
But bear it as our Roman actors do,  
With untir'd spirits, and formal constancy:  
And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;  
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:  
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,  
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;  
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

*Enter PORTIA.*

*Por.* Brutus, my lord!

*Bru.* Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?  
It is not for your health, thus to commit  
Your weak condition to the raw-cold morning.

*Por.* Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,  
Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at supper,  
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,  
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across:  
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:  
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,  
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:

<sup>d</sup> — by him;] i. e. By his house.—MALONE.

\* *Let not our looks put on —*] i. e. Let not our faces put on, that is, wear or show our designs.—JOHNSON.



Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not ;  
 But, with an angry wafture of your hand,  
 Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did ;  
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience,  
 Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and, withal,  
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour,  
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;  
 And, could it work so much upon your shape,  
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,<sup>f</sup>  
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear, my lord,  
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

*Bru.* I am not well in health, and that is all.

*Por.* Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,  
 He would embrace the means to come by it.

*Bru.* Why, so I do :—Good Portia, go to bed.

*Por.* Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical  
 To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours  
 Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick ;  
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
 To dare the vile contagion of the night ?  
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
 To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;  
 You have some sick offence within your mind,  
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
 I ought to know of : And, upon my knees,  
 I charm you, by my once commended beauty,  
 By all your vows of love, and that great vow  
 Which did incorporate and make us one,  
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
 Why you are heavy ; and what men to-night  
 Have had resort to you : for here have been  
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
 Even from darkness ?

*Bru.* Kneel not, gentle Portia.

*Por.* I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.  
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
 Is it excepted, I should know no secrets  
 That appertain to you ? Am I yourself,

<sup>f</sup> — condition,] i. e. Temper ; the disposition of your mind.

But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;  
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,  
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs  
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

*Bru.* You are my true and honourable wife;  
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops  
That visit my sad heart.

*Por.* If this were true, then should I know this secret.  
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,  
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:  
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,  
A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.  
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,  
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?  
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:  
I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
Giving myself a voluntary wound  
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,  
And not my husband's secrets?

*Bru.* O ye gods,  
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking within.*  
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;  
And by and by thy bosom shall partake  
The secrets of my heart.  
All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
All the charactery\* of my sad brows:—  
Leave me with haste. [*Exit PORTIA.*

*Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.*

Lucius, who is that, knocks?

*Luc.* Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

*Bru.* Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

*Lig.* Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

*Bru.* O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius  
To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not sick!

*Lig.* I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand  
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

\* — charactery —] i. e. All that is character'd on.—STEVENS.

*Bru.* Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,  
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

*Lig.* By all the gods that Romans bow before,  
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!  
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!  
Thou, like an exorcist,<sup>b</sup> has conjur'd up  
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,  
And I will strive with things impossible;  
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

*Bru.* A piece of work, that will make sick men whole.

*Lig.* But are not some whole, that we must make sick?

*Bru.* That must we also. What it is, my Caius,  
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going  
To whom it must be done.

*Lig.* Set on your foot;  
And, with a heart new-fir'd, I follow you,  
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,  
That Brutus leads me on.

*Bru.* Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same. A Room in Cæsar's Palace.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his Night-gown.*

*Cæs.* Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:  
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,  
*Help, ho! They murder Cæsar! Who's within?*

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord?

*Cæs.* Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,  
And bring me their opinions of success.

*Serv.* I will, my lord.

*Enter CALPHURNIA.*

*Cal.* What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?  
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

*Cæs.* Cæsar shall forth: The things that threaten'd me,

<sup>b</sup> *Thou, like an exorcist.* Here, and in all other places where the word occurs in Shakspeare, to *exorcise* means to raise spirits, not to lay them; and perhaps he is singular in his acceptance of it.—M. MASON.

Ne'er look'd but on my back ; when they shall see  
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

*Cal.* Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,<sup>1</sup>  
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,  
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.  
A lioness hath whelped in the streets ;  
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead :  
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,  
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,  
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol :  
The noise of battle hurtled<sup>2</sup> in the air,  
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan ;  
And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.  
O Cæsar ! these things are beyond all use,  
And I do fear them.

*Cæs.* What can be avoided,  
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods ?  
Yet Cæsar shall go forth : for these predictions  
Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

*Cal.* When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;  
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

*Cæs.* Cowards die many times before their deaths ;  
The valiant never taste of death but once.  
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,  
It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,  
Will come, when it will come.

*Re-enter a Servant.*

What say the augurers ?

*Serv.* They would not have you to stir forth to-day.  
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,  
They could not find a heart within the beast.

*Cæs.* The gods do this in shame of cowardice :<sup>3</sup>  
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,

<sup>1</sup> — stood on ceremonies,] i. e. Paid a ceremonious or superstitious regard to prodigies or omens.—STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — hurtled —] i. e. Clashed : from *heurter*, Fr.—NARES.

<sup>3</sup> — in shame of cowardice:] The ancients did not place courage but wisdom in the heart.—JOHNSON.

If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
 No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well,  
 That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.  
 We were two lions litter'd in one day,  
 And I the elder and more terrible;  
 And Cæsar shall go forth.

*Cal.* Alas, my lord,  
 Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.  
 Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear,  
 That keeps you in the house, and not your own.  
 We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;  
 And he shall say, you are not well to-day:  
 Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

*Cæs.* Mark Antony shall say, I am not well;  
 And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

*Enter DECIVS.*

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

*Dec.* Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar:  
 I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

*Cæs.* And you are come in very happy time,  
 To bear my greeting to the senators,  
 And tell them, that I will not come to-day:  
 Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;  
 I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

*Cal.* Say, he is sick.

*Cæs.* Shall Cæsar send a lie?  
 Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,  
 To be afeard to tell grey-beards the truth?  
 Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

*Dec.* Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,  
 Lest I be laugh'd at, when I tell them so.

*Cæs.* The cause is in my will, I will not come;  
 That is enough to satisfy the senate.  
 But, for your private satisfaction,  
 Because I love you, I will let you know;  
 Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home.  
 She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> — *statua*.] This word was commonly used for a *statue*, to make some distinction at a time, when the word *statue* itself meant a *picture*. See Nares' *Glossary*.

Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,  
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans  
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.  
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,  
And evils imminent ;<sup>m</sup> and on her knee  
Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

*Dec.* This dream is all amiss interpreted ;  
It was a vision fair and fortunate :  
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,  
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,  
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck  
Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press  
For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognizance.<sup>n</sup>  
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

*Cæs.* And this way have you well expounded it.

*Dec.* I have, when you have heard what I can say :  
And know it now ; the senate have concluded  
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.  
If you shall send them word, you will not come,  
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock.  
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,  
*Break up the senate till another time,*  
*When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*  
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,  
*Lo, Cæsar is afraid?*

Pardon me, Cæsar ; for my dear, dear love  
To your proceeding bids me tell you this ;  
And reason to my love is liable.<sup>o</sup>

*Cæs.* How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia ?  
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—  
Give me my robe, for I will go :—

<sup>m</sup> — for warnings, and portents,

*And evils imminent ;*] So the folio. Mr. Edwards very judiciously suggests that we should read "*Of evils imminent.*"

<sup>n</sup> *For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognizance.*] This speech, which is intentionally pompous, is somewhat confused. There are two allusions: one to coats armorial, to which princes make additions, or give new tinctures, and new marks of cognizance; the other to martyrs, whose relicks are preserved with veneration. "The Romans," says Decius, "all come to you as to a saint for reliques, as to a prince for honours."—JOHNSON.

<sup>o</sup> *And reason, &c.*] And reason, or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love.—JOHNSON.

*Enter* PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA,  
TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

*Pub.* Good morrow, Cæsar.

*Cas.* Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—

Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is't o'clock?

*Bru.* Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

*Cas.* I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

*Enter* ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up :—

Good morrow, Antony.

*Ant.* So to most noble Cæsar.

*Cas.* Bid them prepare within :—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna :—Now, Metellus :—What, Trebonius !

I have an hour's talk in store for you ;

Remember that you call on me to-day :

Be near me, that I may remember you.

*Treb.* Cæsar, I will :—and so near will I be, [*Aside.*  
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

*Cas.* Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me ;  
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

*Bru.* That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,  
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon ! [*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*The same.* A Street near the Capitol.

*Enter* ARTEMIDORUS, *reading a Paper.*

*Art.* Cæsar, beware of Brutus ; take heed of Cassius ;  
come not near Casca ; have an eye to Cinna ; trust not Tre-  
bonius ; mark well Metellus Cimber ; Decius Brutus loves

*thee not ; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you : Security gives way to Conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee ! Thy lover,*  
*Artemidorus.*

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,  
 And as a suitor will I give him this.  
 My heart laments, that virtue cannot live  
 Out of the teeth of emulation.<sup>p</sup>  
 If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live ;  
 If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.<sup>q</sup> [ *Exit.*

SCENE IV.

*The same. Another Part of the same Street, before the House of Brutus.*

*Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.*

*Por.* I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house ;  
 Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone :  
 Why dost thou stay ?

*Luc.* To know my errand, madam.

*Por.* I would have had thee there, and here again,  
 Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—  
 O constancy, be strong upon my side !  
 Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue !  
 I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.  
 How hard it is for women to keep counsel !—  
 Art thou here yet ?

*Luc.* Madam, what should I do ?  
 Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?  
 And so return to you, and nothing else ?

*Por.* Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,  
 For he went sickly forth : And take good note,  
 What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.  
 Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

*Luc.* I hear none, madam.

<sup>p</sup> — *emulation.*] i. e. *Malicious rivalry.* The word is here, as on many other occasions, used in a bad sense.

<sup>q</sup> — *the fates with traitors do contrive.*] The fates join with traitors in contriving thy destruction.—JOHNSON.



*Por.* Pr'ythee, listen well :  
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,  
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

*Luc.* Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter Soothsayer.*

*Por.* Come hither, fellow :  
Which way hast thou been ?

*Sooth.* At mine own house, good lady.

*Por.* What is't o'clock ?

*Sooth.* About the ninth hour, lady.

*Por.* Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol ?

*Sooth.* Madam, not yet ; I go to take my stand,  
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

*Por.* Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not ?

*Sooth.* That I have, lady : if it will please Cæsar  
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,  
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

*Por.* Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards  
him ?

*Sooth.* None that I know will be, much that I fear may  
chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow :  
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,  
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,  
Will croud a feeble man almost to death :  
I'll get me to a place more void, and there  
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*]

*Por.* I must go in.—Ah me ! how weak a thing  
The heart of woman is ! O Brutus !  
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize !  
Sure, the boy heard me :—Brutus hath a suit,  
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint :—  
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;  
Say, I am merry : come to me again,  
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [*Ereunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

*A croud of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS, and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.*

*Cas.* The ides of March are come.

*Sooth.* Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

*Art.* Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

*Dec.* Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,  
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

*Art.* O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit  
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.

*Cas.* What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

*Art.* Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

*Cas.* What, is the fellow mad?

*Pub.* Sirrah, give place.

*Cas.* What, urge you your petitions in the street?  
Come to the Capitol.

*CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.*

*Pop.* I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive.

*Cas.* What enterprize, Popilius?

*Pop.*

Fare you well.

[*Advances to CÆSAR.*]

*Bru.* What said Popilius Lena?

*Cas.* He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive.  
I fear, our purpose is discovered.

*Bru.* Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.

*Cas.* Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—  
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,  
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,  
For I will slay myself.

*Bru.*

Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes ;  
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

*Cas.* Trebonius knows his time ; for, look you, Brutus,  
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR  
and the Senators take their seats.

*Dec.* Where is Metellus Cimber ? Let him go,  
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

*Bru.* He is address'd :<sup>\*</sup> press near, and second him.

*Cin.* Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

*Cas.* Are we all ready ? what is now amiss,  
That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress ?

*Met.* Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,  
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat  
An humble heart :—

[*Kneeling.*

*Cas.* I must prevent thee, Cimber.  
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,  
Might fire the blood of ordinary men ;  
And turn pre-ordinance,<sup>\*</sup> and first decree,  
Into the law of children.<sup>†</sup> Be not fond,  
To think that Cæsar bears such blood,  
That will be thaw'd from the true quality  
With that which melteth fools ; I mean, sweet words,  
Low crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.  
Thy brother by decree is banished ;  
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,  
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.  
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong : nor without cause  
Will he be satisfied.<sup>‡</sup>

<sup>\*</sup> *He is address'd ;*] i. e. *He is ready.*

<sup>\*</sup> — *pre-ordinance,*] i. e. *Ordinance already established.*—WARRBURTON.

<sup>†</sup> — *the law of children.*] i. e. Such slight determinations as every start of will would alter.—JOHNSON.

<sup>‡</sup> *Know, Cæsar doth not wrong : nor without cause*

*Will he be satisfied.*] These lines, which are defective in their present state, are set right by Ben Jonson ; in his *Discoveries* he quotes as an instance of Shakspeare's inaccuracy, the following line from Julius Cæsar :

*Know, Cæsar doth never wrong but with just cause.*

This line, which approaches the absurd without absolutely being so, seems to have been a jocular and familiar phrase for reproving the perverse and unreasonable expectations of the male and female gossips of the day, and is so used in the *Induction to the Staple of News*.—We may suppose that Ben Jonson started his objection in one of the earliest representations of the play, and that the players, or perhaps Shakspeare himself, overawed by so great an au-

*Met.* Is there no voice more worthy than my own,  
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,  
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

*Bru.* I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;  
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may  
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

*Cæs.* What, Brutus!

*Cas.* Pardon, Cæsar: Cæsar, pardon:  
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,  
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

*Cæs.* I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;  
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:  
But I am constant as the northern star,  
Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality,  
There is no fellow in the firmament.  
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,  
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;  
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:  
So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,  
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;  
Yet, in the number, I do know but one  
That unassailable holds on his rank,  
Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he,  
Let me a little show it, even in this;  
That I was constant, Cimber should be banish'd,  
And constant do remain to keep him so.

*Cin.* O Cæsar,——

*Cæs.* Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

*Dec.* Great Cæsar,——

*Cæs.* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

thority, withdrew the words in question, to the injury of the metre and of the sense.—We should read, therefore, as was most indisputably written:

*"Know, Cæsar doth never wrong but with just cause,  
Nor without cause, will he be satisfied."*

The criticism objected to the first of these lines was ill founded. *Wrong* is not always a synonymous term for *injury*. In poetical language, especially, it may be understood to mean only *harm* or *hurt*, what the law calls *damnum sine injuria*; and in this sense, there is nothing absurd in Cæsar's saying, that he *doth not wrong* (i. e. doth not inflict any evil or punishment) *but with just cause*.

—GIFFORD and TYRWHITT.

▼ ——— apprehensive; ] i. e. Intelligent, capable of apprehending.—M. MASON.

▼ ——— but one—] i. e. One and only one.—JOHNSON.

▼ ——— holds on his rank,

▼ *Unshak'd of motion*:] i. e. Maintains the impartiality of his station unshaken by suit or solicitation.

*Casca.* Speak, hands, for me.

[*CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the Neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his Arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.*

*Cæs.* *Et tu, Brute?*—Then fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*

*Cin.* Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—  
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

*Cas.* Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,  
*Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!*

*Bru.* People, and senators! be not affrighted;  
Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

*Casca.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

*Dec.* And Cassius too.

*Bru.* Where's Publius?

*Cin.* Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

*Met.* Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's  
Should chance——

*Bru.* Talk not of standing;—Publius, good cheer;  
There is no harm intended to your person,  
Nor to no Roman else:<sup>a</sup> so tell them, Publius.

*Cas.* And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,  
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

*Bru.* Do so; And let no man abide this deed,  
But we the doers.

*Re-enter TREBONIUS.*

*Cas.* Where's Antony?

*Tre.* Fled to his house amaz'd:  
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,  
As it were doomsday.

*Bru.* Fates! we will know your pleasures:—  
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,  
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

<sup>1</sup> *Go to the pulpit, Brutus.]* We have now taken leave of Casca. Shakspeare for once knew that he had a sufficient number of heroes on his hands, and was glad to lose an individual in the crowd. It may be added, that the singularity of Casca's manners would have appeared to little advantage amidst the succeeding varieties of tumult and war.—STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Nor to no Roman else:]* This use of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more strongly, is common to Chaucer, Spenser, and other of our ancient writers. Dr. Hickes observes, that in the Saxon, even four negatives are sometimes conjoined, and still preserve a negative signification.—STEEVENS.

*Cas.* Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,  
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

*Bru.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit:  
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd  
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,  
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood  
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:  
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;  
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,  
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

*Cas.* Stoop then, and wash.<sup>a</sup>—How many ages hence,  
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,  
In states unborn,<sup>b</sup> and accents yet unknown?

*Bru.* How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,  
That now on Pompey's basis lies along,  
No worthier than the dust?

*Cas.* So oft as that shall be,  
So often shall the knot of us be call'd  
The men that gave our country liberty.

*Dec.* What, shall we forth?

*Cas.* Ay, every man away:  
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels  
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Bru.* Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

*Serv.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;  
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;  
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.  
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;  
Cæsar, was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:  
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;  
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.  
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony  
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd  
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,

<sup>a</sup> *Stoop then, and wash.*] To wash does not mean here to cleanse, but to wash over, as we say, *washed with gold*; for Cassius means that they should steep their hands in the blood of Cæsar.—M. MASON.

<sup>b</sup> — *states unborn,*] i. e. Communities which as yet have no existence.  
—STEVENS.

Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead  
 So well as Brutus living ; but will follow  
 The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,  
 Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,  
 With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

*Bru.* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;  
 I never thought him worse.  
 Tell him, so please him come unto this place,  
 He shall be satisfied ; and, by my honour,  
 Depart untouch'd.

*Serv.* I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit Servant.*]

*Bru.* I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

*Cas.* I wish, we may : but yet have I a mind,  
 That fears him much ; and my misgiving still  
 Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

*Re-enter ANTONY.*

*Bru.* But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* O mighty Cæsar ! Dost thou lie so low ?  
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
 Shrunk to this little measure ?—Fare thee well.—  
 I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank :  
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
 As Cæsar's death's hour ; nor no instrument  
 Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich  
 With the most noble blood of all this world.  
 I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,  
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,  
 Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,  
 I shall not find myself so apt to die :  
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,  
 As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
 The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Bru.* O Antony ! beg not your death of us.  
 Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
 As, by our hands, and this our present act,

<sup>c</sup> — *who else is rank :*] Who else may be supposed to have overtopped his equals, and grown too high for the publick safety.—JOHNSON.

You see we do; yet see you but our hands,  
And this the bleeding business they have done :  
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful ;  
And pity to the general wrong of Rome  
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity,)  
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,  
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony :  
Our arms, in strength of malice,<sup>d</sup> and our hearts,  
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

*Cas.* Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,  
In the disposing of new dignities.

*Bru.* Only be patient, till we have appeas'd  
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,  
And then we will deliver you the cause,  
Why I that did love Cæsar when I struck him,  
Have thus proceeded.

*Ant.* I doubt not of your wisdom.  
Let each man render me his bloody hand :  
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you :  
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;  
Now, Decius Brutus, yours ;—now yours, Metellus ;  
Yours, Cinna ;—and, my valiant Casca, yours ;—  
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.  
Gentlemen all,—alas ! what shall I say ?  
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,  
Either a coward or a flatterer.—  
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true :  
If then thy spirit look upon us now,  
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,  
To see thy Antony making his peace,  
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,  
Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?  
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,  
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,  
It would become me better, than to close

<sup>d</sup> Our arms, in strength of malice,] i. e. To you (says Brutus) our swords have leaden points: our arms, strong in the deed of malice they have just performed, and our hearts united like those of brothers in the action, are yet open to receive you with all possible regard.—STEEVENS.



In terms of friendship with thine enemies.  
 Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;  
 Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,  
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.\*  
 O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;  
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—  
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,  
 Dost thou here lie!

*Cas.* Mark Antony,—

*Ant.* Pardon me, Caius Cassius:

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;  
 Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

*Cas.* I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;  
 But what compâct mean you to have with us?  
 Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;  
 Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

*Ant.* Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,  
 Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.  
 Friends am I with you all, and love you all;  
 Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,  
 Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

*Bru.* Or else were this a savage spectacle:  
 Our reasons are so full of good regard,  
 That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,  
 You should be satisfied.

*Ant.* That's all I seek:

And am moreover suiter, that I may  
 Produce his body to the market-place;  
 And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
 Speak in the order of his funeral.

*Bru.* You shall, Mark Antony.

*Cas.* Brutus, a word with you.—

You know not what you do; Do not consent, [Aside.  
 That Antony speak in his funeral:  
 Know you how much the people may be mov'd  
 By that which he will utter?

*Bru.* By your pardon;  
 I will myself into the pulpit first,

\* — *lethe.*] i. e. *Death*; and is so used by many of the old translators of novels.—STEEVENS.

And show the reason of our Cæsar's death :  
 What Antony shall speak, I will protest  
 He speaks by leave and by permission ;  
 And that we are contented, Cæsar shall  
 Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.  
 It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

*Cas.* I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

*Bru.* Mark Antony, here, take your Cæsar's body.  
 You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,  
 But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ;  
 And say, you do't by our permission ;  
 Else shall you not have any hand at all  
 About his funeral : and you shall speak  
 In the same pulpit whereto I am going,  
 After my speech is ended.

*Ant.* Be it so ;

I do desire no more.

*Bru.* Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*]

*Ant.* O, pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,  
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !  
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,  
 That ever liv'd in the tide of times.<sup>1</sup>  
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !  
 Over thy wounds now do I prophecy,—  
 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,  
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue ;  
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,  
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :  
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
 And dreadful objects so familiar,  
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold  
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war ;  
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds :  
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,

<sup>1</sup> — in the tide of times.] i. e. In the course of times.—JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> limbs of men ;] Antony means that a future curse shall commence in distempers seising on the limbs of men, and be succeeded by commotion, cruelty, and desolation over Italy.—STEEVENS. It is proposed by Dr. Johnson to read *these lymms*, i. e. these bloodhounds.

With Até by his side, come hot from hell,  
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,  
 Cry *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war;<sup>a</sup>  
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

*Enter a Servant.*

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

*Serv.* I do, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* Cæsar did write for him, to come to Rome.

*Serv.* He did receive his letters, and is coming :  
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—

O Cæsar!— *[Seeing the Body.]*

*Ant.* Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.  
 Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,  
 Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,  
 Began to water. Is thy master coming ?

*Serv.* He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

*Ant.* Post back with speed, and tell him what hath  
 chanc'd :

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
 No Rome<sup>1</sup> of safety for Octavius yet ;  
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while ;  
 Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse  
 Into the market-place : there shall I try,  
 In my oration, how the people take  
 The cruel issue of these bloody men ;  
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse  
 To young Octavius of the state of things.  
 Lend me your hand. *[Exeunt, with CÆSAR's Body.]*

## SCENE II.

*The same. The Forum.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.*

*Cit.* We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

<sup>a</sup> Cry *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war ;] *Havock* was, in the military operations of old times, the word by which declaration was made that no quarter should be given.—To let slip a dog at a deer, &c. was the technical phrase of Shakspeare's time.—The *dogs of war* meant *fire, sword, and famine*.—BLACKSTONE, MALONE, and TOLLET. •

<sup>1</sup> *Rome*.—] A quibble on the words *Rome* and *room*.—STEEVENS.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—  
Cassius, go you into the other street,  
And part the numbers.—  
Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here ;  
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;  
And publick reasons shall be rendered  
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius ; and compare their reasons,  
When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens.*

*BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.*

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended : Silence !

*Bru.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause ;  
and be silent, that you may hear : believe me for mine  
honour ; and have respect to mine honour, that you may  
believe : censure<sup>1</sup> me in your wisdom ; and awake your  
senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in  
this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say,  
that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then  
that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this  
is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I  
loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living,  
and die all slaves ; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all  
free men ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was  
fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him :  
but, as he was ambitious, I slew him : There is tears, for  
his love ; joy, for his fortune ; honour, for his valour ; and  
death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would  
be a bondman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended.  
Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman ? If any,  
speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that  
will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I  
offended. I pause for a reply.

*Cit.* None, Brutus, none. [*Several speaking at once.*

*Bru.* Then none have I offended. I have done no more  
to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question  
of his death is enrolled in the Capitol : his glory not ex-

<sup>1</sup> *Censure—*] i. e. *Consider.*

tenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

*Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR's Body.*

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

*Cit.* Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and

*Bru.* My countrymen,—— [clamours.

2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho!

*Bru.* Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the publick chair;

We'll hear him: Noble Antony, go up.

*Ant.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:

We are bless'd, that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

*Ant.* You gentle Romans,—

*Cit.* Peace, ho! let us hear him.

*Ant.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;  
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
The evil, that men do, lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones:  
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus  
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious;  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;  
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.  
Here under leave of Brutus, and the rest,  
(For Brutus is an honourable man;  
So are they all, all honourable men;) Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:  
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:  
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?  
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:  
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:  
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And Brutus is an honourable man.  
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,  
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?  
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;  
And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do know.  
You all did love him once, not without cause;  
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?  
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;  
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?

I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the  
Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious. [crown.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

*Ant.* But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,  
And none so poor<sup>a</sup> to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honourable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,  
Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,  
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:

Let but the commons hear this testament,  
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
And dip their napkins<sup>1</sup> in his sacred blood;

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,  
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

*Cit.* The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;  
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;  
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad:

'Tis good you should know not that you are his heirs;

For if you should, O, what would come of it!

<sup>a</sup> *And none so poor*—] The meanest man is now too high to do reverence to Cæsar.—JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *— napkins*—] i. e. *Handkerchiefs*. *Napkin* is the northern term for *handkerchief*, and is still used in this sense in Scotland.—MALONE.

4 *Cit.* Read the will ; we will hear it, Antony ;  
You shall read us the will ; Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Will you be patient ? will you stay a while ?  
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.  
I fear I wrong the honourable men,  
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar : I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors : Honourable men !

*Cit.* The will ! the testament !

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers : The will ! read the will !

*Ant.* You will compel me then to read the will ?  
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,  
And let me show you him that made the will.  
Shall I descend ? And will you give me leave ?

*Cit.* Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend. [*He comes down from the Pulpit.*]

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring ; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony ;—most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.

*Cit.* Stand back ! room ! bear back !

*Ant.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
You all do know this mantle : I remember  
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;  
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent ;  
That day he overcame the Nervii :—  
Look ! in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through :  
See, what a rent the envious Casca made :  
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;  
And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,  
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it ;  
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd  
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no ;  
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :  
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him !  
This was the most unkindest cut of all :  
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;



And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
 Even at the base of Pompey's statua,  
 Which all the while ran blood,<sup>a</sup> great Cæsar fell.  
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !  
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.<sup>a</sup>  
 O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel  
 The dint of pity :<sup>c</sup> these are gracious drops.  
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold  
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,  
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar !

3 *Cit.* O woful day !

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains !

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight !

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged : revenge ; about,—seek,—  
 burn,—fire,—kill,—slay !—let not a traitor live.

*Ant.* Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there :—Hear noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with  
 him.

*Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.  
 They, that have done this deed, are honourable ;  
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,  
 That made them do it ; they are wise and honourable,  
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.  
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;  
 I am no orator, as Brutus is :  
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
 That love my friend : and that they know full well  
 That gave me publick leave to speak of him.  
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
 To stir men's blood ; I only speak right on ;

<sup>a</sup> — ran blood,] Shakspeare took this from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch : " Against the very base whereon Pompey's image stood, which ran all a-gore of blood, till he was slain."—STEEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> — flourish'd over us.] i. e. Flourished the sword over us.—STEEVENS.

<sup>c</sup> The dint of pity:]—is the impression of pity.

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;  
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,  
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*Cit.* We'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

*Ant.* Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

*Cit.* Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

*Ant.* Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:  
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?  
Alas, you know not—I must tell you then:—  
You have forgot the will I told you of.

*Cit.* Most true; the will;—let's stay, and hear the will.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.  
To every Roman citizen he gives,  
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.<sup>p</sup>

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

*Ant.* Hear me with patience.

*Cit.* Peace, ho!

*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,  
On this side Tyber;<sup>q</sup> he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,  
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?

1 *Cit.* Never, never:—Come, away, away:  
We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.  
Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

<sup>p</sup> — seventy-five drachmas.] A drachma was a Greek coin, the same as the Roman *denier*, of the value of four sesterces, 7d. ob.—STEEVENS.

<sup>q</sup> On this side Tyber;] Shakspeare has here copied North's translation of Plutarch, in an error. The gardens of Cæsar were, as his friend Ben Jonson could have informed him, "On the far side of Tyber."—*Postaster*, act iii. sc. 1.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the Body.*]

*Ant.* Now let it work; Mischief; thou art afoot,  
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Serv.* He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

*Ant.* And thither will I straight to visit him:  
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,  
And in this mood will give us any thing.

*Serv.* I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius  
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

*Ant.* Belike, they had some notice of the people,  
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*The same. A Street.*

*Enter CINNA, the Poet.*

*Cin.* I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Cæsar,  
And things unluckily charge my fantasy:  
I have no will to wander forth of doors,  
Yet something leads me forth.

*Enter Citizens.*

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

*Cin.* What is my name? Whither am I going? Where  
do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to  
answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly.  
Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

\* *Scene III.]* The subject of this scene is taken from Plutarch.—STEVENS.  
• — *things unluckily charge my fantasy:]* i. e. Circumstances oppress my  
fancy with an ill-omened weight.—STEVENS.

2 *Cit.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

*Cin.* Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend or an enemy?

*Cin.* As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

*Cin.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

*Cin.* Truly, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

*Cin.* I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! fire-brands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's: some to Ligarius': away; go. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The same. A Room in Antony's House.\**

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a Table.

*Ant.* These many then shall die; their names are prick'd.

*Oct.* Your brother too must die; Consent you, Lepidus?

*Lep.* I do consent.

*Oct.* Prick him down, Antony.

*Lep.* Upon condition Publius shall not live,†

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

\* — a room in Antony's house.] It is evident that Shakspeare intended the scene to be at Rome; but the triumvirs met upon the proscription, in the small island in the little river Rhenus, near Bononia.—MALONE and HAMMER.

† Upon condition Publius shall not live,] Mr. Upton has sufficiently proved that the poet made a mistake as to this character mentioned by Lepidus; Lucius, not Publius, was the person meant, who was uncle by the mother's side to Mark Antony: and in consequence of this, he concludes that Shakspeare wrote;

*You are his sister's son, Mark Antony.*

The mistake, however, is more like the mistake of the author, than of his transcriber or printer.—STEVENS.

*Ant.* He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.\*

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;  
Fetch the will hither, and we will determine  
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

*Lep.* What, shall I find you here?

*Oct.*

Or here, or at

The Capitol.

[*Erit* LEPIDUS.]

*Ant.* This is a slight unmeritable man,  
Meet to be sent on errands: Is it fit,  
The three-fold world divided, he should stand  
One of the three to share it?

*Oct.*

So you thought him;

And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,  
In our black sentence and proscription.

*Ant.* Octavius, I have seen more days than you:  
And though we lay these honours on this man,  
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,  
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,  
To groan and sweat under the business.  
Either led or driven, as we point the way;  
And having brought our treasure where we will,  
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,  
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,  
And graze in commons.

*Oct.*

You may do your will;

But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

*Ant.* So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,  
I do appoint him store of provender.  
It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;  
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.  
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;  
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:  
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds  
On objects, arts, and imitations;\*

\* — damn him.] i. e. Condemn him.

\* On objects, arts, and imitations;] I cannot but agree with Theobald in considering this line corrupted, though I should hesitate in admitting his emendation, and reading "On object arts," i. e. rejected scraps and fragments. Steevens does not allow the necessity of any alteration, and says, "It is easy

Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,  
Begin this fashion: Do not talk of him,  
But as a property.<sup>2</sup> And now, Octavius,  
Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius,  
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:  
Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,  
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out;  
And let us presently go sit in council,  
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,  
And open perils surest answered.

*Oct.* Let us do so: for we are at the stake,<sup>3</sup>  
And bay'd about with many enemies;  
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,  
Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*Before Brutus' Tent, in the Camp near Sardis.*

*Drum.* Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers:  
TITINIUS, and PINDARUS meeting them.

*Bru.* Stand here.

*Luc.* Give the word, ho! and stand.

*Bru.* What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

*Luc.* He is at hand; and Pindarus is come  
To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS gives a Letter to BRUTUS.]

*Bru.* He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,  
In his own change, or by ill officers,  
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish  
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,  
I shall be satisfied.

*Pin.* I do not doubt,

to find a reason why that devotee to pleasure and ambition, Antony, should call Lepidus barren-spirited, who could be content to feed his mind with objects, i. e. speculative knowledge, or arts, i. e. mechanic operations."—perhaps the text would be rightly restored by retaining part of Theobald's emendation, and reading "object arts."

<sup>2</sup> — a property] i. e. As a thing quite at our disposal, and to be treated as we please.—STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — at the stake,] An allusion to bear-baiting.—STEEVENS.

But that my noble master will appear  
Such as he is, full of regard, and honour.

*Bru.* He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius;  
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

*Luc.* With courtesy, and with respect enough;  
But not with such familiar instances,  
Nor with such free and friendly conference,  
As he hath used of old.

*Bru.* Thou hast describ'd  
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,  
When love begins to sicken and decay,  
It useth an enforced ceremony.  
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:  
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:  
But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,  
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

*Luc.* They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;  
The greater part the horse in general,  
Are come with Cassius. *[March within.]*

*Bru.* Hark, he is arriv'd:—  
March gently on to meet him.

*Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.*

*Cas.* Stand, ho!

*Bru.* Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

*Within.* Stand.

*Within.* Stand.

*Within.* Stand.

*Cas.* Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

*Bru.* Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?  
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

*Cas.* Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;  
And when you do them——

*Bru.* Cassius, be content,  
Speak your griefs<sup>a</sup> softly,—I do know you well:—  
Before the eyes of both our armies here,  
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,

<sup>a</sup> — your griefs—] i. e. Your grievances.

Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;  
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,  
And I will give you audience.

*Cas.* Pindarus,  
Bid our commanders lead their charges off  
A little from this ground.

*Bru.* Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man  
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.  
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*Within the Tent of Brutus.*

*Lucius and Titinius at some distance from it.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

*Cas.* That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:  
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;  
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

*Bru.* You wrong'd yourself, to write in such a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this, it is not meet  
That every nice offence<sup>a</sup> should bear his comment.

*Bru.* Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself  
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;  
To sell and mart your offices for gold,  
To undeservers.

*Cas.* I an itching palm?  
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

*Bru.* The name of Cassius honours this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

*Cas.* Chastisement!

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March, remember!  
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice?<sup>b</sup> What, shall one of us,

<sup>a</sup> — every nice offence—] i. e. Small trifling offence.

<sup>b</sup> What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,  
And not for justice?] This question is far from implying that any of those



That struck the foremost man of all this world,  
 But for supporting robbers; shall we now  
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?  
 And sell the mighty space of our large honours,  
 For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—  
 I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
 Than such a Roman.

*Cas.* Brutus, bay not me,  
 I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,  
 To hedge me in;<sup>c</sup> I am a soldier, I,  
 Older in practice, abler than yourself  
 To make conditions.<sup>d</sup>

*Bru.* Go to; you're not, Cassius.

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say you are not.

*Cas.* Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;  
 Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

*Bru.* Away, slight man!

*Cas.* Is't possible?

*Bru.* Hear me, for I will speak.  
 Must I give way and room to your rash choler?  
 Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

*Cas.* O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

*Bru.* All this? ay, more: Fret, till your proud heart  
 Go, show your slaves how cholerick you are, [break;  
 And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
 Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
 Under your testy humour? By the gods,  
 You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
 Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,  
 I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
 When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this?

*Bru.* You say, you are a better soldier:

who touch'd Cæsar's body, were villains. On the contrary, it is an indirect way of asserting that there was not one man among them, who was base enough to stab him for any cause but that of justice.—MALONE.

<sup>c</sup> *To hedge me in;*] That is, to limit my authority by your direction or censure.—JOHNSON.

<sup>d</sup> *To make conditions.*] That is, to know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices which are at my disposal.—JOHNSON.

Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,  
And it shall please me well : For mine own part,  
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

*Cas.* You wrong me every way ; you wrong me, Brutus ;  
I said an elder soldier, not a better :  
Did I say, better ?

*Bru.* If you did, I care not. [me.

*Cas.* When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd

*Bru.* Peace, peace ; you durst not so have tempted him.

*Cas.* I durst not ?

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What ? durst not tempt him ?

*Bru.* For your life you durst not.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love,  
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

*Bru.* You have done that you should be sorry for.  
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;  
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,  
That they pass by me, as the idle wind,  
Which I respect not. I did send to you  
For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me ;—  
For I can raise no money by vile means :  
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,  
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,  
By any indirection. I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you denied me : Was that done like Cassius ?  
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so ?  
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
Dash him to pieces !

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not :—he was but a fool,  
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my  
heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,  
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practise them on me.\*

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see *such* faults.

*Bru.* A flatterer's would not, though they do appear  
As huge as high Olympus.

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is *awearied* of the world :  
Hated by *one* he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;  
Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,  
*Set* in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,  
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
My spirit from mine eyes !—*There is my dagger,*  
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart  
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :  
If that thou be'st a Roman,<sup>1</sup> take it forth ;  
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :  
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know,  
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better  
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

*Bru.* Sheath your dagger :  
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;  
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.  
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb  
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,  
And straight is cold again.

*Cas.* Hath Cassius liv'd  
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,  
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him ?

*Bru.* When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

*Cas.* Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cas.* O Brutus !—

\* *Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.*] The meaning is this : I do not look for your faults, I only see them, and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, *by practising them on me.*—JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *If that thou be'st a Roman,*] This seems only a form of adjuration, like that of Brutus in a subsequent page ;

"Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true."—BLACKSTONE.

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Cas.* Have you not love enough to bear with me,  
When that rash humour, which my mother gave me,  
Makes me forgetful?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth,  
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
He'll think your mother chides,<sup>s</sup> and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*]

*Poet.* [*within.*] Let me go in to see the generals;  
There is some grudge between them, 'tis not meet  
They be alone.

*Luc.* [*within.*] You shall not come to them.

*Poet.* [*within.*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

*Enter Poet.*<sup>a</sup>

*Cas.* How now? What's the matter?

*Poet.* For shame, you generals; What do you mean?  
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;  
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

*Cas.* Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynick rhyme!

*Bru.* Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence.

*Cas.* Bear with him, Brutus, 'tis his fashion.

*Bru.* I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:  
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?<sup>1</sup>  
Companion,<sup>1</sup> hence.

*Cas.* Away, away, be gone. [*Erit Poet.*]

*Enter LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*

*Bru.* Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders  
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

*Cas.* And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you  
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.*]

<sup>s</sup> — *chides*,] i. e. *Is clamorous.*

<sup>a</sup> *Enter Poet.*] Shakspeare found the present incident in Plutarch. The intruder, however, was *Marcus Phaonius*, who had been a friend and follower of Cato; not a poet, but one who assumed the character of a cynick philosopher.—STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — *jigging fools*?] i. e. *Silly poets.* A *jig* signified, in our author's time, a metrical composition, as well as a dance.—MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> *Companion,* — is used as a term of reproach in many of the old plays; as we at present say — *fellow.* — STEEVENS.

*Bru.* Lucius, a bowl of wine.

*Cas.* I did not think, you could have been so angry.

*Bru.* O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

*Cas.* Of your philosophy you make no use,  
If you give place to accidental evils.

*Bru.* No man bears sorrow better :—Portia is dead.

*Cas.* Ha ! Portia ?

*Bru.* She is dead.

*Cas.* How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so ?  
O insupportable and touching loss !—  
Upon what sickness ?

*Bru.* Impatient of my absence ;  
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony  
Have made themselves so strong ;—for with her death  
That tidings came ;—With this she fell distract,  
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.\*

*Cas.* And died so ?

*Bru.* Even so.

*Cas.* O ye immortal gods !

*Enter LUCIUS with Wine and Tapers.*

*Bru.* Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine :—  
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.]

*Cas.* My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge :—  
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup ;  
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [Drinks.]

*Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.*

*Bru.* Come in, Titinius :—Welcome, good Messala.—  
Now sit we close about this taper here,  
And call in question our necessities.

*Cas.* Portia, art thou gone ?

*Bru.* No more, I pray you.—  
Messala, I have here received letters,  
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,

\* — swallow'd fire.] This circumstance is taken from Plutarch. It is also mentioned by Valerius Maximus.—The latter, however, says that she surprised Brutus, and killed herself on bearing that her husband was defeated and slain at Philippi.—STEVENS and MALONE.

Come down upon us with a mighty power,  
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

*Mes.* Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

*Bru.* With what addition?

*Mes.* That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,  
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,  
Have put to death an hundred senators.

*Bru.* Therein our letters do not well agree;  
Mine speak of seventy senators, that died,  
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

*Cas.* Cicero one?

*Mes.* Ay, Cicero is dead.

And by that order of proscription.—  
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

*Bru.* No, Messala.

*Mes.* Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

*Bru.* Nothing, Messala.

*Mes.* That, methinks, is strange.

*Bru.* Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

*Mes.* No, my lord.

*Bru.* Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

*Mes.* Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:  
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

*Bru.* Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala.  
With meditating that she must die once,  
I have the patience to endure it now.

*Mes.* Even so great men great losses should endure.

*Cas.* I have as much of this in art<sup>m</sup> as you,  
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

*Bru.* Well, to our work alive. What do you think  
Of marching to Philippi presently?

*Cas.* I do not think it good.

*Bru.* Your reason?

*Cas.* This it is:

'Tis better, that the enemy seek us:  
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,  
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,  
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

<sup>l</sup> ——— once,] i. e. At some time or other.

<sup>m</sup> ——— in art—] That is, in theory.

*Bru.* Good reasons must, of force, give place to better,  
 The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,  
 Do stand but in a forc'd affection;  
 For they have grudg'd us contribution:  
 The enemy, marching along by them,  
 By them shall make a fuller number up,  
 Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;  
 From which advantage shall we cut him off,  
 If at Philippi we do face him there,  
 These people at our back.

*Cas.* Hear me, good brother.

*Bru.* Under your pardon.—You must note beside,  
 That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,  
 Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:  
 The enemy increaseth every day,  
 We, at the height, are ready to decline.  
 There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
 Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.  
 On such a full sea are we now afloat;  
 And we must take the current when it serves,  
 Or lose our ventures.

*Cas.* Then, with your will, go on;  
 We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

*Bru.* The deep of night is crept upon our talk,  
 And nature must obey necessity;  
 Which we will niggard with a little rest.  
 There is no more to say?

*Cas.* No more. Good night.  
 Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

*Bru.* Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell,  
 good Messala;—  
 Good night, Titinius:—Noble, noble Cassius,  
 Good night, and good repose.

*Cas.* O my dear brother!  
 This was an ill beginning of the night:  
 Never come such division 'tween our souls!  
 Let it not, Brutus.

*Bru.* Every thing is well.

*Cas.* Good night, my lord.

*Bru.* Good night, good brother.

*Tit. Mes.* Good night, lord Brutus.

*Bru.* Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt CAS. TIT. and MES.*]

*Re-enter LUCIUS, with the Gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

*Luc.* Here in the tent.

*Bru.* What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

*Luc.* Varro and Claudius!

*Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.*

*Var.* Calls my lord?

*Bru.* I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;

It may be, I shall raise you by and by

On business to my brother Cassius.

*Var.* So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

*Bru.* I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;

It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown. [*Servants lie down.*]

*Luc.* I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

*Bru.* Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,

And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

*Luc.* Ay, my lord, an it please you.

*Bru.* It does, my boy:  
I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

*Luc.* It is my duty, sir.

*Bru.* I should not urge thy duty past thy might;

I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

*Luc.* I have slept, my lord, already.

*Bru.* It is well done; and thou shalt sleep again;

I will not hold thee long: if I do live,

I will be good to thee. [*Musick, and a Song.*]



This is a sleepy tune :—O murd'rous slumber !  
 Lay'st thou thy leaden mace<sup>a</sup> upon my boy,  
 That plays thee musick ?—Gentle knave, good night ;  
 I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.  
 If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;  
 I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good night.  
 Let me see, let me see ;—Is not the leaf turn'd down,  
 Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think. [*He sits down.*]

*Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.\**

How ill this taper burns !—Ha ! who comes here ?  
 I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,  
 That shapes this monstrous apparition.  
 It comes upon me :—Art thou any thing ?  
 Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,  
 That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare ?  
 Speak to me, what thou art.

*Ghost.* Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

*Bru.*

Why com'st thou ?

*Ghost.* To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

*Bru.* Well ;

Then I shall see thee again ?

*Ghost.* Ay, at Philippi. [*Ghost vanishes.*]

*Bru.* Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest :

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy ! Lucius !—Varro ! Claudius ! Sirs, awake !—

Claudius !

*Luc.* The strings, my lord, are false.

*Bru.* He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake.

*Luc.* My lord !

*Bru.* Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so cry'dst out ?

*Luc.* My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

*Bru.* Yes, that thou didst : Didst thou see any thing ?

*Luc.* Nothing, my lord.

<sup>a</sup> — *mace*—] The ancient term for a *sceptre*.—STEEVENS.

<sup>o</sup> *Ghost of Cæsar.*] Shakspeare has on this occasion deserted his original. It does not appear from Plutarch that the *Ghost of Cæsar* appeared to Brutus, but "a wonderful, strange, and monstrous shape of a body."—This apparition could not be at once the *shade of Cæsar*, and the *evil genius of Brutus*.—STEEVENS.

*Bru.* Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius !  
Fellow thou ! awake.

*Var.* My lord.

*Clau.* My lord.

*Bru.* Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep ?

*Var. Clau.* Did we, my lord ?

*Bru.* Ay ; Saw you any thing ?

*Var.* No, my lord, I saw nothing.

*Clau.* Nor I, my lord.

*Bru.* Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius ;  
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,  
And we will follow.

*Var. Clau.* It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*The plains of Philippi.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*

*Oct.* Now, Antony, our hopes are answered :  
You said, the enemy would not come down,  
But keep the hills and upper regions ;  
It proves not so : their battles are at hand ;  
They mean to warn<sup>p</sup> us at Philippi here,  
Answering before we do demand of them.

*Ant.* Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know  
Wherefore they do it : they could be content  
To visit other places ; and come down  
With fearful bravery,<sup>q</sup> thinking, by this face,  
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;  
But 'tis not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Prepare you, generals :  
The enemy comes on in gallant show :  
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,  
And something to be done immediately.

<sup>p</sup> ——— warn] i. e. Summon.

<sup>q</sup> ——— fearful bravery,] i. e. With a gallant show of courage, carrying with it terror and dismay.—*Fearful* is used here, as in many other places, for intimidating.—MALONE.

*Ant.* Octavius, lead your battle softly on,  
Upon the left hand of the even field.

*Oct.* Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

*Ant.* Why do you cross me in this exigent?

*Oct.* I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*]

*Drum.* Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army;  
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.

*Bru.* They stand, and would have parley.

*Cas.* Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and talk.

*Oct.* Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

*Ant.* No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth, the generals would have some words.

*Oct.* Stir not until the signal.

*Bru.* Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

*Oct.* Not that we love words better, as you do.

*Bru.* Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

*Ant.* In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,

Crying, *Long live! hail, Cæsar!*

*Cas.*

Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;

But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,

And leave them honeyless.

*Ant.*

Not stingless too.

*Bru.* O, yes, and soundless too;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,

And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

*Ant.* Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;

Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,

Struck Cæsar on the neck. O, you flatterers!

*Cas.* Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:

This tongue had not offended so to-day,

If Cassius might have rul'd.

*Oct.* Come, come, the cause: If arguing make us  
sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look ;  
I draw a sword against conspirators ;  
When think you that the sword goes up again ?  
Never, till Cæsar's three-and-twenty wounds  
Be well aveng'd ; or till another Cæsar  
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

*Bru.* Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors,  
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

*Oct.* So I hope ;  
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

*Bru.* O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,  
Young man, thou could'st not die more honourable.

*Cas.* A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,  
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

*Ant.* Old Cassius still !

*Oct.* Come, Antony ; away.—  
Defiance, traitors, hurl we<sup>r</sup> in your teeth :  
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;  
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

*Cas.* Why now, blow, wind ; swell, billow ; and swim,  
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard. [bark !]

*Bru.* Ho !

Lucilius ; hark, a word with you.

*Luc.*

My lord.

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.*]

*Cas.* Messala,—

*Mes.* What says my general ?

*Cas.*

Messala,

This is my birth-day ; as this very day  
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala :  
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,  
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set  
Upon one battle all our liberties.  
You know, that I held Epicurus strong,

<sup>r</sup> *Defiance, traitors, hurl we—*] *Hurl* is peculiarly expressive. The challenger in judicial combats was said to *hurl* down his gage, when he threw his glove down as a pledge that he would make good his charge against his adversary.  
—HOLT WHITE.

<sup>e</sup> *Messala, &c.*] Almost every circumstance in the following speech is taken from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch.—STEVENS.

And his opinion : now I change my mind,  
 And partly credit things that do presage.  
 Coming from Sardis, on our former<sup>1</sup> ensign  
 Two mighty eagles fell ; and there they perch'd,  
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands ;  
 Who to Philippi here consorted us ;  
 This morning are they fled away, and gone ;  
 And in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,  
 Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,  
 As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem  
 A canopy most fatal, under which  
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

*Mes.* Believe not so.

*Cas.* I but believe it partly ;  
 For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd  
 To meet all perils very constantly.

*Bru.* Even so, Lucilius.

*Cas.* Now, most noble Brutus,  
 The gods to-day stand friendly ; that we may,  
 Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !  
 But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,  
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
 If we do lose this battle, then is this  
 The very last time we shall speak together :  
 What are you then determined to do ?<sup>2</sup>

*Bru.* Even by the rule of that philosophy,  
 By which I did blame Cato for the death  
 Which he did give himself :—I know not how,  
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
 The time of life :<sup>3</sup>—arming myself with patience,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> — former] i. e. Foremost.

<sup>2</sup> The very last time we shall speak together :

What are you then determined to do ?] i. e. I am resolved in such a case to kill myself. What are you determined of ?—WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> — prevent

The time of life :—] i. e. Anticipate the period of existence.—Prevent is here used in the Latin sense of *prævenio*.—NARES.

<sup>4</sup> — arming myself with patience, &c.] Dr. Warburton thinks, that in this speech something is lost ; but there needed only a parenthesis to clear it. The construction is this ; I am determined to act according to that philosophy which directed me to blame the suicide of Cato ; arming myself with patience, &c.—JOHNSON.

To stay the providence of some high powers,  
That govern us below.

*Cas.* Then, if we lose this battle,  
You are contented to be led in triumph  
Thorough the streets of Rome?

*Bru.* No, Cassius, no:<sup>\*</sup> think not, thou noble Roman,  
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;  
He bears too great a mind. But this same day  
Must end that work, the ides of March begun;  
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.  
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:—  
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!  
If we do meet again, why we shall smile;  
If not, why then this parting was well made.

*Cas.* For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!  
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;  
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

*Bru.* Why then, lead on.—O, that a man might know  
The end of this day's business, ere it come!  
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,  
And then the end is known,—Come, ho! away! [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

*The same. The Field of Battle.*

*Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.*

*Bru.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills  
Unto the legions on the other side: [*Loud Alarum.*]  
Let them set on at once; for I perceive  
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,  
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.  
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>\*</sup> *No, Cassius, no:*] There is certainly an apparent contradiction between the sentiments which Brutus expresses in this, and in his preceding speech; but the inconsistency is easily reconciled. Brutus is at first inclined to wait patiently for better times; but is roused by the idea of being led in triumph, to which he will never submit. The loss of the battle would not alone have determined him to kill himself, if he could have lived free.—RITSON.

## SCENE III.

*The same. Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.*

*Cas.* O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!  
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:  
This ensign here of mine was turning back;  
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

*Tit.* O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early:  
Who having some advantage on Octavius,  
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,  
Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

*Enter PINDARUS.*

*Pin.* Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;  
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!  
Fly therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

*Cas.* This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;  
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

*Tit.* They are, my lord.

*Cas.* Titinius, if thou lov'st me,  
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,  
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,  
And here again; that I may rest assur'd,  
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

*Tit.* I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*

*Cas.* Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;  
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,  
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit PINDARUS.*

This day I breathed first: time is come round,  
And where I did begin, there shall I end;  
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah,\* what news?

*Pin.* [*above.*] O my lord!

*Cas.* What news?

*Pin.* Titinius is  
Enclosed round about with horsemen, that

\* — Sirrah,] The usual address in speaking to servants and children, as appears from many of our old plays.—MALONE.

Make to him on the spur;—yet he spurs on.—  
Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius!—  
Now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—he's ta'en;—and,  
hark! [Shout.

**They shout for joy.**

*Cas.* Come down, behold no more.—  
O, coward that I am, to live so long,  
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

*Enter* PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah :  
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;  
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
That whatsoever I bid thee do,  
Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath !  
Now be a freeman ; and, with this good sword,  
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.  
Stand not to answer ; Here, take thou the hilts ;  
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,  
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,  
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies.

*Pin.* So, I am free; yet would not so have been,  
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!  
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,  
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter* TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

*Mes.* It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius  
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,  
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

**Tit.** These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

**Mes.** Where did you leave him?

**Tit.** All disconsolate,

**With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.**

**Mes.** Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?

**Tit.** He lies not like the living. O my heart!

**Mes.** Is not that he?

**Tit.** No, this was he, Messala,



But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun !  
 As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,  
 So in his red blood Cassius' day is set :  
 The sun of Rome is set ! Our day is gone ;  
 Clouds, dews, and dangers come ; our deeds are done !  
 Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

*Mes.* Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.  
 O hateful error, melancholy's child !  
 Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men  
 The things that are not ? O error, soon conceiv'd,  
 Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,  
 But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

*Tit.* What, Pindarus ! Where art thou, Pindarus ?

*Mes.* Seek him, Titinius : whilst I go to meet  
 The noble Brutus, thrusting this report  
 Into his ears : I may say, thrusting it ;  
 For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,  
 Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,  
 As tidings of this sight.

*Tit.* Hie you, Messala,  
 And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit MESSALA.*]  
 Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius ?  
 Did I not meet thy friends ? and did not they  
 Put on my brows this wreath of victory,  
 And bid me give it thee ? Didst thou not hear their shouts ?  
 Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing.  
 But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow ;  
 Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I  
 Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,  
 And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—  
 By your leave, gods :—This is a Roman's part :  
 Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*]

*Alarum.* *Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO,  
 STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.*

*Bru.* Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie ?

*Mes.* Lo, yonder ; and Titinius mourning-it.

*Bru.* Titinius' face is upward.

*Cato.*

He is slain.

*Bru.* O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet !  
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords  
In our own proper entrails. [*Low Alarums.*]

*Cato.* Brave Titinius !

Look, wher he have not crown'd dead Cassius !

*Bru.* Are yet two Romans living such as these ?—  
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well !

It is impossible, that ever Rome  
Should breed thy fellow.<sup>b</sup>—Friends, I owe more tears  
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—  
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—  
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body ;  
His funeral shall not be in our camp,  
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come ;—  
And come, young Cato ; let us to the field.—  
Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on :—  
'Tis three o'clock ; and, Romans, yet ere night  
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum.* Enter fighting, Soldiers of both Armies ; then  
BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

*Bru.* Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads !

*Cato.* What bastard doth not ? Who will go with me ?  
I will proclaim my name about the field :—  
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend ;  
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !<sup>c</sup> [*Charges the Enemy.*]

*Bru.* And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ;  
Brutus, my country's friend ; know me for Brutus.

[*Exit, charging the Enemy.* CATO is over-  
powered, and falls.]

<sup>b</sup> *The last of all the Romans, &c.*] " So when he, Brutus, was come thither after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him the last of all the Romans, being impossible that Rome should ever breed againe so noble and valiant a man as he, he caused his bodie to be buried."—NORTH'S *Plutarch*.

<sup>c</sup> *I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !*] " Then was the sonne of Marcus Cato slaine valiantly fighting, &c. telling aloud his name and his father's name."—NORTH'S *Plutarch*.

*Luc.* O young and noble Cato, art thou down?  
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;  
And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son.<sup>d</sup>

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

*Luc.* Only I yield to die:  
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;  
[Offering Money.

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!

2 *Sold.* Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—

*Enter* ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en my lord.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Luc.* Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough;  
I dare assure thee, that no enemy  
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:  
The gods defend him from so great a shame!  
When you do find him, or alive, or dead,  
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

*Ant.* This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,  
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe,  
Give him all kindness: I had rather have  
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,  
And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead:  
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,  
How every thing is chanc'd. [Exeunt.

## SCENE V.

*Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter* BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and  
VOLUMNIUS.

*Bru.* Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

*Cli.* Statilius show'd the torch-light; but my lord,  
He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.

<sup>d</sup> — being Cato's son,] i. e. *Worthy of him.*—WARREN.

*Bru.* Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;  
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—

[*Whispering.*

*Cli.* What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

*Bru.* Peace then, no words.

*Cli.*

I'll rather kill myself.

*Bru.* Hark thee, Dardanius!

[*Whispers him.*

*Dar.*

Shall I do such a deed?

*Cli.* O, Dardanius!

*Dar.* O, Clitus!

*Cli.* What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

*Dar.* To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.

*Cli.* Now is that noble vessel full of grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.

*Bru.* Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word.

*Vol.* What says my lord?

*Bru.*

Why, this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me

Two several times by night: at Sardis, once;

And, this last night, here in Philippi' fields.

I know, my hour is come.

*Vol.*

Not so, my lord.

*Bru.* Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou see'st the world, Volumnius, how it goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

It is more worthy, to leap in ourselves,

Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,

Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;

Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,

Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

*Vol.* That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*

*Cli.* Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

*Bru.* Farewell to you—and you;—and you, Volum-  
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep; [nius.—

Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,

My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,

I found no man, but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,

More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,  
 By this vile conquest shall attain unto.  
 So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue  
 Hath almost ended his life's history:  
 Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,  
 That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within; Fly, fly, fly.*

*Cli.* Fly, my lord, fly.

*Bru.*

Hence; I will follow thee.

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*

I prythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:  
 Thou art a fellow of a good respect;  
 Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:  
 Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,  
 While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

*Stra.* Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.

*Bru.* Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still:  
 I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his Sword, and dies.*

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA,  
 LUCILIUS, and their Army.*

*Oct.* What man is that?

*Mes.* My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

*Stra.* Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;  
 The conquerors can but make a fire of him;  
 For Brutus only overcame himself,  
 And no man else hath honour by his death.

*Luc.* So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,  
 That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.\*

*Oct.* All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.<sup>f</sup>  
 Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

*Stra.* Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.<sup>g</sup>

*Oct.* Do so, good Messala.

*Mes.* How died my master, Strato?

*Stra.* I held the sword, and he did run on it.

\* *That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.*] See p. 78.

<sup>f</sup> — *entertain them.*] i. e. *Receive them into my service.*—STEEVENS.

<sup>g</sup> — *prefer*—] This seems to have been the established phrase for recommending a servant.—REED.

*Mes.* Octavius, then take him to follow thee,  
That did the latest service to my master.

*Ant.* This was the noblest Roman of them all :  
All the conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;  
He, only, in a general honest thought,  
And common good to all, made one of them.  
His life was gentle ; and the elements  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, *This was a man !*

*Oct.* According to his virtue let us use him,  
With all respect and rites of burial.  
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,  
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.—  
So call the field to rest : and let's away,  
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*]

\* Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconciliation of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated ; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of Shakspeare's plays : his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius.—JOHNSON.

It would be an act of injustice to the various powers of Shakspeare, to leave this piece of frigid criticism before the reader of his works, without producing the opposite judgment of M. Schlegel.—The following observations will, I conceive, be found more in unison with public opinion ; and are more truly descriptive of the merits and character of this exquisite production.

" J'ai déjà montré ailleurs pourquoi il fallait, dans *Jules-César*, afin que l'action fut complète, que la pièce continuât jusqu' à la défaite de Brutus et de Cassius.\* Ce n'est point César qui est le héros de la Tragédie, c'est Brutus, et son caractère y est développé avec le plus grand soin. Cependant le poète a indiqué avec finesse la supériorité que donnait à Cassius une volonté plus forte, et des vues plus justes sur les événements. L'âme de Brutus était trop exaltée pour qu'il pût être chef de parti dans un état déjà corrompu, et il commit des fautes qui firent prendre une tournure malheureuse à la cause des conjurés. On a blâmé la jactance des discours de César, mais puisque le poète ne le fait pas agir, il faut qu'il donne la mesure de sa grandeur par l'impression qu'il produit sur les autres, et par sa confiance dans ses propres forces. Cette confiance ne manquait assurément pas à César, comme on peut le voir dans l'Histoire et dans ses propres écrits, mais, sans doute, elle se manifestait plutôt par des railleries spirituelles contre ses antagonistes, que par desrodomontades. Les deux derniers actes de cette pièce ne se soutiennent pas au niveau des premiers, pour la pompe et le mouvement de la scène, et c'est un grand désavantage au théâtre. L'entrée de César est majestueuse. C'est une marche solennelle. Il s'avance au milieu de ses guerriers. Aussitôt qu'il parle, la musique s'arrête, tout se tait, et ses paroles, en petit nombre, sont recueillies comme des oracles. La conjuration est une véritable conjuration. On prépare en secret, au milieu des ténèbres de la nuit et dans des entrevues clandestines, le coup qui doit être frappé au grand jour et qui changera la face du monde.

\* *Cours de Litt. Dram.* tome 1. p. 97.

Le désordre de la foule avant le meurtre de César, la consternation de tout le peuple, et même celle des conjurés après l'action, sont des peintures de main de maître. L'effet est porté à son comble au moment du convoi funèbre et du discours d'Antoine. L'ombre de César paraît plus puissante pour venger sa chute qu'il ne l'était lui-même pour la prévenir. Après que le conquérant et le dominateur du monde s'est montré dans tout son éclat et qu'il a disparu, il ne reste plus pour occuper l'attention, que Brutus et Cassius : ils se présentent seuls, et comme les derniers Romains qui existent encore. Mais un projet hardi excite bien plus vivement la curiosité, que la ferme résolution d'en supporter les conséquences.—SCHLEGEL. *Cours de Lit. Dram.* tome 3. p. 83.

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

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THIS play was entered in the Stationers' books, May 2, 1608; and was, according to the conjecture of Malone, composed in the same year. It was not, however, printed till the folio of 1623.

The subject is taken from Plutarch's Life of Antony, which has been closely followed.



## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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M. ANTONY,  
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, } *triumvirs.*  
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, }

SEXTUS POMPEIUS,  
DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,  
VENTIDIUS,  
EROS,  
SCARUS, } *friends of Antony.*  
DERCETAS,  
DEMETRIUS,  
PHILO,

MECÆNAS,  
AGRIPPA, } *friends to Cæsar.*  
DOLABELLA,  
PROCULEIUS,  
THYREUS,  
GALLUS,

MENAS,  
MENECRATES, } *friends of Pompey.*  
VARRIUS,

TAURUS, *lieutenant-general to Cæsar.*

CANIDIUS, *lieutenant-general to Antony.*

SILIUS, *an officer in Ventidius's army.*

EUPHRONIUS, *an ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.*

ALEXAS, MARDIAN, SELEUCUS, and DIOMEDES; *attendants on Cleopatra.*

*A Soothsayer. A Clown.*

CLEOPATRA, *queen of Egypt.*

OCTAVIA, *sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony.*

CHARMIAN, } *attendants on Cleopatra.*  
IRAS,

*Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.*

*SCENE, dispersed; in several Parts of the Roman Empire.*

# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Alexandria. *A Room in Cleopatra's Palace.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.*

*Philo.* NAY, but this dotage of our general's  
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes,  
That o'er the files and musters of the war  
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,  
The office and devotion of their view  
Upon a tawny front; his captain's heart,  
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst  
The buckles on his breast, reneges<sup>a</sup> all temper;  
And is become the bellows, and the fan,  
To cool a gipsy's<sup>b</sup> lust. Look, where they come!

*Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with their  
Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.*

Take but good note, and you shall see in him  
The triple pillar<sup>c</sup> of the world transform'd  
Into a strumpet's fool: behold and see.

*Cleo.* If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

*Ant.* There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd.

*Cleo.* I'll set a bourn<sup>d</sup> how far to be belov'd.

*Ant.* Then must thou needs find out new heaven, new  
[earth.<sup>e</sup>

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* News, my good lord, from Rome.

<sup>a</sup> — *reneges*—] i. e. *Renounces*.—POPE.

<sup>b</sup> — *Gipsy*—] Here used both in the original meaning for an *Egyptian*, and in its accidental sense for a *bad woman*.—JOHNSON.

<sup>c</sup> *The triple pillar*—] *Triple* is here used improperly for *third* or *one of three*. One of the *triumvirs*, one of the three masters of the world.—WARBURTON.

<sup>d</sup> — *bound*—] i. e. *Bound or limit*.

<sup>e</sup> *Then must you, &c.*] You must set the *bound* or limit of my love, at a greater distance than the present visible universe affords.—JOHNSON.

*Ant.*

Grates me:<sup>1</sup>—The sum.<sup>2</sup>

*Cleo.* Nay, hear them,<sup>3</sup> Antony :

Fulvia, perchance, is angry ; Or, who knows  
If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent  
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this ;*  
*Take in that kingdom,<sup>4</sup> and enfranchise that ;*  
*Perform't, or else we damn thee.*

*Ant.*

How, my love !

*Cleo.* Perchance,—nay, and most like,  
You must not stay here longer, your dismissal  
Is come from Cæsar ; therefore hear it, Antony.—  
Where's Fulvia's process ?<sup>5</sup> Cæsar's, I would say?—

Both ?—

Call in the messengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,  
Thou blushest, Antony ; and that blood of thine  
Is Cæsar's homager : else so thy cheek pays shame,  
When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds.—The messengers.

*Ant.* Let Rome in Tyber melt ! and the wide arch  
Of the rang'd<sup>6</sup> empire fall ! Here is my space ;  
Kingdoms are clay : our dungy earth alike  
Feeds beasts as man : the nobleness of life  
Is, to do thus ; when such a mutual pair, [*Embracing.*  
And such a twain can do't, in which, I bind,  
On pain of punishment, the world to weet,<sup>7</sup>  
We stand up peerless.

*Cleo.*

Excellent falsehood !

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her ?—  
I'll seem the fool I am not ; Antony  
Will be himself.

*Ant.*

But stirr'd by Cleopatra.—

Now, for the love of Love,<sup>8</sup> and her soft hours,

<sup>1</sup> *Grates me :—*] i. e. *Distresses me.*

<sup>2</sup> *— The sum.*] Be brief, sum thy business in a few words.—JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *Nay, hear them,*] i. e. *The news.* This word, in Shakspeare's time, was considered as plural.—MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Take in, &c.*] i. e. *Subdue, conquer.*

<sup>5</sup> *— process?*] i. e. *Summons.*—It is a law-term.

<sup>6</sup> *— rang'd—*] i. e. *Orderly disposed.* “The term *range*,” says Malone, “seems, in our author's time, to have been applied, in a peculiar sense, to mason's work.”

<sup>7</sup> *— so weet,*] i. e. *To know.*

<sup>8</sup> *— for the love of Love,*] i. e. *For the sake of the queen of love.*

Let's not confound<sup>a</sup> the time with conference harsh :  
There's not a minute of our lives should stretch  
Without some pleasure now : What sport to-night ?

*Cleo.* Hear the ambassadors.

*Ant.* Fye, wrangling queen !  
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,  
To weep ; whose every passion fully strives  
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd !  
No messenger ; but thine and all alone,<sup>o</sup>  
To-night, we'll wander through the streets, and note  
The qualities of people. Come, my queen ;  
Last night you did desire it :—Speak not to us.

[*Exeunt ANT. and CLEOP. with their Train.*]

*Dem.* Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight ?

*Phi.* Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,  
He comes too short of that great property  
Which still should go with Antony.

*Dem.* I'm full sorry,  
That he approves the common liar,<sup>p</sup> who  
Thus speaks of him at Rome : But I will hope  
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy ! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE. II.

*The same. Another Room.*

*Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and a Soothsayer.*

*Char.* Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas,  
almost most absolute Alexas, where's the soothsayer that  
you praised so to the queen ? O, that I knew this hus-  
band, which, you say, must change his horns with gar-  
lands !<sup>q</sup>

<sup>a</sup> — confound—] i. e. Consume.

<sup>o</sup> No messenger ; but thine and all alone, &c.] Cleopatra has said, " Call in the messengers ;" and afterwards, " Hear the ambassadors." Talk not to me, says Antony, of messengers ; I am now wholly thine, and you and I unattended will to-night wander through the streets.—MALONE.

<sup>p</sup> — approves the common liar,] i. e. Proves the common liar, false, in his case to be a true reporter.—MALONE.

<sup>q</sup> — change his horns with garlands !] i. e. Must wear a variety of garlands in his horns. To change, is to wear changes or variety of any dress or ornaments.—Nares.

*Alex.* Soothsayer.

*Sooth.* Your will?

*Char.* Is this the man?—Is't you, sir, that know things?

*Sooth.* In nature's infinite book of secrecy,

A little I can read,

*Alex.* Show him your hand.

*Enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,  
Cleopatra's health to drink.

*Char.* Good sir, give me good fortune.

*Sooth.* I make not, but foresee.

*Char.* Pray, then, foresee me one.

*Sooth.* You shall be yet far fairer than you are.

*Char.* He means in flesh.

*Iras.* No, you shall paint when you are old.

*Char.* Wrinkles forbid!

*Alex.* Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

*Char.* Hush!

*Sooth.* You shall be more loving, than beloved.

*Char.* I had rather heat my liver with drinking.<sup>†</sup>

*Alex.* Nay, hear him.

*Char.* Good now, some excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all; let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage:<sup>‡</sup> find me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and companion me with my mistress.

*Sooth.* You shall outlive the lady whom you serve.

*Char.* O excellent! I love long life better than figs.<sup>§</sup>

<sup>†</sup> — *heat my liver with drinking.*] A heated liver is supposed to make a pimply face.—JOHNSON.

<sup>‡</sup> — *to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage:*] Herod paid homage to the Romans, to procure the grant of the kingdom of Judea: but I believe there is an allusion here to the theatrical character of this monarch, and to a proverbial expression founded on it. Herod was always one of the personages in the mysteries of our early stage, on which he was constantly represented as a fierce, haughty, blustering, tyrant, so that *Herod of Jewry* became a common proverb, expressive of turbulence and rage. Thus, Hamlet says of a ranting player, that he "*out-herods Herod.*" And, in this tragedy, Alexas tells Cleopatra, that "*not even Herod of Jewry dare look upon her when she is angry;*" i. e. not even a man as fierce as Herod. According to this explanation, the sense of the present passage will be—Charmian wishes for a son who may arrive at such power and dominion that the proudest and fiercest monarchs of the earth may be brought under his yoke.—STEVENS.

<sup>§</sup> — *I love long life better than figs.*] This is a proverbial expression.

*Sooth.* You have seen and proved a fairer former fortune than that which is to approach.

*Char.* Then, belike, my children shall have no names: "Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches must I have?"

*Sooth.* If every of your wishes had a womb, And fertile every wish, a million.

*Char.* Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.'

*Alex.* You think, none but your sheets are privy to your wishes.

*Char.* Nay, come tell Iras hers.

*Alex.* We'll know all our fortunes.

*Eno.* Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-night, shall be—drunk to bed.

*Iras.* There's a palm presages chastity, if nothing else.

*Char.* Even as the o'erflowing Nilus presageth famine.

*Iras.* Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot soothsay.

*Char.* Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication,\* I cannot scratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

*Sooth.* Your fortunes are alike.

*Iras.* But how, but how? give me particulars.

*Sooth.* I have said.

*Iras.* Am I not an inch of fortune better than she?

*Char.* Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you choose it?

*Iras.* Not in my husband's nose.

*Char.* Our worser thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Isis, I beseech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worse! and let worse follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this prayer,

\* *Then, belike, my children shall have no names:]* If I have already had the best of my fortune, then I suppose I shall never name children, that is, I am never to be married. However, tell me the truth, tell me, how many boys and wenches?—JOHNSON.

† *I forgive thee for a witch.]* From a common proverbial reproach to silly ignorant females: "You'll never be burnt for a witch."—STEVENS.

‡ *if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognostication,]* So in Othello:—

"This hand is moist, my lady,

This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart."—MALONE.

though thou deny me a matter of more weight ; good Isis, I beseech thee!

*Irás.* Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer of the people ! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome man loose-wived, so it is a deadly sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded ; Therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly !

*Char.* Amen.

*Alex.* Lo, now ! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themselves whores, but they'd do't.

*Eno.* Hush ! here comes Antony.

*Char.* Not he, the queen.

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

*Cleo.* Saw you my lord ?

*Eno.* No, lady.

*Cleo.* Was he not here ?

*Char.* No, madam.

*Cleo.* He was dispos'd to mirth ; but on the sudden  
A Roman thought hath struck him.—Enobarbus,—

*Eno.* Madam.

*Cleo.* Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas ?

*Alex.* Here, at your service.—My lord approaches.

*Enter ANTONY with a Messenger and Attendants.*

*Cleo.* We will not look upon him : Go with us.

[*Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS,  
IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and  
Attendants.*]

*Mess.* Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

*Ant.* Against my brother Lucius ?

*Mess.* Ay :

But soon that war had end, and the time's state  
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainst Cæsar ;  
Whose better issue in the war, from Italy,  
Upon the first encounter, drave them.

*Ant.*

Well,

What worst ?

*Mess.* The nature of bad news infects the teller.

*Ant.* When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On:  
Things, that are past, are done, with me.—'Tis thus;  
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,  
I hear him as he flatter'd.

*Mess.* Labienus  
(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,  
Extended\* Asia from Euphrates;  
His conquering banner shook, from Syria  
To Lydia, and to Ionia;  
Whilst——

*Ant.* Antony, thou would'st say,—

*Mess.* O, my lord!

*Ant.* Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;  
Name Cleopatra as she's call'd in Rome:  
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my faults  
With such full licence, as both truth and malice  
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,  
When our quick minds lie still; and our ills told us,  
Is as our earing.† Fare thee well a while.

*Mess.* At your noble pleasure. [Exit.

*Ant.* From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

1 *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there such an one?

2 *Att.* He stays upon your will.

*Ant.* Let him appear,—  
These strong Egyptian fetters I must break.

*Enter another Messenger.*

Or lose myself in dotage.—What are you?

2 *Mess.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

*Ant.* Where died she?

2 *Mess.* In Sicyon:  
Her length of sickness, with what else more serious  
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [Gives a Letter.

\* *Extended*—] i. e. *Seized upon, taken possession of.*—To extend, is a law term, used for to seize lands and tenements.

† *When our quick minds lie still, &c.*] The old copy reads *winds*; the alteration of the text was proposed by Warburton and adopted by Malone. Archdeacon Nares considers such an emendation as necessary to the sense, and explains the passage as follows: "We bring forth winds, when our quick (i. e. pregnant or fertile) minds lie still, but telling us of our ills (i. e. faults) is like earing (i. e. tilling) them," which leads to a good produce.



*Ant.*

Forbear me.—

[*Exit Messenger.*]

There's a great spirit gone ! Thus did I desire it :  
 What our contempts do often hurl from us,  
 We wish it ours again ; the present pleasure,  
 By revolution lowering, does become  
 The opposite of itself :<sup>a</sup> she's good, being gone ;  
 The hand could pluck her back,<sup>b</sup> that shov'd her on.  
 I must from this enchanting queen break off ;  
 Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,  
 My idleness doth hatch.—How now ! Enobarbus !

*Enter ENOBARBUS.**Eno.* What's your pleasure, sir ?*Ant.* I must with haste from hence.

*Eno.* Why, then, we kill all our women : We see how mortal an unkindness is to them ; if they suffer our departure, death's the word.

*Ant.* I must be gone.

*Eno.* Under a compelling occasion, let women die : It were a pity to cast them away for nothing ; though, between them and a great cause, they should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the least noise of this, dies instantly ; I have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment :<sup>b</sup> I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits some loving act upon her, she had such a celerity in dying.

*Ant.* She is cunning past man's thought.

*Eno.* Alack, sir, no ; her passions are made of nothing but the finest part of pure love : We cannot call her winds and waters, sighs and tears ; they are greater storms and tempests than almanacks can report : this cannot be

<sup>a</sup> — the present pleasure,

*By revolution lowering, does become*

*The opposite of itself :*] I believe revolution means change of circumstances. This sense appears to remove every difficulty from the passage.—*The pleasure of to-day, by revolutions of events and change of circumstances, often loses all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain.*—STEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> *The hand could pluck her back, &c.*] The verb could has a peculiar signification in this place ; it does not denote power but inclination. The sense is, the hand that drove her off would now willingly pluck her back again.—HEATH.

<sup>b</sup> — poorer moment:] i. e. Meener motives.—JOHNSON.

cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of rain as well as Jove.

*Ant.* 'Would I had never seen her!

*Eno.* O, sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been blessed withal, would have discredited your travel.

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Sir?

*Ant.* Fulvia is dead.

*Eno.* Fulvia?

*Ant.* Dead.

*Eno.* Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacrifice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new.<sup>c</sup> If there were no women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the case to be lamented; this grief is crowned with consolation; your old smock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion, that should water this sorrow.

*Ant.* The business she hath broached in the state, Cannot endure my absence.

*Eno.* And the business you have broached here cannot be without you; especially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

*Ant.* No more light answers. Let our officers Have notice what we purpose. I shall break The cause of our expedience<sup>d</sup> to the queen, And get her leave to part.<sup>e</sup> For not alone The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,<sup>f</sup> Do strongly speak to us; but the letters too Of many our contriving friends in Rome

<sup>c</sup> — it shows to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein, &c.] i. e. As the gods have been pleased to take away your wife Fulvia, so they have provided you with a new one in Cleopatra; in like manner as the tailors of the earth, when your old garments are worn out, accommodate you with new ones.—ANONYMOUS. Dr. Johnson proposes to read,—It shows to men the tailors of the earth comforting them, &c.

<sup>d</sup> — expedience—] i. e. Expedition.

<sup>e</sup> — leave to part.] Old copy love to part. The emendation was proposed by M. Mason: and is approved by Malone.

<sup>f</sup> — more urgent touches,] Things that touch me more sensibly; more pressing motives.—JOHNSON.

Petition us at home :<sup>s</sup> Sextus Pompeius  
 Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and-commands  
 The empire of the sea : our slippery people  
 (Whose love is never link'd to the deserver,  
 Till his deserts are past,) begin to throw  
 Pompey the great, and all his dignities,  
 Upon his son ; who, high in name and power,  
 Higher than both in blood and life, stands up  
 For the main soldier : whose quality, going on,  
 The sides o'the world may danger : Much is breeding,  
 Which, like the courser's hair,<sup>b</sup> hath yet but life,  
 And not a serpent's poison. Say our pleasure,  
 To such whose place is under us,<sup>1</sup> requires  
 Our quick remove from hence.

*Eno.* I shall do't.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Where is he ?

*Char.* I did not see him since.

*Cleo.* See where he is, who's with him, what he does :—  
 I did not send you ;<sup>k</sup>—If you find him sad,  
 Say, I am dancing ; if in mirth, report  
 That I am sudden sick : Quick, and return.

[*Exit ALEX.*

*Char.* Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,  
 You do not hold the method to enforce  
 The like from him.

*Cleo.* What should I do, I do not ?

*Char.* In each thing give him way, cross him in nothing.

*Cleo.* Thou teachest like a fool : the way to lose him.

<sup>s</sup> *Petition us at home :*] i. e. *Call for us to reside at home.*—JOHNSON.

<sup>b</sup> — *the courser's hair, &c.*] Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horse dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal ; but Dr. Lister, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, shewed that what were vulgarly called animated horse-hairs, are real insects. It was also affirmed, that they moved like serpents, and were poisonous to swallow.—POPE and TOLLET.

<sup>1</sup> *To such whose place is under us,*] i. e. *To our attendants.*—MALONE.

<sup>k</sup> *I did not send you ;*] You must go as if you came without my order or knowledge.—JOHNSON.

*Char.* Tempt him not so too far: I wish, forbear;  
In time we hate that which we often fear.

*Enter ANTONY.*

But here comes Antony.

*Cleo.* I am sick, and sullen.

*Ant.* I am sorry to give breathing to my purpose,—

*Cleo.* Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall fall;  
It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature  
Will not sustain it.

*Ant.* Now, my dearest queen,—

*Cleo.* Pray you, stand further from me.

*Ant.* What's the matter?

*Cleo.* I know, by that same eye, there's some good news.  
What says the married woman?—You may go;  
'Would, she had never given you leave to come!  
Let her not say, 'tis I that keep you here,  
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

*Ant.* The gods best know,—

*Cleo.* O, never was there queen  
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the first,  
I saw the treasons planted.

*Ant.* Cleopatra,—

*Cleo.* Why should I think, you can be mine, and true,  
Though you in swearing shake the throned gods,  
Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous madness,  
To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,  
Which break themselves in swearing!

*Ant.* Most sweet queen,—

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going,  
But bid farewell, and go: when you sued staying,  
Then was the time for words: No going then;—  
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;  
Bliss in our brows' bent;<sup>1</sup> none our parts so poor,  
But was a race of heaven:<sup>2</sup> They are so still,  
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,  
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

<sup>1</sup> — in our brows' bent;] i. e. In the arch of our eye-brows.—STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — a race of heaven:] i. e. Had a smack or flavour of heaven.—WAR  
BURTON.

*Ant.*

How now, lady!

*Cleo.* I would, I had thy inches; thou should'st know,  
There were a heart in Egypt.

*Ant.*

Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands  
Our services a while: but my full heart  
Remains in use with you. Our Italy  
Shines o'er with civil swords: Sextus Pompeius  
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:  
Equality of two domestick powers  
Breeds scrupulous faction: The hated, grown to strength,  
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,  
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace  
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd  
Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;  
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge  
By any desperate change: My more particular,  
And that which most with you should save my going,<sup>a</sup>  
Is Fulvia's death.

*Cleo.* Though age from folly could not give me freedom,  
It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?

*Ant.* She's dead, my queen:

Look here, and, at thy sovereign leisure, read  
The garboils she awak'd;<sup>b</sup> at the last, best:  
See when, and where she died.

*Cleo.*

O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill  
With sorrowful water?<sup>c</sup> Now I see, I see,  
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

*Ant.* Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know  
The purposes I bear; which are, or cease,

<sup>a</sup> — *should save my going,*] i. e. Should render my going not dangerous, not likely to produce any mischief to you.—MALONE.

<sup>b</sup> *It does from childishness:—Can Fulvia die?*] i. e. Though age has not exempted me from folly, I am not so childish, as to have apprehensions from a rival that is no more. And is Fulvia dead indeed?—MALONE.

<sup>c</sup> *The garboils she awak'd;*] i. e. The commotion she occasioned. The word is derived from the old French *garbouil*, which Cotgrave explains by *hurlyburly*, great stir.—STEVENS.

<sup>d</sup> *O most false love!*

*Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill*

*With sorrowful water?*] Alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans sometimes put into the urn of a friend.—JOHNSON.

As you shall give the advice : Now, by the fire,  
That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence,  
Thy soldier, servant ; making peace, or war,  
As thou affect'st.

*Cleo.* Cut my lace, Charmian, come ;—  
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well :  
So Antony loves.

*Ant.* My precious queen, forbear ;  
And give true evidence to his love, which stands  
An honourable trial.

*Cleo.* So Fulvia told me.  
I pr'ythee, turn aside, and weep for her ;  
Then bid adieu to me, and say, the tears  
Belong to Egypt :<sup>\*</sup> Good now, play one scene  
Of excellent dissembling ; and let it look  
Like perfect honour.

*Ant.* You'll heat my blood ; no more.

*Cleo.* You can do better yet ; but this is meetly.

*Ant.* Now, by my sword,—

*Cleo.* And target,—Still he mends ;  
But this is not the best : Look, pr'ythee, Charmian,  
How this Herculean Roman<sup>†</sup> does become  
The carriage of his chafe.

*Ant.* I'll leave you, lady.

*Cleo.* Courteous lord, one word.  
Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it :  
Sir, you and I have lov'd,—but there's not it ;  
That you know well : Something it is I would,—  
O, my oblivion<sup>‡</sup> is a very Antony,  
And I am all forgotten.

*Ant.* But that your royalty  
Holds idleness<sup>§</sup> your subject, I should take you  
For idleness itself.

*Cleo.* 'Tis sweating labour,  
To bear such idleness so near the heart

<sup>\*</sup> — to Egypt :] To me, the queen of Egypt.—JOHNSON.

<sup>†</sup> — Herculean Roman—] Antony traced his descent from *Anton*, a son of *Hercules*.—STEEVENS.

<sup>‡</sup> — oblivion—] i. e. A memory apt to be deceitful.—STEEVENS.

<sup>§</sup> — idleness—] is here used reproachfully by Antony in the sense of *folly*, or *childishness*.

As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;  
 Since my becoming<sup>v</sup> kill me, when they do not  
 Eye well to you: Your honour calls you hence;  
 Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,  
 And all the gods go with you! upon your sword  
 Sit laurel'd victory! and smooth success  
 Be strew'd before your feet!

*Ant.* Let us go. Come;  
 Our separation so abides, and flies,  
 That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,  
 And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee,  
 Away. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

Rome. *An Apartment in Cæsar's House.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and Attendants.*

*Cæs.* You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth know,  
 It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate  
 One great competitor:<sup>w</sup> from Alexandria  
 This is the news; He fishes, drinks, and wastes  
 The lamps of night in revel: is not more manlike  
 Than Cleopatra; nor the queen of Ptolemy  
 More womanly than he: hardly gave audience, or  
 Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: You shall find there  
 A man, who is the abstract of all faults  
 That all men follow.

*Lep.* I must not think, there are  
 Evils enough to darken all his goodness:  
 His faults in him, seem as the spots of heaven,  
 More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,  
 Rather than purchas'd;<sup>x</sup> what he cannot change,  
 Than what he chooses.

<sup>v</sup> Since my becoming<sup>v</sup> kill me,] There is somewhat of obscurity in this expression she may mean—That conduct which, in my own opinion, becomes me, as often as it appears ungraceful to you, is a shock to my insensibility.—STEEVENS.

<sup>w</sup> One great competitor:] i. e. Associate or partner. Johnson conjectures that we should read our instead of one.

<sup>x</sup> His faults in him, seem as the spots of heaven,

More fiery, &c.] The spots of heaven are the stars, as they are rendered more conspicuous by the blackness of night; so the goodness of Antony makes his faults stand out more prominent.—Purchased is, procured by his own fault, or endeavour.—MALONE and JOHNSON.

*Cæs.* You are too indulgent : Let us grant, it is not  
Amisss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy ;  
To give a kingdom for a mirth ; to sit  
And keep the turn of tippling with a slave ;  
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet  
With knaves that smell of sweat ; say this becomes  
him,

(As his composure must be rare indeed,  
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must Antony  
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear  
So great weight in his lightness.\* If he fill'd  
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,  
Full surfeits, and the dryness of his bones,  
Call on him for't :<sup>a</sup> but, to confound such time,  
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud  
As his own state, and ours,—'tis to be chid  
As we rate boys ; who, being mature in knowledge,  
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,  
And so rebel to judgment.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Lep.* Here's more news.

*Mess.* Thy biddings have been done ; and every hour,  
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report  
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea ;  
And it appears, he is belov'd of those  
That only have fear'd Cæsar ;<sup>a</sup> to the ports  
The discontents<sup>b</sup> repair, and men's reports  
Give him much wrong'd.

*Cæs.* I should have known no less :—  
It hath been taught us from the primal state,  
That he, which is, was wish'd, until he were ;  
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd, till ne'er worth love,

<sup>1</sup> *So great weight in his lightness.*] The word *light* is one of Shakspeare's favourite play-things. The sense is—His trifling levity throws so much burden upon us.—JOHNSON.

<sup>a</sup> *Call on him for't ;*] *Call on him*, is visit him. Says Cæsar—If Antony followed his debaucheries at a time of leisure, I should leave him to be punished by their natural consequences, by *surfeits* and *dry bones*.—JOHNSON.

<sup>b</sup> *That only have fear'd Cæsar ;*] Those whom not love but fear made adherents to Cæsar, now show their affection for Pompey.—JOHNSON.

<sup>c</sup> *The discontents—*] i. e. *The malecontents*.



Comes dear'd, by being lack'd. This common body,  
Like a vagabond flag upon the stream,  
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,  
To rot itself with motion.

*Mess.* Cæsar, I bring thee word,  
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,  
Make the sea serve them; which they ear<sup>c</sup> and wound  
With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads  
They make in Italy; the borders maritime  
Lack blood to think on't,<sup>d</sup> and flush youth<sup>e</sup> revolt:  
No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon  
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more,  
Than could his war resisted.

*Cæs.* Antony,  
Leave thy lascivious wassels.<sup>f</sup> When thou once  
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st  
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel  
Did famine follow; whom thou fought'st against  
Though daintily brought up, with patience more  
Than savages could suffer: Thou didst drink  
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle<sup>g</sup>  
Which beasts would cough at: thy palate then did deign  
The roughest berry on the rudest hedge;  
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,  
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps  
It is reported, thou didst eat strange flesh,  
Which some did die to look on: And all this  
(It wounds thine honour, that I speak it now),  
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek  
So much as lank'd not.

*Lep.* It is pity of him.

*Cæs.* Let his shames quickly  
Drive him to Rome: 'Tis time we twain  
Did show ourselves i'the field; and, to that end,

<sup>c</sup> — they ear—] i. e. They plough.

<sup>d</sup> Lack blood to think on't,] Turn pale at the thought of it.—JOHNSON.

<sup>e</sup> — flush youth—] i. e. Youth ripened to manhood; youth whose blood is at the flow.—STEEVENS.

<sup>f</sup> — wassels.] i. e. Festivities, or intemperances.

<sup>g</sup> — gilded puddle—] There is frequently observable on the surface of stagnant pools that have remained long undisturbed, a reddish gold coloured slime; to this appearance the poet here refers.—HENLEY.

Assemble we immediate council : Pompey  
Thrives in our idleness.

*Lep.* To-morrow, Cæsar,  
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly  
Both what by sea and land I can be able,  
To front this present time.

*Cæs.* Till which encounter,  
It is my business too. Farewell.

*Lep.* Farewell, my lord : What you shall know mean  
Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir, [time  
To let me be partaker.

*Cæs.* Doubt not, sir ;  
I knew it for my bond.<sup>a</sup> [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

*Cleo.* Charmian,—

*Char.* Madam.

*Cleo.* Ha, ha !—

Give me to drink mandragora.<sup>i</sup>

*Char.* Why, madam ?

*Cleo.* That I might sleep out this great gap of time,  
My Antony is away.

*Char.* You think of him  
Too much.

*Cleo.* O, 'tis treason !

*Char.* Madam, I trust, not so.

*Cleo.* Thou, eunuch ! Mardian !

*Mar.* What's your highness' pleasure ?

*Cleo.* Not now to hear thee sing ; I take no pleasure  
In aught an eunuch has : 'Tis well for thee,  
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts  
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affections ?

*Mar.* Yes, gracious madam.

*Cleo.* Indeed ?

<sup>a</sup> — I knew it for my bond.] That is, to be my bounden duty.—M. MASON.

<sup>i</sup> — mandragora.] A plant of which the infusion was supposed to procure sleep.—JOHNSON.

*Mar.* Not in deed, madam ; for I can do nothing  
But what in deed is honest to be done :  
Yet I have fierce affections, and think,  
What Venus did with Mars.

*Cleo.* O Charmian,  
Where think'st thou he is now ? Stands he, or sits he ?  
Or does he walk ? or is he on his horse ?  
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony !  
Do bravely, horse ! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st ?  
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm  
And burgonet<sup>1</sup> of men.—He's speaking now,  
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*  
For so he calls me ; Now I feed myself  
With most delicious poison :—Think on me,  
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,  
And wrinkled deep in time ? Broad-fronted Cæsar,  
When thou wast here above the ground, I was  
A morsel for a monarch : and great Pompey  
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow ;  
There would he anchor his aspect, and die  
With looking on his life.

*Enter ALEXAS.*

*Alex.* Sovereign of Egypt, hail !

*Cleo.* How much unlike art thou Mark Antony !  
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath  
With his tinct gilded thee.<sup>2</sup>—  
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony ?

*Alex.* Last thing he did, dear queen,  
He kiss'd—the last of many doubled kisses,—  
This orient pearl ;—His speech sticks in my heart.

*Cleo.* Mine ear must pluck it thence.

*Alex.* Good friend, quoth he,  
Say, *The firm Roman to great Egypt sends*  
*This treasure of an oyster ; at whose foot*

<sup>1</sup> — burgonet—] i. e. A kind of helmet.

<sup>2</sup> — that great medicine hath

[With his tinct gilded thee.] Alluding to the philosopher's stone, which, by its touch, converts base metal into gold. The alchemists call the matter, whatever it be, by which they perform transmutation, a medicine.—JOHNSON.

*To mend the petty present, I will piece  
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; All the east,  
Say thou, shall call her mistress. So he nodded,  
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt<sup>1</sup> steed,  
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke  
Was beastly dumb'd by him.*

*Cleo.* What, was he sad, or merry?

*Alex.* Like to the time o' the year, between the extremes  
Of heat and cold; he was nor sad, nor merry.

*Cleo.* O well-divided disposition!—Note him,  
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but note him:  
He was not sad; for he would shine on those  
That make their looks by his: he was not merry;  
Which seem'd to tell them, his remembrance lay  
In Egypt with his joy: but between both:  
O heavenly mingle!—Be'st thou sad, or merry,  
The violence of either thee becomes;  
So does it no man else—Met'st thou my posts?

*Alex.* Ay, madam, twenty several messengers:  
Why do you send so thick?<sup>2</sup>

*Cleo.* Who's born that day  
When I forget to send to Antony,  
Shall die a beggar.—Ink and paper, Charmian.—  
Welcome, my good Alexas.—Did I, Charmian,  
Ever love Cæsar so?

*Char.* O that brave Cæsar!

*Cleo.* Be chok'd with such another emphasis!  
Say, the brave Antony.

*Char.* The valiant Cæsar!

*Cleo.* By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,  
If thou with Cæsar paragon again  
My man of men.

*Char.* By your most gracious pardon,  
I sing but after you.

*Cleo.* My sallad days;

<sup>1</sup> — arm-gaunt—] i. e. *Worn by military service*. This implies the military activity of the master; all the rest of the senses given by the commentators are reproachful, and, therefore, inconsistent with the speech which is made to display the gallantry of a lover to his mistress.—Nares. Steevens, at the suggestion of M. Mason, reads *termagant*, i. e. *furious*.  
<sup>2</sup> — so thick? ] i. e. *In such quick succession*.

When I was green in judgment :—Cold in blood,  
 To say, as I said then ! But, come, away :  
 Get me ink and paper : he shall have every day  
 A several greeting, or I'll unpeople Egypt.<sup>a</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II:

SCENE I.—Messina. *A Room in Pompey's House.*

*Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS.*

*Pom.* If the great gods be just, they shall assist  
 The deeds of justest men.

*Mene.* Know, worthy Pompey,  
 That what they do delay, they not deny.

*Pom.* Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays  
 The things we sue for.\*

*Mene.* We, ignorant of ourselves,  
 Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers  
 Deny us for our good ; so find we profit,  
 By losing of our prayers.

*Pom.* I shall do well :  
 The people love me, and the sea is mine ;  
 My power's a crescent, and my auguring hope  
 Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony  
 In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make  
 No wars without doors : Cæsar gets money, where  
 He loses hearts : Lepidus flatters both,  
 Of both is flatter'd ; but he neither loves,  
 Nor either cares for him.

*Men.* Cæsar and Lepidus  
 Are in the field ; a mighty strength they carry.

*Pom.* Where have you this ? 'tis false.

*Men.* From Silvius, sir.

*Pom.* He dreams ; I know, they are in Rome together,  
 Looking for Antony : But all the charms of love

<sup>a</sup> — unpeople Egypt.] By sending out messengers.—JOHNSON.

\* Whiles we are suitors to their throne, decays

The thing we sue for.] i. e. While we are praying, the thing for which we pray  
 is losing its value.—JOHNSON.

Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd<sup>p</sup> lip !  
 Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both !  
 Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,  
 Keep his brains fuming ; Epicúrean cooks,  
 Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite ;  
 That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,  
 Even till a lethed dullness.<sup>q</sup>—How now, Varrius ?

*Enter* VARRIUS.

*Var.* This is most certain that I shall deliver :  
 Mark Antony is every hour in Rome  
 Expected ; since he went from Egypt, 'tis  
 A space for further travel.<sup>r</sup>

*Pom.* I could have given less matter  
 A better ear.—Menas, I did not think,  
 This amorous surfeiter would have don'd<sup>s</sup> his helm  
 For such a petty war : his soldiership  
 Is twice the other twain : But let us rear  
 The higher our opinion, than our stirring  
 Can from the lap of Egypt's widow<sup>t</sup> pluck  
 The ne'er lust-wearied Antony.

*Men.* I cannot hope,"  
 Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together ;  
 His wife, that's dead, did trespasses to Cæsar ;  
 His brother warr'd upon him ; although, I think,  
 Not mov'd by Antony.

*Pom.* I know not, Menas,  
 How lesser enmities may give way to greater.  
 Were't not that we stand up against them all,  
 'Twere pregnant they should square<sup>v</sup> between themselves ;

<sup>p</sup> — wan'd—] i. e. Declined ; gone off from its perfection ; comparing Cleopatra's beauty to the moon past the full.—PERCY.

<sup>q</sup> That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour,  
 Even till a lethed dulness.] i. e. Delay his sense of honour from exerting itself till he is become habitually sluggish.—Till is here used for to.—STEEVENS.

<sup>r</sup> — since he went from Egypt, 'tis

A space for further travel.] i. e. Since he quitted Egypt, a space of time has elapsed in which a longer journey might have been performed than from Egypt to Rome.—STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> — don'd—] i. e. Put on.—To don is to do on.

<sup>t</sup> — Egypt's widow—] Julius Cæsar had married her to young Ptolemy, who was afterwards drowned.—STEEVENS.

<sup>u</sup> — hope,]—here means expect.—TYRWHITT.

<sup>v</sup> — square—] That is, quarrel.

For they have entertained cause enough  
 To draw their swords: but how the fear of us  
 May cement their divisions, and bind up  
 The petty difference, we yet not know.  
 Be it as our gods will have it! It only stands  
 Our lives upon,\* to use our strongest hands.  
 Come, Menas.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.

Rome. *A Room in the House of Lepidus.*

*Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.*

*Lep.* Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,  
 And shall become you well, to entreat your captain  
 To soft and gentle speech.

*Eno.* I shall entreat him  
 To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him,  
 Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,  
 And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,  
 Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,  
 I would not shav't to day.<sup>2</sup>

*Lep.* 'Tis not a time  
 For private stomaching.

*Eno.* Every time  
 Serves for the matter that is then born in it.

*Lep.* But small to greater matters must give way.

*Eno.* Not if the small come first.

*Lep.* Your speech is passion:  
 But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes  
 The noble Antony.

*Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.*

*Eno.* And yonder, Cæsar.

\* — *It only stands*

*Our lives upon, &c.] i. e. To exert our utmost force, is the only consequential way of securing our lives.—STEEVENS.*

<sup>2</sup> *Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,*

*I would not shav't, &c.] Plutarch mentions that Antony, "after the overthrow at Modena, suffered his beard to grow at length, and never clipped it, and that it was marvelously long."—Perhaps this circumstance was in Shakespeare's thoughts.—MALONE.*

*Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.*

*Ant.* If we compose well here,<sup>1</sup> to Parthia :  
Hark you, Ventidius.

*Cæs.* I do not know,  
Mecænas ; ask Agrippa.

*Lep.* Noble friends,  
That which combin'd us was most great, and let not  
A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,  
May it be gently heard : When we debate  
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit  
Murder in healing wounds : Then, noble partners,  
(The rather, for I earnestly beseech),  
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest terms,  
Nor curstness grow to the matter.\*

*Ant.* 'Tis spoken well :  
Were we before our armies, and to fight,  
I should do thus.

*Cæs.* Welcome to Rome.

*Ant.* Thank you.

*Cæs.* Sit.

*Ant.* Sit, sir ;

*Cæs.* Nay,

Then—

*Ant.* I learn, you take things ill, which are not so ;  
Or, being, concern you not.

*Cæs.* I must be laugh'd at,  
If, or for nothing, or a little, I  
Should say myself offended ; and with you  
Chiefly i'the world : more laugh'd at, that I should  
Once name you derogately, when to sound your name  
It not concern'd me.

*Ant.* My being in Egypt, Cæsar,  
What was't to you ?

*Cæs.* No more than my residing here at Rome  
Might be to you in Egypt : Yet, if you there

<sup>1</sup> *If we compose well here,]* i. e. If we come to a lucky composition, or agreement.—SILVENS.

\* *Nor curstness grow to the matter.]* Let not ill-humour be added to the real subject of our difference.—JOHNSON.



Did practise<sup>a</sup> on my state, your being in Egypt  
Might be my question.<sup>b</sup>

*Ant.* How intend you, practis'd ?

*Cas.* You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent,  
By what did here befall me. Your wife, and brother,  
Made wars upon me ; and their contestation  
Was theme for you,<sup>c</sup> you were the word of war.

*Ant.* You do mistake your business ; my brother never  
Did urge me in his act :<sup>d</sup> I did enquire it ;  
And have my learning from some true reports,<sup>e</sup>  
That drew their swords with you. Did he not rather  
Discredit my authority with yours ;  
And make the wars alike against my stomach,  
Having alike your cause ?<sup>f</sup> Of this, my letters  
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a quarrel,  
As matter whole you have not to make it with,  
It must not be with this.

*Cas.* You praise yourself  
By laying defects of judgment to me ; but  
You patch'd up your excuses.

*Ant.* Not so, not so ;  
I know you could not lack, I'm certain on't,  
Very necessity of this thought, that I,  
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he fought,  
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars  
Which 'fronted<sup>g</sup> mine own peace. As for my wife,  
I would you had her spirit in such another :<sup>h</sup>  
The third o'the world is yours ; which with a snaffle  
You may pace easy, but not such a wife.

<sup>a</sup> *Did practise*—] i. e. *Employ'd unwarrantable arts or stratagems.*—STEEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> *— question.*] i. e. *My subject of conversation.*

<sup>c</sup> *Was theme for you,*] i. e. *Was proposed as an example for you to follow on a yet more extensive plan ; as themes are given for a writer to dilate upon.*—STEEVENS.—This passage is most probably corrupt.

<sup>d</sup> *Did urge me in his act :*] i. e. *Make use of my name as a pretence for the war.*—WARBURTON.

<sup>e</sup> *— reports,*] *For reporters.*

<sup>f</sup> *Having alike your cause ?*] i. e. *I having alike your cause.*—MALONE.

<sup>g</sup> *— 'fronted—*] i. e. *Opposed.*

<sup>h</sup> *I would you had her spirit in such another :*] Antony means to say, I wish you had the spirit of Fulvia, embodied in such another woman as her ; and then you would find, that though you can govern the third part of the world, the management of such a woman is not an easy matter.—MALONE.

*Eno.* 'Would we had all such wives, that the men  
Might go to wars with the women!

*Ant.* So much uncurable, her garboils, Cæsar,  
Made out of her impatience, (which not wanted  
Shrewdness of policy too,) I grieving grant,  
Did you too much disquiet: for that, you must  
But say, I could not help it.

*Cæs.* I wrote to you,  
When rioting in Alexandria; you  
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts  
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

*Ant.* Sir,  
He fell upon me, ere admitted; then  
Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want  
Of what I was i' the morning: but, next day,  
I told him of myself;<sup>1</sup> which was as much  
As to have ask'd him pardon: Let this fellow  
Be nothing of our strife; if we contend,  
Out of our question wipe him.

*Cæs.* You have broken  
The article of your oath; which you shall never  
Have tongue to charge me with.

*Lep.* Soft, Cæsar.

*Ant.* No, Lepidus, let him speak;  
The honour's sacred<sup>k</sup> which he talks on now,  
Supposing that I lack'd it: But on, Cæsar;  
The article of my oath,—

*Cæs.* To lend me arms, and aid, when I requir'd them;  
The which you both denied.

*Ant.* Neglected, rather;  
And then, when poison'd hours had bound me up  
From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,  
I'll play the penitent to you: but mine honesty  
Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my power  
Work without it:<sup>l</sup> Truth is, that Fulvia,

<sup>1</sup> *I told him of myself;*] i. e. Told him the condition I was in, when he had his last audience.—WARBURTON.

<sup>k</sup> — *sacred*—] i. e. *Inviolable or unviolated.*

<sup>l</sup> — *nor my power*

*Work without it:]* Nor my greatness work without mine honesty.—MALONE.

To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;  
 For which myself, the ignorant motive, do  
 So far ask pardon, as befits mine honour  
 To stoop in such a case.

*Lep.* 'Tis nobly spoken.

*Mec.* If it might please you, to enforce no further  
 The griefs<sup>a</sup> between ye: to forget them quite,  
 Were to remember that the present need  
 Speaks to atone you.<sup>b</sup>

*Lep.* Worthily spoke, Mecænas.

*Eno.* Or, if you borrow one another's love for the instant, you may, when you hear no more words of Pompey, return it again: you shall have time to wrangle in, when you have nothing else to do.

*Ant.* Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.

*Eno.* That truth should be silent, I had almost forgot.

*Ant.* You wrong this presence, therefore speak no more.

*Eno.* Go to then; your considerate stone.<sup>c</sup>

*Cas.* I do not much dislike the matter, but  
 The manner of his speech: for it cannot be,  
 We shall remain in friendship, our conditions  
 So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew  
 What hoop should hold us staunch, from edge to edge  
 O' the world I would pursue it.

*Agr.* Give me leave, Cæsar,

*Cas.* Speak, Agrippa.

*Agr.* Thou hast a sister by the mother's side,  
 Admir'd Octavia: great Mark Antony  
 Is now a widower.

*Cas.* Say not so, Agrippa;

If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof  
 Were well deserv'd of rashness.<sup>d</sup>

*Ant.* I am not married, Cæsar: let me hear  
 Agrippa further speak.

<sup>a</sup> — griefs —] i. e. Grievances.

<sup>b</sup> — atone you.] i. e. Reconcile you.

<sup>c</sup> — your considerate stone.] i. e. He will be silent as a stone, but observant the while.

<sup>d</sup> — your reproof

*Were well deserv'd of rashness.]* i. e. Your reproof were well deserved by your rashness;—of for by.

*Agr.* To hold you in perpetual amity,  
To make you brothers, and to knit your hearts  
With an unslipping knot, take Antony  
Octavia to his wife: whose beauty claims  
No worse a husband than the best of men;  
Whose virtue, and whose general graces, speak  
That which none else can utter. By this marriage,  
All little jealousies, which now seem great,  
And all great fears, which now import their dangers,  
Would then be nothing: truths would be but tales,  
Where now half tales be truths: her love to both,  
Would, each to other, and all loves to both,  
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke;  
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought,  
By duty ruminated.

*Ant.* Will Cæsar speak?

*Cæs.* Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd  
With what is spoke already.

*Ant.* What power is in Agrippa,  
If I would say, *Agrippa, be it so*,  
To make this good?

*Cæs.* The power of Cæsar, and  
His power unto Octavia.

*Ant.* May I never  
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,  
Dream of impediment!—Let me have thy hand:  
Further this act of grace; and, from this hour,  
The heart of brothers govern in our loves,  
And sway our great designs!

*Cæs.* There is my hand.  
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother  
Did ever love so dearly: Let her live  
To join our kingdoms, and our hearts; and never  
Fly off our loves again!

*Lep.* Happily, amen!

*Ant.* I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst  
Pompey;  
For he hath laid strange courtesies, and great,  
Of late upon me: I must thank him only,

Lest my remembrance suffer ill report ;  
At heel of that, defy him.

*Lep.* Time calls upon us :  
Of us<sup>r</sup> must Pompey presently be sought,  
Or else he seeks out us.

*Ant.* Where lies he ?

*Cas.* About the Mount Misenum.

*Ant.* What's his strength  
By land ?

*Cas.* Great, and increasing : but by sea  
He is an absolute master.

*Ant.* So is the fame.  
'Would, we had spoke together ! Haste we for it :  
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, despatch we  
The business we have talk'd of.

*Cas.* With most<sup>s</sup> gladness ;  
And do invite you to my sister's view,  
Whither straight I will lead you.

*Ant.* Let us, Lepidus,  
Not lack your company.

*Lep.* Noble Antony,  
Not sickness should detain me.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt CÆSAR, ANT. and LEPIDUS.*]

*Mec.* Welcome from Egypt, sir.

*Eno.* Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Mecænas !—my  
honourable friend, Agrippa !—

*Agr.* Good Enobarbus !

*Mec.* We have cause to be glad, that matters are so well  
digested. You stay'd well by it in Egypt.

*Eno.* Ay, sir ; we did sleep day out of countenance, and  
made the night light with drinking.

*Mec.* Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast, and  
but twelve persons there ; Is this true ?

*Eno.* This was but as a fly by an eagle : we had much

<sup>a</sup> *Lest my remembrance suffer ill report ;*] *Lest* I be thought too willing to forget benefits, I must barely return him thanks, and then I will defy him.—  
JOHNSON.

<sup>r</sup> *Of us, &c.*] In the language of Shakspeare's time, means—*by us*.—  
MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> — *most*—] i. e. *Greatest*.

more monstrous matter of feast, which worthily deserved noting.

*Mec.* She's a most triumphant lady, if report be square to her.<sup>†</sup>

*Eno.* When she first met Mark Antony, she pursed up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.<sup>‡</sup>

*Agr.* There she appeared indeed; or my reporter devised well for her.

*Eno.* I will tell you :  
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,  
Burn'd on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;  
Purple the sails, and so perfum'd, that  
The winds were love-sick with them : the oars were silver ;  
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
The water, which they beat, to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,  
It beggar'd all description ; she did lie  
In her pavilion, (cloth of gold, of tissue,)  
O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see,  
The fancy out-work nature :<sup>§</sup> on each side her,  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
And what they undid, did.<sup>¶</sup>

*Agr.* O, rare for Antony !

*Eno.* Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
So many mermaids, tended her i'the eyes,<sup>‡</sup>  
And made their bends adornings :<sup>§</sup> at the helm

<sup>†</sup> — be square to her.] i. e. If report *quadrates* with her, or suits with her merits.—STEEVENS.

<sup>‡</sup> — she *pursed up* his heart, upon the river *Cydnus*.] This is a strange instance of negligence and inattention in Shakspeare. Enobarbus is made to say that Cleopatra gained Antony's heart on the river Cydnus ; but it appears from the conclusion of his own description, that Antony had never seen her there ; that whilst she was on the river, Antony was sitting alone, enthroned in the market-place ; and that, when she landed, he sent to her to invite her to supper.—M. MASON.

<sup>§</sup> O'er-picturing that Venus, &c.] Meaning the Venus of Protogenes mentioned by Pliny, l. xxxv. c. x.—WARBURTON.

<sup>¶</sup> And what they undid, did.] The wind of the fans seemed to give a new colour to Cleopatra's cheeks, which they were employed to cool ; and what they undid ; i. e. that warmth which they were intended to diminish or allay, they did, i. e. they seemed to produce.—MALONE.

<sup>‡</sup> — tended her i'the eyes.] i. e. Obeyed her looks without waiting for her words.

<sup>§</sup> And made their bends adornings:] i. e. Her maids bowed with so good an air

A seeming mermaid steers ; the silken tackle  
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands,  
That yarely frame the office.\* From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast  
Her people out upon her ; and Antony,  
Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,  
Whistling to the air ; which, but for vacancy,†  
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
And made a gap in nature.

*Agr.* Rare Egyptian !

*Eno.* Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,  
Invited her to supper : she replied,  
It should be better, he became her guest ;  
Which she entreated : Our courteous Antony,  
Whom ne'er the word of No woman heard speak,  
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast ;  
And, for his ordinary, pays his heart,  
For what his eyes eat only.

*Agr.* Royal wench !  
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed ;  
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

*Eno.* I saw her once  
Hop forty paces through the publick street :  
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and panted,  
That she did make defect, perfection,  
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

*Mec.* Now Antony must leave her utterly.

*Eno.* Never ; he will not ;  
Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety : Other women  
Cloy th' appetites they feed ; but she makes hungry,  
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things

*that it added new graces to them.—But to make the whole conformable to the story represented, we may presume that Shakspeare wrote,*

*“ And made their bends adorings : ”*

*they did her observance in the posture of adoration, as if she had been Venus.—*  
WARBURTON.

\* *That yarely frame the office.] i. e. Readily and dexterously perform the task they undertake.*

† *— but for vacancy,] i. e. But for fear of a vacuum.*

Become themselves in her; that the holy priests  
Bless her, when she is riggish.<sup>b</sup>

*Mec.* If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle  
The heart of Antony, Octavia is  
A blessed lottery<sup>c</sup> to him.

*Agr.* Let us go.—  
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest,  
Whilst you abide here.

*Eno.* Humbly, sir, I thank you.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*The same. A Room in Cæsar's House.*

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them;  
Attendants, and a Soothsayer.*

*Ant.* The world, and my great office, will sometimes  
Divide me from your bosom.

*Octa.* All which time  
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers  
To them for you.

*Ant.* Good night, sir.—My Octavia,  
Read not my blemishes in the world's report:  
I have not kept my square; but that to come  
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear lady.—

*Octa.* Good night, sir.

*Cæs.* Good night. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*]

*Ant.* Now, sirrah! you do wish yourself in Egypt?

*Sooth.* 'Would I had never come from thence, nor you  
Thither!<sup>d</sup>

*Ant.* If you can, your reason?

*Sooth.* I see't in  
My motion,<sup>e</sup> have it not in my tongue: But yet  
Hie you again to Egypt.

*Ant.* Say to me,  
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's, or mine?

*Sooth.* Cæsar's.

<sup>b</sup> — riggish.] i. e. Wanton.

<sup>c</sup> — lottery—] i. e. Allotment.

<sup>d</sup> Thither!] Sense and grammar require that we should read *hither* instead of *thither*.—M. MASON.

<sup>e</sup> My motion,—] i. e. My divinitory agitation.—WARBURTON.



Therefore, O Antony, stay not by his side :  
 Thy dæmon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee, is  
 Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable,  
 Where Cæsar's is not ; but, near him, thy angel  
 Becomes a Fear,<sup>f</sup> as being o'erpower'd ; therefore  
 Make space enough between you.

*Ant.* Speak this no more.

*Sooth* To none but thee ; no more, but when to thee.

If thou dost play with him at any game,  
 Thou art sure to lose ; and, of that natural luck,  
 He beats thee 'gainst the odds ; thy lustre thickens,  
 When he shines by : I say again, thy spirit  
 Is all afraid to govern thee near him ;  
 But, he away, 'tis noble.

*Ant.* Get thee gone :

Say to Ventidius, I would speak with him :—

[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia.—Be it art, or hap,  
 He hath spoken true : The very dice obey him ;  
 And, in our sports, my better cunning faints  
 Under his chance : if we draw lots, he speeds :  
 His cocks do win the battle still of mine,  
 When it is all to nought ; and his quails<sup>s</sup> ever  
 Beat mine, inhoop'd,<sup>b</sup> at odds. I will to Egypt :  
 And though I make this marriage for my peace,

*Enter VENTIDIUS.*

I'the east my pleasure lies :—O, come, Ventidius,  
 You must to Parthia ; your commission's ready :  
 Follow me, and receive it.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*The same. A Street.*

*Enter LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.*

*Lep.* Trouble yourselves no further : pray you, hasten  
 Your generals after.

<sup>f</sup> *A Fear*] A Fear was a personage in some of the old moralities.—STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> — his quails—] The ancients used to match quails as we match cocks.—  
 JOHNSON.

<sup>b</sup> — inhoop'd,] i. e. Inclosed, confined, that they may fight.

*Agr.* Sir, Mark Antony  
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.  
*Lep.* Till I shall see you in your soldier's dress,  
Which will become you both, farewell.  
*Mec.* We shall,  
As I conceive the journey, be at mount<sup>1</sup>  
Before you, Lepidus.  
*Lep.* Your way is shorter,  
My purposes do draw me much about;  
You'll win two days upon me.  
*Mec. Agr.* Sir, good success!  
*Lep.* Farewell. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.

Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Give me some musick; musick, moody food<sup>2</sup>  
Of us that trade in love.  
*Attend.* The musick, ho!

*Enter MARDIAN.*

*Cleo.* Let it alone; let us to billiards:<sup>3</sup>  
Come, Charmian.  
*Char.* My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.  
*Cleo.* As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,  
As with a woman;—Come, you'll play with me, sir?  
*Mar.* As well as I can, madam.  
*Cleo.* And when good will is show'd, though it come too  
The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now:— [short,  
Give me mine angle,—We'll to the river: there,  
My musick playing far off, I will betray  
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall pierce  
Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,

<sup>1</sup> — at mount—] i. e. Mount Misenum—we should probably read *a'the mount*.—MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> — moody food—] *Moody*, in this instance, means *melancholy*. Cotgrave explains *moody*, by the French words, *morne* and *triste*.—STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — let us to billiards:] This is one of the numerous anachronisms that are found in these plays. The game was not known in ancient times.—MALONE.

I'll think them every one an Antony,  
And say, Ah, ha! you're caught.

*Char.* 'Twas merry, when  
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver  
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook,<sup>1</sup> which he  
With fervency drew up.

*Cleo.* That time!—O times!—  
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night  
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn,  
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;  
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst  
I wore his sword Philippan. O! from Italy;

*Enter a Messenger.*

Ram thou the fruitful tidings in mine ears,  
That long time have been barren.

*Mess.* Madam, madam,—

*Cleo.* Antony's dead?—  
If thou say so, villain, thou kill'st thy mistress:  
But well and free,  
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here  
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand, that kings  
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

*Mess.* First, madam, he's well.

*Cleo.* Why, there's more gold. But, sirrah, mark; we  
To say, the dead are well: bring it to that, [use  
The gold I give thee, will I melt, and pour  
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

*Mess.* Good madam, hear me.

*Cleo.* Well, go to, I will;  
But there's no goodness in thy face: If Antony  
Be free, and healthful,—why so tart a favour  
To trumpet such good tidings? If not well,  
Thou should'st come like a fury crown'd with snakes,  
Not like a formal man.<sup>2</sup>

*Mess.* Will't please you, hear me?

*Cleo.* I have a mind to strike thee, ere thou speak'st:

<sup>1</sup> Did hang a salt-fish on his hook,] This circumstance is from Sir Thomas North's Life of Antony, in Plutarch.—STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> A formal man.] i. e. A man in form, or shape. You should come in the form of a fury, and not in the form of a man.—MALONE.

Yet, if thou say, Antony lives, is well,  
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,  
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail  
Rich pearls upon thee.<sup>a</sup>

*Mess.* Madam, he's well.

*Cleo.* Well said.

*Mess.* And friends with Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Thou'rt an honest man.

*Mess.* Cæsar and he are greater friends than ever.

*Cleo.* Make thee a fortune from me.

*Mess.* But yet, madam,—

*Cleo.* I do not like *but yet*, it does allay  
The good precedence;<sup>o</sup> fye upon *but yet*:  
*But yet* is as a gaoler to bring forth  
Some monstrous malefactor. Pr'ythee, friend,  
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,  
The good and bad together: He's friends with Cæsar;  
In state of health, thou say'st; and, thou say'st, free.

*Mess.* Free, madam! no; I made no such report:  
He's bound unto Octavia.

*Cleo.* For what good turn?

*Mess.* For the best turn i' the bed.

*Cleo.* I am pale, Charmian.

*Mess.* Madam, he's married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* The most infectious pestilence upon thee!  
[*Strikes him down.*]

*Mess.* Good madam, patience.

*Cleo.* What say you?—Hence,  
[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes  
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head;  
[*She hales him up and down.*]  
Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in brine,  
Smarting in ling'ring pickle.

<sup>a</sup> I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail  
Rich pearls upon thee.] i. e. I'll give thee a kingdom:—it being the eastern  
ceremony, at the coronation of their kings, to powder them with gold-dust and  
seed-pearl. So Milton:

“— The gorgeous East with liberal hand

“ Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.—WARRBURTON.

<sup>o</sup> — it does allay

The good precedence;] i. e. Abates the good quality of what is already re-  
ported.—STEEVENS.

*Mess.* Gracious madam,  
I, that do bring the news, made not the match.

*Cleo.* Say, 'tis not so, a province I will give thee,  
And make thy fortunes proud : the blow thou hadst  
Shall make thy peace, for moving me to rage ;  
And I will boot thee with what gift beside  
Thy modesty can beg.

*Mess.* He's married, madam.

*Cleo.* Rogue, thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a dagger.*

*Mess.* Nay, then I'll run :—  
What mean you, madam ? I have made no fault. [*Erit.*

*Char.* Good madam, keep yourself within yourself ;<sup>p</sup>  
The man is innocent.

*Cleo.* Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.—  
Melt Egypt into Nile ! and kindly creatures  
Turn all to serpents !—Call the slave again ;  
Though I am mad, I will not bite him :—Call.

*Char.* He is afraid to come.

*Cleo.* I will not hurt him :—  
These hands do lack nobility, that they strike  
A meaner than myself ; since I myself  
Have given myself the cause.—Come hither, sir.

*Re-enter Messenger.*

Though it be honest, it is never good  
To bring bad news : Give to a gracious message  
An host of tongues ; but let ill tidings tell  
Themselves, when they be felt.

*Mess.* I have done my duty.

*Cleo.* Is he married ?  
I cannot hate thee worser than I do,  
If thou again say, Yes.

*Mess.* He is married, madam.

*Cleo.* The gods confound thee ! dost thou hold there

*Mess.* Should I lie, madam ? [still ?

*Cleo.* O, I would, thou didst ;

<sup>p</sup> keep yourself within yourself ;] i. e. Restrain your passion within bounds.—  
STEVENS.

So half my Egypt were submerg'd,<sup>1</sup> and made  
A cistern for scal'd snakes ! Go, get thee hence :  
Hadst thou Narcissus in thy face, to me  
Thou would'st appear most ugly. He is married ?

*Mess.* I crave your highness' pardon.

*Cleo.* He is married ?

*Mess.* Take no offence, that I would not offend you :  
To punish me for what you make me do,  
Seems much unequal : He is married to Octavia.

*Cleo.* O, that his fault should make a knave of thee,  
That art not !—What ? thou'rt sure of't ?—Get thee hence :  
The merchandise which thou hast brought from Rome,  
Are all too dear for me ; Lie they upon thy hand,  
And be undone by 'em ! [*Exit* Messenger.]

*Char.* Good your highness, patience.

*Cleo.* In praising Antony, I have disprais'd Cæsar.

*Char.* Many times, madam.

*Cleo.* I am paid for't now.

Lead me from hence,  
I faint ; O Iras, Charmian,—'Tis no matter :—  
Go to the fellow, good Alexas ; bid him  
Report the feature of Octavia,<sup>2</sup> her years,  
Her inclination, let him not leave out  
The colour of her hair :—bring me word quickly.—

[*Exit* ALEXAS.]

Let him for ever go :<sup>3</sup>—Let him not—Charmian,  
Though he be painted one way like a Gorgon,  
T'other way he's a Mars :—Bid you Alexas

[*To* MARDIAN.]

Bring me word, how tall she is.—Pity me, Charmian,  
But do not speak to me.—Lead me to my chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> — submerg'd,] i. e. *Whelmed under water.*

<sup>2</sup> — the feature of Octavia,] By feature seems to be meant the cast and make of her face. Feature, however, anciently appears to have signified beauty in general.—STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> Let him for ever go:] She is now talking in broken sentences, not of the messenger, but of Antony.—JOHNSON.

## SCENE VI.

*Near Misenum.*

*Enter POMPEY and MENAS, at one side, with Drums and Trumpet : at another, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, MECÆNAS, with Soldiers marching.*

*Pom.* Your hostages I have, so have you mine;  
And we shall talk before we fight.

*Cæs.* *Most meet,*  
That first we come to words; and therefore have we  
Our written purposes before us sent;  
Which, if thou hast consider'd, let us know  
If 'twill tie up thy discontented sword;  
And carry back to Sicily much tall youth,  
That else must perish here.

*Pom.* *To you all three,*  
The senators alone of this great world,  
Chief factors for the gods,—I do not know,  
Wherefore my father should revengers want,  
Having a son, and friends; since Julius Cæsar,  
Who at Philippi the good Brutus ghosted,  
There saw you labouring for him. What was it,  
That mov'd pale Cassius to conspire? And what  
Made the all-honour'd, honest, Roman Brutus,  
With the arm'd rest, courtiers of beauteous freedom,  
To drench the Capitol; but that they would  
Have one man but a man? And that is it,  
Hath made me rig my navy; at whose burden  
The anger'd ocean foams; with which I meant  
To scourge the ingratitude that despiteful Rome  
Cast on my noble father.

*Cæs.* *Take your time.*

*Ant.* Thou canst not fear us,<sup>1</sup> Pompey, with thy sails,  
We'll speak with thee at sea: at land, thou know'st  
How much we do o'er-count thee.

*Pom.* *At land, indeed,*

<sup>1</sup> *Thou canst not fear us,*] Thou canst not affright us with thy numerous navy.—JOHNSON.

Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house ;  
But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself,<sup>v</sup>  
Remain in't, as thou may'st.

*Lep.* Be pleas'd to tell us,  
(For this is from the present,<sup>w</sup>) how you take  
The offers we have sent you.

*Cæs.* There's the point.

*Ant.* Which do not be entreated to, but weigh  
What it is worth embrac'd.

*Cæs.* And what may follow,  
To try a larger fortune.

*Pom.* You have made me offer  
Of Sicily, Sardinia ; and I must  
Rid all the sea of pirates ; then, to send  
Measures of wheat to Rome : This 'greed upon,  
To part with unhack'd edges, and bear back  
Our targe undinted.

*Cæs. Ant. Lep.* That's our offer.

*Pom.* Know then,  
I came before you here, a man prepar'd  
To take this offer : But Mark Antony  
Put me to some impatience :—Though I lose  
The praise of it by telling, You must know,  
When Cæsar and your brothers were at blows,  
Your mother came to Sicily, and did find  
Her welcome friendly.

*Ant.* I have heard it, Pompey ;  
And am well studied for a liberal thanks,  
Which I do owe you.

*Pom.* Let me have your hand :  
I did not think, sir, to have met you here.

*Ant.* The beds i'the east are soft ; and thanks to you,

<sup>u</sup> At land, indeed,

*Thou dost o'er-count me of my father's house :*] At land, indeed, thou dost exceed me in possessions, having added to thy own my father's house. *O'er-count* seems to be used equivocally, and Pompey perhaps meant to insinuate that Antony not only out-numbered, but had over-reached, him. The circumstance here alluded to, the author found in the old translation of Plutarch.—MALONE.

<sup>v</sup> But, since the cuckoo builds not for himself, &c.] Since, like the cuckoo, that seizes the nests of other birds, you have invaded a house which you could not build, keep it while you can.—JOHNSON.

<sup>w</sup> — this is from the present,] i. e. Foreign to the object of our present discussion.—STEEVENS.



That call'd me, timelier than my purpose, hither ;  
For I have gain'd by it.

*Cæs.* Since I saw you last,  
There is a change upon you.

*Pom.* Well, I know not  
What counts harsh fortune casts upon my face ;<sup>\*</sup>  
But in my bosom shall she never come,  
To make my heart her vassal.

*Lep.* Well met here.

*Pom.* I hope so, Lepidus.—Thus we are agreed ;  
I crave, our composition may be written,  
And seal'd between us.

*Cæs.* That's the next to do.

*Pom.* We'll feast each other, ere we part ; and let us  
Draw lots, who shall begin.

*Ant.* That will I, Pompey.

*Pom.* No, Antony, take the lot : but, first,  
Or last, your fine Egyptian cookery  
Shall have the fame. I have heard, that Julius Cæsar  
Grew fat with feasting there.

*Ant.* You have heard much.

*Pom.* I have fair meanings, sir.

*Ant.* And fair words to them.

*Pom.* Then so much have I heard :—  
And I have heard, Apollodorus carried—

*Eno.* No more of that :—He did so.

*Pom.* What, I pray you ?

*Eno.* A certain queen to Cæsar<sup>†</sup> in a mattress.

*Pom.* I know thee now ; How far'st thou, soldier ?

*Eno.* Well ;

And well am like to do ; for, I perceive,  
Four feasts are toward.

*Pom.* Let me shake thy hand ;  
I never hated thee : I have seen thee fight,  
When I have envied thy behaviour.

*Eno.* Sir,  
I never lov'd you much : but I have prais'd you,

<sup>\*</sup> *What counts harsh fortune casts, &c.*] Metaphor from making marks or lines in casting accounts in arithmetick.—WARBURTON.

<sup>†</sup> — to Cæsar,] i. e. To Julius Cæsar.

When you have well deserv'd ten times as much  
As I have said you did.

*Pom.* Enjoy thy plainness,  
It nothing ill becomes thee.—

Aboard my galley I invite you all:

Will you lead, lords?

*Cæs. Ant. Lep.* Show us the way, sir.

*Pom.*

Come.

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,  
Soldiers, and Attendants.*]

*Men.* Thy father, Pompey, would ne'er have made this  
treaty.—[*Aside.*—You and I have known,\* sir.

*Eno.* At sea, I think.

*Men.* We have, sir.

*Eno.* You have done well by water.

*Men.* And you by land.

*Eno.* I will praise any man that will praise me: though  
it cannot be denied what I have done by land.

*Men.* Nor what I have done by water.

*Eno.* Yes, something you can deny for your own safety:  
you have been a great thief by sea.

*Men.* And you by land.

*Eno.* There I deny my land service. But give me your  
hand, Menas: If our eyes had authority, here they might  
take two thieves kissing.

*Men.* All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands  
are.

*Eno.* But there is never a fair woman has a true face.

*Men.* No slander; they steal hearts.

*Eno.* We came hither to fight with you.

*Men.* For my part, I am sorry it is turned to a drinking.  
Pompey doth this day laugh away his fortune.

*Eno.* If he do, sure, he cannot weep it back again.

*Men.* You have said, sir. We looked not for Mark An-  
tony here; Pray you, is he married to Cleopatra?

*Eno.* Cæsar's sister is call'd Octavia.

*Men.* True, sir; she was the wife of Caius Marcellus.

*Eno.* But she is now the wife of Marcus Antonius.

*Men.* Pray you, sir?

\* — known,] i. e. Been acquainted.

*Eno.* 'Tis true.

*Men.* Then is Cæsar and he, for ever knit together.

*Eno.* If I were bound to divine of this unity, I would not prophecy so.

*Men.* I think, the policy of that purpose made more in the marriage, than the love of the parties.

*Eno.* I think so too. But you shall find, the band that seems to tie their friendship together, will be the very strangler of their amity: Octavia is of a holy, cold, and still conversation.<sup>a</sup>

*Men.* Who would not have his wife so?

*Eno.* Not he, that himself is not so; which is Mark Antony. He will to his Egyptian dish again: then shall the sighs of Octavia blow the fire up in Cæsar; and, as I said before, that which is the strength of their amity, shall prove the immediate author of their variance. Antony will use his affection where it is; he married but his occasion here.

*Men.* And thus it may be. Come, sir, will you aboard? I have a health for you.

*Eno.* I shall take it, sir: we have used our throats in Egypt.

*Men.* Come; let's away. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VII.

*On board Pompey's Galley lying near Misenum.*

*Musick.* Enter two or three Servants, with a Banquet.<sup>b</sup>

1 *Serv.* Here they'll be, man: Some o' their plants<sup>c</sup> are ill-rooted already, the least wind i'the world will blow them down.

2 *Serv.* Lepidus is high-coloured.

1 *Serv.* They have made him drink alms-drink.<sup>d</sup>

<sup>a</sup> — conversation.] i. e. Behaviour, manner of acting in common life.—STEEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> — a banquet.]—in our author's time, signified what we now call a *dessert*; and from the following dialogue the word must here be understood in that sense.—MALONE.

<sup>c</sup> — plants—] i. e. Feet; from the Latin.

<sup>d</sup> — alms-drink.] A phrase, amongst good fellows, to signify that liquor of another's share which his companion drinks to ease him. But it satirically alludes to Cæsar and Antony's admitting him into the triumvirate, in order to take off from themselves the load of envy.—WARBURTON.

2 *Serv.* As they pinch one another by the disposition,\* he cries out, *no more*; reconciles them to his entreaty, and himself to the drink.

1 *Serv.* But it raises the greater war between him and his discretion.

2 *Serv.* Why, this it is to have a name in great men's fellowship: I had as lief have a reed that will do me no service, as a partizan<sup>f</sup> I could not heave.

1 *Serv.* To be called into a huge sphere, and not to be seen to move in't, are the holes where eyes should be, which pitifully disaster the cheeks.

*A Sennet sounded. Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, POMPEY, LEPIDUS, AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS, ENOBARBUS, MENAS, with other Captains.*

*Ant.* Thus do they, sir; [*to CÆSAR.*] They take the flow o'the Nile

By certain scales i'the pyramid; they know,  
By the height, the lowness, or the mean,<sup>g</sup> if dearth,  
Or foizon,<sup>h</sup> follow: The higher Nilus swells,  
The more it promises: as it ebbs, the seedsman  
Upon the slime and ooze scatters his grain,  
And shortly comes to harvest.

*Lep.* You have strange serpents there.

*Ant.* Ay, Lepidus.

*Lep.* Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.

*Ant.* They are so.

*Pom.* Sit,—and some wine.—A health to Lepidus.

*Lep.* I am not so well as I should be, but I'll ne'er out.

*Eno.* Not till you have slept; I fear me, you'll be in, till then.

*Lep.* Nay, certainly, I have heard, the Ptolemies' pyramises<sup>i</sup> are very goodly things; without contradiction, I have heard that.

\* *As they pinch one another by the disposition,*] A phrase equivalent to that now in use of touching one in a sore place.—WARRBURTON.

<sup>f</sup> — a partizan—] A pike.      <sup>g</sup> — the mean,] e. i. The middle.

<sup>h</sup> — foizon,] i. e. Plenty, abundance.

<sup>i</sup> — pyramises—] Pyramis for pyramid was in common use in our author's

*Men.* Pompey, a word. [*Aside.*]

*Pom.* Say in mine ear: what is't?

*Men.* Forsake thy seat, I do beseech thee, captain,  
[*Aside.*]

And hear me speak a word.

*Pom.* Forbear me till anon.—

This wine for Lepidus.

*Lep.* What manner o'thing is your crocodile?

*Ant.* It is shaped, sir, like itself; and it is as broad as it hath breadth: it is just so high as it is, and moves with its own organs: it lives by that which nourisheth it; and the elements once out of it, it transmigrates.

*Lep.* What colour is it of?

*Ant.* Of its own colour too.

*Lep.* 'Tis a strange serpent.

*Ant.* 'Tis so. And the tears of it are wet.

*Cas.* Will this description satisfy him?

*Ant.* With the health that Pompey gives him, else he is a very epicure.

*Pom.* [*to MENAS aside.*] Go, hang, sir, hang! Tell me of that? away!

Do as I bid you.—Where's this cup I call'd for?

*Men.* If for the sake of merit thou wilt hear me,  
Rise from thy stool. [*Aside.*]

*Pom.* I think, thou'rt mad. The matter?  
[*Rises, and walks aside.*]

*Men.* I have ever held my cap off to thy fortunes.

*Pom.* Thou hast serv'd me with much faith: What's  
Be jolly, lords. [else to say?]

*Ant.* These quicksands, Lepidus,  
Keep off them, for you sink.

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of all the world?

*Pom.* What say'st thou?

*Men.* Wilt thou be lord of the whole world? That's  
twice.

*Pom.* How should that be?

*Men.* But entertain it, and,

time. From this word Shakspeare formed the English plural, *pyramises*, to mark the indistinct pronunciation of a man nearly intoxicated, whose tongue is now beginning to "split what it speaks."—MALONE.

Although thou think me poor, I am the man  
Will give thee all the world.

*Pom.* Hast thou drunk well?

*Men.* No, Pompey, I have kept me from the cup.  
Thou art, if thou dar'st be, the earthly Jove:  
Whate'er the ocean pales, or sky inclips,<sup>j</sup>  
Is thine, if thou wilt have't.

*Pom.* Show me which way.

*Men.* These three world-sharers, these competitors,<sup>k</sup>  
Are in thy vessel: Let me cut the cable;<sup>l</sup>  
And, when we are put off, fall to their throats:  
All there is thine.<sup>m</sup>

*Pom.* Ah, this thou should'st have done,  
And not have spoke on't! In me, 'tis villainy;  
In thee, it had been good service. Thou must know,  
'Tis not my profit that does lead mine honour;  
Mine honour, it. Repent, that e'er thy tongue  
Hath so betray'd thine act: Being done unknown,  
I should have found it afterwards well done;  
But must condemn it now. Desist, and drink.

*Men.* For this, [*Aside.*  
I'll never follow thy pall'd<sup>n</sup> fortunes more.—  
Who seeks, and will not take, when once 'tis offer'd,  
Shall never find it more.

*Pom.* This health to Lepidus.

*Ant.* Bear him ashore.—I'll pledge it for him, Pompey.

*Eno.* Here's to thee, Menas.

*Men.* Enobarbus, welcome.

*Pom.* Fill, till the cup be hid.

*Eno.* There's a strong fellow, Menas.

[*Pointing to the Attendant who carries off*  
LEPIDUS.

*Men.* Why?

*Eno.* He bears

The third part of the world, man; See'st not?

<sup>j</sup> — inclips,] i. e. Embraces.

<sup>k</sup> — competitors,] i. e. Confederates, partners.

<sup>l</sup> — Let me cut the cable;] This incident is from Plutarch.

<sup>m</sup> All there is thine.] i. e. All in the vessel.—STEEVENS.

<sup>n</sup> — pall'd—] i. e. Vapid, past its time of excellence; palled wine, is wine that has lost its original sprightliness.—JOHNSON.

*Men.* The third part then is drunk : 'Would it were all,  
That it might go on wheels !

*Eno.* Drink thou ; increase the reels.

*Men.* Come.

*Pom.* This is not yet an Alexandrian feast.

*Ant.* It ripens towards it.—Strike the vessels,<sup>o</sup> ho !  
Here is to Cæsar.

*Cas.* I could well forbear it.  
It's monstrous labour, when I wash my brain,  
And it grows fouler.

*Ant.* Be a child o'the time.

*Cas.* Possess it, I'll make answer : but I had rather fast  
From all, four days, than drink so much in one.

*Eno.* Ha, my brave emperor ! [To ANTONY.  
Shall we dance now the Egyptian bacchanals,  
And celebrate our drink ?

*Pom.* Let's ha't, good soldier.

*Ant.* Come, let us all take hands ;  
'Till that the conquering wine hath steeped our sense  
In soft and delicate lethe.

*Eno.* All take hands.—  
Make battery to our ears with the loud musick :—  
The while, I'll place you : Then the boy shall sing ;  
The holding every man shall bear,<sup>p</sup> as loud  
As his strong sides can volley.

[Musick plays. ENOBARBUS places them hand  
in hand.

### SONG.

*Come, thou monarch of the vine,  
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne :<sup>q</sup>  
In thy vats our cares be drown'd ;  
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd ;  
Cup us, till the world go round ;  
Cup us, till the world go round !*

<sup>o</sup> — Strike the vessels,] i. e. Chink the vessels one against the other, as a mark  
of our unanimity in drinking, as we now say, chink glasses.—STEVENS.

<sup>p</sup> The holding every man shall bear,] To bear the burden, or, as it is here  
called, the holding of a song, is the phrase at this day.—M. MASON.

<sup>q</sup> — pink eyne:] i. e. Red eyes: eyes inflamed with drinking.

*Cæs.* What would you more?—Pompey, good night.

Good brother,

Let me request you off: our graver business  
Frowns at this levity.—Gentle lords, let's part;  
You see, we have burnt our cheeks: strong Enobarbe  
Is weaker than the wine; and mine own tongue  
Splits what it speaks: the wild disguise hath almost  
Antick'd us all. What needs more words? Good night.—  
Good Antony, your hand.

*Pom.* I'll try you o'the shore.

*Ant.* And shall, sir: give's your hand.

*Pom.* O, Antony,

You have my father's house,—But what? we are friends:  
Come, down into the boat.

*Eno.* Take heed you fall not.

[*Exeunt POMPEY, CÆSAR, ANT. and Attendants.*]

*Menas*, I'll not on shore.

*Men.* No, to my cabin.—

These drums!—these trumpets, flutes! what!—  
Let Neptune hear we bid a loud farewell  
To these great fellows: Sound, and be hang'd, sound out.

[*A Flourish of Trumpets, with Drums.*]

*Eno.* Ho, says 'a!—There's my cap.

*Men.* Ho!—noble captain!

Come. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I.—*A Plain in Syria.*

*Enter VENTIDIUS, as after conquest, with SILIUS, and other Romans, Officers, and Soldiers; the dead Body of PACORUS borne before him.*

*Ven.* Now, darting Parthia, art thou struck; and now  
Pleas'd fortune does of Marcus Crassus' death  
Make me revenger.—Bear the king's son's body  
Before our army:—Thy Pacorus, Orodes,  
Pays this for Marcus Crassus.

[*— Thy Pacorus, Orodes,*] *Pacorus* was the son of *Orodes*, king of *Parthia*.  
—STEVENS.



*Sil.*

Noble Ventidius,

Whilst yet with Parthian blood thy sword is warm,  
 The fugitive Parthians follow; spur through Media,  
 Mesopotamia, and the shelters whither  
 The routed fly: so thy grand captain Antony  
 Shall set thee on triumphant chariots, and  
 Put garlands on thy head.

*Ven.*

O Silius, Silius,

I have done enough: A lower place, note well,  
 May make too great an act: For learn this, Silius;  
 Better to leave undone, than by our deed acquire  
 Too high a fame, when him we serve's away.  
 Cæsar, and Antony, have ever won  
 More in their officer, than person: Sossius,  
 One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,  
 For quick accumulation of renown,  
 Which he achiev'd by the minute, lost his favour.  
 Who does i'the wars more than his captain can,  
 Becomes his captain's captain: and ambition,  
 The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss,  
 Than gain, which darkens him.  
 I could do more to do Antonius good,  
 But 'twould offend him; and in his offence  
 Should my performance perish.

*Sil.*

Thou hast, Ventidius, that

Without the which a soldier, and his sword,  
 Grants scarce distinction.\* Thou wilt write to Antony?

*Ven.* I'll humbly signify what in his name,

That magical word of war, we have effected;  
 How, with his banners, and his well-paid ranks,  
 The ne'er-yet-beaten horse of Parthia  
 We have jaded out o'the field.

*Sil.*

Where is he now?

*Ven.* He purposeth to Athens: whither with what  
 haste

\* Without the which a soldier, and his sword,  
 Grants scarce distinction.] Grant, for afford. It is badly and obscurely expressed; but the sense is this: *Thou hast that, Ventidius, which if thou didst want, there would be no distinction between thee and thy sword. You would be both equally cutting and useless. This was wisdom or knowledge of the world.*—  
 WARBURTON.

The weight we must convey with us will permit,  
We shall appear before him.—On, there; pass along.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Rome. *An Ante-Chamber in Cæsar's House.*

*Enter AGRIPPA and ENOBARBUS, meeting.*

*Agr.* What, are the brothers parted?

*Eno.* They have despatch'd with Pompey, he is gone;  
The other three are sealing. Octavia weeps  
To part from Rome: Cæsar is sad; and Lepidus,  
Since Pompey's feast, as Menas says, is troubled  
With the green sickness.

*Agr.* 'Tis a noble Lepidus.

*Eno.* A very fine one: O, how he loves Cæsar!

*Agr.* Nay, but how dearly he adores Mark Antony!

*Eno.* Cæsar? Why, he's the Jupiter of men.

*Agr.* What's Antony? The god of Jupiter.

*Eno.* Spake you of Cæsar? How? the nonpareil!

*Agr.* O Antony! O thou Arabian bird!

*Eno.* Would you praise Cæsar, say,—Cæsar;—go no further.

*Agr.* Indeed, he ply'd them both with excellent praises.

*Eno.* But he loves Cæsar best;—Yet he loves Antony:  
Ho! hearts, tongues, figures, scribes, bards, poets, cannot  
Think, speak, cast, write, sing, number, ho, his love  
To Antony. But as for Cæsar,  
Kneel down, kneel down, and wonder.

*Agr.* Both he loves.

*Eno.* They are his shards, and he their beetle.<sup>a</sup> So,—  
[*Trumpets.*]

This is to horse—Adieu, noble Agrippa.

*Agr.* Good fortune, worthy soldier; and farewell.

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, and OCTAVIA.*

*Ant.* No further, sir.

<sup>a</sup> — Arabian bird! ] The phoenix.

<sup>a</sup> They are his shards, and he their beetle. ] i. e. They are the wings that raise this heavy lumpish insect from the ground.—STEVENS.

*Cæs.* You take from me a great part of myself;  
Use me well in it.—Sister, prove such a wife  
As my thoughts make thee, and as my furthest  
band<sup>v</sup>

Shall pass on thy approval.—Most noble Antony,  
Let not the piece of virtue, which is set  
Betwixt us, as the cement of our love,  
To keep it builded, be the ram, to batter  
The fortress of it: for better might we  
Have loved without this mean, if on both parts  
This be not cherish'd.

*Ant.* Make me not offended  
In your distrust.

*Cæs.* I have said.

*Ant.* You shall not find,  
Though you be therein curious,<sup>v</sup> the least cause  
For what you seem to fear: So, the gods keep you,  
And make the hearts of Romans serve your ends!  
We will here part.

*Cæs.* Farewell, my dearest sister, fare thee well;  
The elements<sup>x</sup> be kind to thee, and make  
Thy spirits all of comfort! fare thee well.

*Octa.* My noble brother!—

*Ant.* The April's in her eyes: It is love's spring,  
And these the showers to bring it on.—Be cheerful.

*Octa.* Sir, look well to my husband's house; and—

*Cæs.* What,  
Octavia?

*Oct.* I'll tell you in your ear.

*Ant.* Her tongue will not obey her heart, nor can  
Her heart inform her tongue: the swan's down feather,  
That stands upon the swell at full of tide,  
And neither way inclines.

*Eno.* Will Cæsar weep? [*Aside to AGRIPPA.*

*Agr.* He has a cloud in's face.

<sup>v</sup> — as my furthest band—] As I will venture the greatest pledge of security, on the trial of thy conduct. *Band* and *bond* in our author's time, were synonymous.—JOHNSON and MALONE.

<sup>w</sup> — curious,] i. e. *Scrupulous*.

<sup>x</sup> The elements—] i. e. *The air and the water*; Octavia is about to make a long journey by sea.—M. MASON.

*Eno.* He were the worse for that, were he a horse;<sup>7</sup>  
So is he, being a man.

*Ag.* Why, Enobarbus?  
When Antony found Julius Cæsar dead,  
He cried almost to roaring: and he wept,  
When at Philippi he found Brutus slain.

*Eno.* That year, indeed, he was troubled with a rheum;  
What willingly he did confound,<sup>8</sup> he wail'd:  
Believe it, till I weep too.

*Cas.* No, sweet Octavia,  
You shall hear from me still; the time shall not  
Out-go my thinking on you.

*Ant.* Come, sir, come;  
I'll wrestle with you in my strength of love:  
Look, here I have you; thus I let you go,  
And give you to the gods.

*Cas.* Adieu; be happy!

*Lep.* Let all the number of the stars give light  
To thy fair way!

*Cas.* Farewell, farewell! [Kisses OCTAVIA.

*Ant.* Farewell!

[Trumpets sound. *Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and ALEXAS.*

*Cleo.* Where is the fellow?

*Alex.* Half afraid to come.

*Cleo.* Go to, go to:—Come hither, sir.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Alex.* Good majesty,  
Herod of Jewry dare not look upon you,  
But when you are well pleas'd.

<sup>7</sup> — were he a horse;] A horse is said to have a cloud in his face, when he has a black or dark-colour'd spot in his forehead between his eyes. This gives him a sour look, and being supposed to indicate an ill temper, is of course regarded as a great blemish.—STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — confound;—] i. e. Destroy.

*Cleo.* That Herod's head  
I'll have: But how? when Antony is gone  
Through whom I might command it.—Come thou near.

*Mess.* Most gracious majesty,—

*Cleo.* Didst thou behold  
Octavia?

*Mess.* Ay, dread queen.

*Cleo.* Where?

*Mess.* Madam, in Rome  
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led  
Between her brother and Mark Antony.

*Cleo.* Is she as tall as me?

*Mess.* She is not, madam.

*Cleo.* Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongu'd or  
low?

*Mess.* Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voic'd.

*Cleo.* That's not so good:—he cannot like her long.

*Char.* Like her? O Isis! 'tis impossible.

*Cleo.* I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and dwarf-  
What majesty is in her gait? Remember, [ish!—  
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.

*Mess.* She creeps;  
Her motion and her station\* are as one:  
She shows a body rather than a life;  
A statue, than a breather.

*Cleo.* Is this certain?

*Mess.* Or I have no observance.

*Char.* Three in Egypt  
Cannot make better note.

*Cleo.* He's very knowing,  
I do perceiv't:—There's nothing in her yet:—  
The fellow has good judgment.

*Char.* Excellent.

*Cleo.* Guess at her years, I-pr'ythee.

*Mess.* Madam,  
She was a widow.

*Cleo.* Widow?—Charmian, hark.

*Mess.* And I do think, she's thirty. [round?

*Cleo.* Bear'st thou her face in mind? is it long, or

\* — station—] i. e. State of rest.—Nares.

*Mess.* Round even to faultiness.

*Cleo.* For the most part too,  
They are foolish that are so.<sup>b</sup>—Her hair, what colour?

*Mess.* Brown, madam; And her forehead as low  
As she could wish it.<sup>c</sup>

*Cleo.* There is gold for thee.  
Thou must not take my former sharpness ill:—  
I will employ thee back again; I find thee  
Most fit for business: Go, make thee ready;  
Our letters are prepar'd. [*Exit Messenger.*]

*Char.* A proper man.

*Cleo.* Indeed, he is so: I repent me much,  
That so I harry'd<sup>d</sup> him. Why, methinks, by him,  
This creature's no such thing.

*Char.* O, nothing, madam.

*Cleo.* The man hath seen some majesty, and should know.

*Char.* Hath he seen majesty? Isis else defend,  
And serving you so long!

*Cleo.* I have one thing more to ask him yet, good Char—  
But 'tis no matter; thou shalt bring him to me [*mian*:  
Where I will write: All may be well enough.

*Char.* I warrant you, madam. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Athens. A Room in Antony's House.

*Enter ANTONY and OCTAVIA.*

*Ant.* Nay, nay, Octavia, not only that,—  
That were excusable, that, and thousands more  
Of semblable import,—but he had wag'd  
New wars 'gainst Pompey; made his will, and read it

<sup>b</sup> Round even to faultiness.  
*Cleo.*

*For the most part too,*

*They are foolish, &c.]* This is from the old writers on physiognomy. So, in Hill's *Pleasant History*, &c. 1613: "The head very round, to be forgetful and foolish."—Again, "the head long, to be prudent and wary."—STEEVENS.

<sup>c</sup> — And her forehead as low

*As she could wish it.]* The phrase employed by the messenger is still a cant one. I once overheard a chambermaid say of her rival,—"that her legs were as thick as she could wish them."—STEEVENS.

<sup>d</sup> — harry'd—] i. e. *Used roughly*; to harry, is literally, to hunt. Hence the word harrier. King James threatened the Puritans that "he would harry them out of the land."—HENLEY.

To publick ear :

Spoke scantily of me ; when perforce he could not

But pay me terms of honour, cold and sickly

He vented them ; most narrow measure lent me :

When the best hint was given him, he not took't,

Or did it from his teeth.\*

Oct.

O my good lord,

Believe not all ; or, if you must believe,

Stomach not all. A more unhappy lady,

If this division chance, ne'er stood between,

Praying for both parts :

And the good gods will mock me presently,

When I shall pray, *O, bless my lord and husband !*

Undo that prayer, by crying out as loud,

*O, bless my brother !* Husband win, win brother,

Prays, and destroys the prayer ; no midway

'Twixt these extremes at all.

Ant.

Gentle Octavia,

Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks

Best to preserve it : If I lose mine honour,

I lose myself : better I were not yours,

Than yours so branchless. But, as you requested,

Yourself shall go between us : The mean time, lady,

I'll raise the preparation of a war

Shall stain' your brother ; Make your soonest haste ;

So your desires are yours.

Oct.

Thanks to my lord,

The Jove of power make me most weak, most weak,

Your reconciler ! Wars 'twixt you twain would be

As if the world should cleave, and that slain men

Should solder up the rift.

Ant. When it appears to you where this begins,

Turn your displeasure that way ; for our faults

\* *Or did it from his teeth.*] Whether this means, as we now say, in spite of his teeth, or that he spoke through his teeth, so as to be purposely indistinct, I am unable to determine.—STEVENS.

f — *stain*—] i. e. Shame or disgrace.—JOHNSON. After Antony has told Octavia that she shall be a mediatrix between him and his adversary, it is surely strange to add that he will do an act that shall disgrace her brother.—MALONE. Theobald proposes to read *strain* for *stain*.

g — *Wars 'twixt you twain would be, &c.*] The sense is, that war between Caesar and Antony would engage the world between them, and that the slaughter would be great in so extensive a commotion.—JOHNSON.

Can never be so equal, that your love  
Can equally move with them. Provide your going;  
Choose your own company, and command what cost  
Your heart has mind to. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

*The same. Another Room in the same.*

*Enter ENOBARBUS and EROS, meeting.*

*Eno.* How now, friend Eros?

*Eros.* There's strange news come, sir.

*Eno.* What, man?

*Eros.* Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

*Eno.* This is old; What is the success?

*Eros.* Cæsar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him rivalry;<sup>a</sup> would not let him partake in the glory of the action: and not resting here, accuses him of letters he had formerly wrote to Pompey; upon his own appeal,<sup>1</sup> seizes him: So the poor third is up, till death enlarge his confine.

*Eno.* Then, world, thou hast a pair of chaps, no more: And throw between them all the food thou hast, They'll grind the one the other. Where's Antony?

*Eros.* He's walking in the garden—thus; and spurns The rush that lies before him; cries, *Fool, Lepidus!* And threatens the throat of that his officer, That murder'd Pompey.

*Eno.* Our great navy's rigged.

*Eros.* For Italy, and Cæsar. More, Domitius;<sup>k</sup> My lord desires you presently: my news I might have told hereafter.

*Eno.* 'Twill be naught:  
But let it be.—Bring me to Antony.

*Eros.* Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> — rivalry;] *Equal rank.*—JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — upon his own appeal,] To appeal, in Shakspeare, is to accuse; Cæsar seized Lepidus without any other proof than Cæsar's accusation.—JOHNSON.

<sup>k</sup> — More, Domitius;] I have something more to tell you which I might have told at first, and delay'd my news. Antony requires your presence.—JOHNSON.



## SCENE VI.

Rome. *A Room in Cæsar's House.*

*Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, and MECÆNAS.*

*Cas.* Contemning Rome, he has done all this: And  
 In Alexandria,—here's the manner of it, [more;  
 I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,  
 Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold  
 Were publicly entron'd: at the feet, sat  
 Cæsarion, whom they call my father's son;  
 And all the unlawful issue, that their lust  
 Since then hath made between them. Unto her  
 He gave the 'stablishment of Egypt; made her  
 Of Lower Syria, Cyprus, Lydia,  
 Absolute queen.

*Mec.* This in the publick eye?

*Cas.* I' the common show-place, where they exercise.  
 His sons he there proclaim'd, The kings of kings:  
 Great Media, Parthia, and Armenia,  
 He gave to Alexander; to Ptolemy he assign'd  
 Syria, Cilicia, and Phœnicia: She  
 In the habiliments of the goddess Isis  
 That day appear'd; and oft before gave audience  
 As 'tis reported, so.

*Mec.* Let Rome be thus  
 Inform'd.

*Agr.* Who, queasy with his insolence  
 Already, will their good thoughts call from him.

*Cas.* The people know it; and have now receiv'd  
 His accusations.

*Agr.* Whom does he accuse?

*Cas.* Cæsar: and that, having in Sicily  
 Sextus Pompeius spoil'd, we had not rated him  
 His part o' the isle: then does he say, he lent me  
 Some shipping unrestor'd: lastly, he frets,  
 That Lepidus of the triumvirate  
 Should be depos'd; and, being, that we detain  
 All his revenue.

*Agr.* Sir, this should be answer'd.

*Cæs.* 'Tis done already, and the messenger gone.  
I have told him, Lepidus was grown too cruel;  
That he his high authority abus'd,  
And did deserve his change; for what I have conquer'd,  
I grant him part; but then, in his Armenia,  
And other of his conquer'd kingdoms, I  
Demand the like.

*Mec.* He'll never yield to that.

*Cæs.* Nor must not then be yielded to in this.

*Enter OCTAVIA.*

*Oct.* Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear Cæsar!

*Cæs.* That ever I should call thee, cast-away!

*Oct.* You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause.

*Cæs.* Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come not  
Like Cæsar's sister: The wife of Antony  
Should have an army for an usher, and  
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,  
Long ere she did appear; the trees by the way,  
Should have borne men; and expectation fainted,  
Longing for what it had not: nay, the dust  
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven,  
Rais'd by your populous troops: But you are come  
A market-maid to Rome; and have prevented  
The ostentation<sup>1</sup> of our love, which, left unshown  
Is often left unlov'd: we should have met you  
By sea, and land; supplying every stage  
With an augmented greeting.

*Oct.* Good my lord,  
To come thus was I not constrain'd, but did it  
On my free-will. My lord, Mark Antony,  
Hearing that you prepar'd for war, acquainted  
My grieved ear withal; whereon, I begg'd  
His pardon for return,

*Cæs.* Which soon he granted,  
Being an obstruct 'tween his lust and him.

*Oct.* Do not say so, my lord.

<sup>1</sup> — ostentation—] i. e. *Display*: this is the reading of the old copy, for which Mr. Steevens has substituted *ostent* for the sake of the metre.

*Cas.* I have eyes upon him,  
And his affairs come to me on the wind,  
Where is he now?

*Oct.* My lord, in Athens.

*Cas.* No, my most wronged sister; Cleopatra  
Hath nodded him to her. He hath given his empire  
Up to a whore; who now are levying  
The kings o' the earth for war: He hath assembled  
Bocchus, the king of Libya; Archelaus,  
Of Cappadocia; Philadelphos, king  
Of Paphlagonia; the Thracian king, Adallas:  
King Malchus of Arabia; king of Pont;  
Herod of Jewry; Mithridates, king  
Of Comagene; Polemon and Amintas,  
The kings of Mede, and Lycaonia, with a  
More larger list of scepters.

*Oct.* Ah me, most wretched,  
That have my heart parted betwixt two friends,  
That do afflict each other!

*Cas.* Welcome hither:  
Your letters did withhold our breaking forth;  
Till we perceiv'd, both how you were wrong led,  
And we in negligent danger. Cheer your heart:  
Be you not troubled with the time, which drives  
O'er your content these strong necessities;  
But let determin'd things to destiny  
Hold unbewail'd their way. Welcome to Rome:  
Nothing more dear to me. You are abus'd  
Beyond the mark of thought: and the high gods,  
To do you justice, make them ministers  
Of us, and those that love you. Best of comfort;  
And ever welcome to us.

*Agr.* Welcome, lady.

*Mec.* Welcome, dear madam.

Each heart in Rome does love and pity you:  
Only the adulterous Antony, most large  
In his abominations, turns you off;  
And gives his potent regiment<sup>m</sup> to a trull,  
That noises it against us.

<sup>m</sup> — regiment—] i. e. Government, authority; he puts his power and his

*Oct.* Is it so, sir?

*Cæs.* Most certain. Sister, welcome: Pray you,  
Be ever known to patience: My dearest sister!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

*Antony's Camp, near to the Promontory of Actium.*

*Enter GLEOPATRA and ENOBARBUS.*

*Cleo.* I will be even with thee, doubt it not.

*Eno.* But why, why, why?

*Cleo.* Thou hast forspoke<sup>a</sup> my being in these wars;  
And say'st, it is not fit.

*Eno.* Well, is it, is it?

*Cleo.* Is't not? Denounce against us, why should not we  
Be there in person?

*Eno.* [*aside.*] Well, I could reply:—  
If we should serve with horse and mares together,  
The horse were merely<sup>o</sup> lost, the mares would bear  
A soldier, and his horse.

*Cleo.* What is't you say?

*Eno.* Your presence needs must puzzle Antony;  
Take from his heart, take from his brain, from his time,  
What should not then be spar'd. He is already  
Traduc'd for levity; and 'tis said in Rome,  
That Photinus an eunuch, and your maids,  
Manage this war.

*Cleo.* Sink Rome; and their tongues rot,  
That speak against us! A charge we bear i' the war,  
And, as the president of my kingdom, will  
Appear there for a man. Speak not against it;  
I will not stay behind.

*Eno.* Nay, I have done:  
Here comes the emperor.

empire into the hands of a false woman.—It may be remarked, that *trull* was not in our author's days a term of mere infamy, but a word of slight contempt.  
—JOHNSON.

<sup>a</sup> — *forspoke*—] i. e. *Contradicted, spoken against.*

<sup>o</sup> — *merely*—] i. e. *Entirely, absolutely.*

*Enter ANTONY and CANIDIUS.*

*Ant.* Is't not strange, Canidius,  
That from Tarentum, and Brundusium,  
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,  
And take in<sup>p</sup> Toryne?—You have heard on't, sweet?

*Cleo.* Celerity is never more admir'd;  
Than by the negligent.

*Ant.* A good rebuke,  
Which might have well becom'd the best of men,  
To taunt at slackness.—Canidius, we  
Will fight with him by sea.

*Cleo.* By sea! What else?

*Can.* Why will my lord do so?

*Ant.* For that he dares us<sup>q</sup> to't.

*Eno.* So hath my lord dar'd him to single fight.

*Can.* Ay, and to wage this battle at Pharsalia,  
Where Cæsar fought with Pompey: But these offers,  
Which serve not for his vantage, he shakes off;  
And so should you.

*Eno.* Your ships are not well mann'd:  
Your mariners are muleteers, reapers, people  
Ingross'd by swift impress; in Cæsar's fleet  
Are those, that often have 'gainst Pompey fought:  
Their ships are yare:<sup>r</sup> yours, heavy. No disgrace  
Shall fall you for refusing him at sea,  
Being prepar'd for land.

*Ant.* By sea, by sea.

*Eno.* Most worthy sir, you therein throw away  
The absolute soldiership you have by land;  
Distract your army, which doth most consist  
Of war-mark'd footmen; leave unexecuted  
Your own renowned knowledge; quite forego  
The way which promises assurance; and  
Give up yourself merely to chance and hazard,  
From firm security.

*Ant.* I'll fight at sea.

<sup>p</sup> — take in—] i. e. Gain by conquest.

<sup>q</sup> For that he dares us—] i. e. Because he dares us.

<sup>r</sup> — yare:] i. e. Manageable, dexterous.

*Cleo.* I have sixty sails, Cæsar none better.

*Ant.* Our overplus of shipping will we burn;  
And, with the rest full-mann'd, from the head of Actium  
Beat the approaching Cæsar. But if we fail,

*Enter a Messenger.*

We then can do't at land.—Thy business?

*Mess.* The news is true, my lord; he is descried;  
Cæsar has taken Toryne.

*Ant.* Can he be there in person? 'tis impossible;  
Strange, that his power should be.\*—Canidius,  
Our nineteen legions thou shalt hold by land,  
And our twelve thousand horse:—We'll to our ship;

*Enter a Soldier.*

Away, my Thetis!†—How now, worthy soldier?

*Sold.* O noble emperor, do not fight by sea;  
Trust not to rotten planks: Do you misdoubt  
This sword, and these my wounds? Let the Egyptians,  
And the Phœnicians, go a ducking; we  
Have used to conquer, standing on the earth,  
And fighting foot to foot.

*Ant.* Well, well, away.

[*Exeunt ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and ENOBARBUS.*]

*Sold.* By Hercules, I think, I am i' the right.

*Can.* Soldier, thou art: but his whole action grows  
Not in the power on't:‡ So our leader's led,  
And we are women's men.

*Sold.* You keep by land  
The legions and the horse whole, do you not?

*Can.* Marcus Octavius, Marcus Justeius,  
Publicola, and Cælius, are for sea:

\* *Strange that his power should be.*] Is it strange that his forces should be there.

—MALONE.

† — *my Thetis* [?] Antony may address Cleopatra by the name of this sea-nymph, because she had just promised him assistance in his naval expedition; or perhaps in allusion to her voyage down the Cydnus, when she appeared like Thetis surrounded by the Nereids.—STEEVENS.

‡ — *but his whole action grows*

*Not in the power on't:*] i. e. His whole conduct in the war is not founded upon that which is his greatest strength, (namely, his land force,) but on the caprice of a woman, who wishes that he should fight by sea.—MALONE.

But we keep whole by land. This speed of Cæsar's  
Carries beyond belief.\*

*Sold.* While he was yet in Rome,  
His power went out in such distractions,† as  
Beguil'd all spies.

*Can.* Who's his lieutenant, hear you?

*Sold.* They say, one Taurus.

*Can.* Well I know the man.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The emperor calls Canidius.

*Can.* With news the time's with labour; and throes  
forth.‡

Each minute, some.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE VIII.

*A Plain near Actium.*

*Enter CÆSAR, TAURUS, Officers, and others.*

*Cas.* Taurus,—

*Taur.* My lord.

*Cas.* Strike not by land; keep whole :  
Provoke not battle, till we have done at sea.  
Do not exceed the prescript of this scroll :  
Our fortune lies upon this jump.¶

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

*Ant.* Set we our squadrons on yon side o'the hill,  
In eye of Cæsar's battle; from which place  
We may the number of the ships behold,  
And so proceed accordingly.

[*Exeunt.*]

\* *Carries beyond belief.*] Perhaps this phrase is from archery.—STEEVENS.

† — *distractions,*] i. e. *Detachments, separate bodies.*—JOHNSON.

‡ — *throes forth,*] i. e. *Emits as in parturition.*

¶ — *jump,*] i. e. *Hazard.*

*Enter CANIDIUS, marching with his Land Army one way over the Stage; and TAURUS, the Lieutenant of CÆSAR, the other way. After their going in, is heard the noise of a Sea-fight.*

*Alarum. Re-enter ENOBARBUS.*

*Eno.* Naught, naught, all naught! I can behold no  
The Antoniad,<sup>a</sup> the Egyptian admiral, [longer:  
With all their sixty, fly, and turn the rudder;  
To see't, mine eyes are blasted.

*Enter SCARUS.*

*Scar.* Gods, and goddesses,  
All the whole synod of them!

*Eno.* What's thy passion?

*Scar.* The greater cantle<sup>a</sup> of the world is lost  
With very ignorance; we have kiss'd away  
Kingdoms and provinces.

*Eno.* How appears the fight?

*Scar.* On our side like the token'd<sup>b</sup> pestilence,  
Where death is sure. Yon' ribaudred<sup>c</sup> nag of Egypt,  
Whom leprosy o'ertake! i'the midst o'the fight,—  
When vantage like a pair of twins appear'd,  
Both as the same, or, rather, ours the elder,  
The brize<sup>d</sup> upon her, like a cow in June,  
Hoists sails, and flies.

*Eno.* That I beheld: mine eyes  
Did sicken at the sight on't, and could not  
Endure a further view.

*Scar.* She once being loof'd,<sup>e</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *The Antoniad, &c.*] Which Plutarch says, was the name of Cleopatra's ship.—POPE.

<sup>b</sup> *The greater cantle*—] i. e. *The larger corner*. Cæsar, in this play, mentions the *three-nook'd world*. Of this triangular world every triumvir had a corner.—JOHNSON.

<sup>c</sup> *token'd*—] i. e. *Spotted*. The death of those visited by the plague was certain, when particular eruptions appeared on the skin; and these were called *God's tokens*.—JOHNSON and STEEVENS.

<sup>d</sup> *ribaudred*—] i. e. *Obscene, filthy*. The modern editors have substituted *ribald-rid*, but without authority.—NARES.

<sup>e</sup> *The brize*—] i. e. *The gad-fly*.

<sup>f</sup> *loof'd*,] i. e. *Brought close to the wind*.—STEEVENS.



The noble ruin of her magick, Antony,  
Claps on his sea-wing, and like a doting mallard,  
Leaving the fight in height, flies after her :  
I never saw an action of such shame ;  
Experience, manhood, honour, ne'er before  
Did violate so itself.

*Eno.*

Alack, alack !

*Enter CANIDIUS.*

*Can.* Our fortune on the sea is out of breath,  
And sinks most lamentably. Had our general  
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well :  
O, he has given example for our flight,  
Most grossly, by his own.

*Eno.* Ay, are you thereabouts ? Why then, good night  
Indeed. *[Aside.*

*Can.* Towards Peloponnesus are they fled.

*Scar.* 'Tis easy to't ; and there I will attend  
What further comes.

*Can.* To Cæsar will I render  
My legions, and my horse ; six kings already  
Show me the way of yielding.

*Eno.* I'll yet follow  
The wounded chance of Antony, ' though my reason  
Sits in the wind against me. *[Exeunt.*

## SCENE IX.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter ANTONY and Attendants.*

*Ant.* Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't,  
It is asham'd to bear me !—Friends, come hither,  
I am so lated in the world,<sup>s</sup> that I  
Have lost my way for ever :—I have a ship  
Laden with gold ; take that, divide it ; fly,  
And make your peace with Cæsar.

<sup>t</sup> *The wounded chance of Antony.*] A phrase nearly of the same import as the broken fortunes of Antony.—MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> — so lated in the world,] Alluding to a benighted traveller.—JOHNSON.



1811. 1812.

1813.

1814. 1815. 1816. 1817. 1818.

1819. 1820. 1821. 1822. 1823. 1824.

1825. 1826. 1827. 1828. 1829.



*Att.*

Fly ! not we.

*Ant.* I have fled myself ; and have instructed cowards  
To run, and show their shoulders.—Friends, be gone ;  
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,  
Which has no need of you ; be gone :  
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,  
I follow'd that I blush to look upon :  
My very hairs do mutiny ; for the white  
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them  
For fear and doting.—Friends, be gone ; you shall  
Have letters from me to some friends, that will  
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,  
Nor make replies of loathness : take the hint  
Which my despair proclaims ; let that be left  
Which leaves itself : to the sea-side straightway :  
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.  
Leave me, I pray, a little : 'pray you now :—  
Nay, do so ; for, indeed, I have lost command,  
Therefore I pray you :—I'll see you by and by.

[*Sits down.*]

*Enter EROS and CLEOPATRA, led by CHARMIAN  
and IRAS.*

*Eros.* Nay, gentle madam, to him :—Comfort him.

*Iras.* Do, most dear queen.

*Char.* Do ! Why, what else ?

*Cleo.* Let me sit down. O Juno !

*Ant.* No, no, no, no, no.

*Eros.* See you here, sir ?

*Ant.* O fye, fye, fye.

*Char.* Madam,—

*Iras.* Madam ; O good empress !—

*Eros.* Sir, sir,—

*Ant.* Yes, my lord, yes ;—He, at Philippi, kept  
His sword even like a dancer ;<sup>b</sup> while I struck  
The lean and wrinkled Cassius ; and 'twas I,  
That the mad Brutus ended : he alone

<sup>b</sup> — *He, at Philippi, kept*

*His sword even like a dancer ;*] i. e. Cæsar never offered to draw his sword,  
but kept it in the scabbard, like one who dances with a sword on, which was  
formerly the custom in England.—STEEVENS.

Dealt on lieutenantry,<sup>1</sup> and no practice had  
In the brave squares of war : Yet now—No matter.

*Cleo.* Ah, stand by.

*Eros.* The queen, my lord, the queen.

*Iras.* Go to him, madam, speak to him ;

He is unqualitied<sup>2</sup> with very shame.

*Cleo.* Well then,—Sustain me :—O !

*Eros.* Most noble sir, arise ; the queen approaches ;  
Her head's declined, and death will seize her ; but  
Your comfort makes the rescue.

*Ant.* I have offended reputation ;  
A most unnoble swerving.

*Eros.* Sir, the queen.

*Ant.* O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt ? See,  
How I convey my shame<sup>3</sup> out of thine eyes  
By looking back on what I have left behind  
'Stroy'd in dishonour.

*Cleo.* O my lord, my lord !  
Forgive my fearful sails ! I little thought,  
You would have follow'd.

*Ant.* Egypt, thou knew'st too well,  
My heart was to thy rudder tied by the strings,<sup>4</sup>  
And thou should'st tow me after : O'er my spirit  
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st ; and that  
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods  
Command me.

*Cleo.* O, my pardon.

*Ant.* Now I must  
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge  
And palter in the shifts of lowness ; who  
With half the bulk o'the world play'd as I pleas'd,  
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,  
How much you were my conqueror ; and that  
My sword, made weak by my affection, would  
Obey it on all cause.

<sup>1</sup> *Dealt on the lieutenantry,*] i. e. Fought by proxy, made war by his lieutenants, or on the strength of his lieutenants.—STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *unqualitied*—] i. e. Unmanned in general, disarmed of his usual faculties.—STEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *How I convey my shame*—] How, by looking another way, I withdraw my ignominy from your sight.—JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *tied by the strings,*] That is, by the heart-string.—JOHNSON.

*Cleo.* O pardon, pardon.

*Ant.* Fall not a tear, I say ; one of them rates  
All that is won and lost : Give me a kiss ;  
Even this repays me.—We sent our schoolmaster,  
Is he come back ?—Love, I am full of lead :—  
Some wine, within there, and our viands :—Fortune  
knows,  
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows.  
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

*Cæsar's Camp in Egypt.*

*Enter CÆSAR, DOLABELLA, THYREUS, and others.*

*Cæs.* Let him appear that's come from Antony.—  
Know you him ?

*Dol.* Cæsar, 'tis his schoolmaster :<sup>m</sup>  
An argument that he is pluck'd, when hither  
He sends so poor a pinion of his wing,  
Which had superfluous kings for messengers,  
Not many moons gone by.

*Enter EUPHRONIUS.*

*Cæs.* Approach, and speak.

*Eup.* Such as I am, I come from Antony :  
I was of late as petty to his ends,  
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf  
To his grand sea.<sup>n</sup>

*Cæs.* Be it so ; Declare thine office.

*Eup.* Lord of his fortunes he salutes thee, and  
Requires to live in Egypt : which not granted,  
He lessens his requests ; and to thee sues  
To let him breathe between the heavens and earth,  
A private man in Athens : This for him.  
Next, Cleopatra does confess thy greatness ;  
Submits her to thy might ; and of thee craves

<sup>m</sup> — his schoolmaster :] The name of this person was Euphronius. He was schoolmaster to Antony's children by Cleopatra.—STEEVENS and MALONE.

<sup>n</sup> To his grand sea.] i. e. His full tide of prosperity.—STEEVENS.

The circle of the Ptolemies\* for her heirs,  
Now hazarded to thy grace.

*Cæs.* For Antony,  
I have no ears to his request. The queen  
Of audience, nor desire, shall fail ; so she  
From Egypt drive her all-disgraced friend,<sup>p</sup>  
Or take his life there : This if she perform,  
She shall not sue unheard. So to them both.

*Eup.* Fortune pursue thee !

*Cæs.* Bring him through the bands.  
[*Exit EUPHRONIUS.*]

To try thy eloquence, now 'tis time : Despatch ;  
From Antony win Cleopatra : promise, [to *THYREUS.*  
And in our name, what she requires ; add more,  
From thine invention, offers : women are not,  
In their best fortunes, strong : but want will perjure  
The ne'er-touch'd vestal : Try thy cunning, Thyreus ;  
Make thine own edict for thy pains, which we  
Will answer as a law.

*Thry.* Cæsar, I go.

*Cæs.* Observe how Antony becomes his flaw ;<sup>q</sup>  
And what thou think'st his very action speaks  
In every power that moves.

*Thry.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE XI.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* What shall we do, Enobarbus ?

*Eno.* Think, and die.<sup>r</sup>

*Cleo.* Is Antony, or we, in fault for this ?

*Eno.* Antony only, that would make his will  
Lord of his reason. What though you fled

\* — circle of the Ptolemies—] The diadem ; the ensign of the royalty.—  
JOHNSON.

<sup>p</sup> — friend,] i. e. Paramour.

<sup>q</sup> — how Antony becomes his flaw ;] That is, how Antony conforms himself  
to this breach of his fortune.—JOHNSON.

<sup>r</sup> Think, and die.] i. e. Consider what mode of ending your life is most pre-  
ferable, and immediately adopt it.—HENLEY.

From that great face of war, whose several ranges  
Frighted each other? why should he follow?  
The itch of his affection should not then  
Have nick'd his captainship;<sup>a</sup> at such a point,  
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being  
The mered question:<sup>b</sup> 'Twas a shame no less  
Than was his loss, to course your flying flags,  
And leave his navy gazing.

*Cleo.*

Pr'ythee, peace.

*Enter ANTONY with EUPHRONIUS.*

*Ant.* Is this his answer?

*Eup.*

Ay, my lord.

*Ant.*

The queen

Shall then have courtesy, so she will yield  
Us up.

*Eup.* He says so.

*Ant.*

Let her know it.—

To the boy Cæsar send this grizled head,  
And he will fill thy wishes to the brim  
With principalities.

*Cleo.*

That head, my lord?

*Ant.* To him again; Tell him he wears the rose  
Of youth upon him; from which, the world should note  
Something particular: his coin, ships, legions,  
May be a coward's; whose ministers would prevail  
Under the service of a child, as soon  
As i'the command of Cæsar: I dare him therefore  
To lay his gay comparisons apart,  
And answer me declin'd,<sup>c</sup> sword against sword,  
Ourselves alone: I'll write it; follow me.

*[Exeunt ANTONY and EUPHRONIUS.]*

*Eno.* Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will

<sup>a</sup> Have nick'd his captainship;] i. e. Set the mark of folly on it.

<sup>b</sup> The mered question;] i. e. He being the sole, the entire subject or occasion of the war. Mered is, I suspect, a word of our author's formation, from mere.—MALONE.

<sup>c</sup> — His gay comparisons apart,

And answer me declin'd,] I require of Cæsar not to depend on that superiority which the comparison of our different fortunes may exhibit to him, but to answer me man to man, in this decline of my age or power.—JOHNSON.



Unstate his happiness, and be stag'd to the show,\*  
 Against a sword.—I see, men's judgments are  
 A parcel of their fortunes;† and things outward  
 Do draw the inward quality after them,  
 To suffer all alike. That he should dream,  
 Knowing all measures, the full Cæsar will  
 Answer his emptiness!—Cæsar, thou hast subdu'd  
 His judgment too.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* A messenger from Cæsar.

*Cleo.* What, no more ceremony?—See, my women!—  
 Against the blown rose may they stop their nose,  
 That kneel'd unto the buds.—Admit him, sir.

*Eno.* Mine honesty, and I, begin to square.‡ *[Aside.*  
 The loyalty, well held to fools, does make  
 Our faith mere folly:—Yet he, that can endure  
 To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,  
 Does conquer him that did his master conquer,  
 And earns a place i' the story.

*Enter THYREUS.*

*Cleo.* Cæsar's will?

*Thyr.* Hear it apart.

*Cleo.* None but friends; say boldly.

*Thyr.* So, haply, are they friends to Antony.

*Eno.* He needs as many, sir, as Cæsar has;  
 Or needs not us. If Cæsar please, our master  
 Will leap to be his friend: For us, you know,  
 Whose he is, we are; and that's, Cæsar's.

*Thyr.* So.—  
 Thus then, thou most renown'd; Cæsar entreats,  
 Not to consider in what case thou stand'st,  
 Further than he is Cæsar.¶

*Cleo.* Go on: Right royal.

\* — be stag'd to the show,] That is, exhibited like conflicting gladiators, to the publick gaze.—HENLEY.

† A parcel of their fortunes;] i. e. As we should say at present, of a piece with them.—STEVENS.

‡ — to square.] i. e. To quarrel.

¶ Further than he is Cæsar.] i. e. Generous and forgiving, able and willing to restore your fortunes.—WARBURTON.

*Thyr.* He knows, that you embrace not Antony  
As you did love, but as you fear'd him.

*Cleo.*

O!

*Thyr.* The scars upon your honour, therefore, he  
Does pity, as constrained blemishes,  
Not as deserv'd.

*Cleo.* He is a god, and knows  
What is most right : Mine honour was not yielded,  
But conquer'd merely.

*Eno.* To be sure of that, *[Aside.*  
I will ask Antony.—Sir, sir, thou'rt so leaky,  
That we must leave thee to thy sinking, for  
Thy dearest quit thee. *[Exit ENOBARBUS.*

*Thyr.* Shall I say to Cæsar  
What you require of him? for he partly begs  
To be desir'd to give. It much would please him,  
That of his fortunes you should make a staff  
To lean upon : but it would warm his spirits,  
To hear from me you had left Antony,  
And put yourself under his shroud,  
The universal landlord.

*Cleo.*

What's your name?

*Thyr.* My name is Thyreus.

*Cleo.*

Most kind messenger,

Say to great Cæsar this, In deputation<sup>a</sup>  
I kiss his conqu'ring hand : tell him, I am prompt  
To lay my crown at his feet, and there to kneel :  
Tell him, from his all-obeying breath<sup>a</sup> I hear  
The doom of Egypt.

*Thyr.*

'Tis your noblest course.

Wisdom and fortune combating together,  
If that the former dare but what it can,  
No chance may shake it. Give me grace<sup>b</sup> to lay  
My duty on your hand.

*Cleo.*

Your Cæsar's father

<sup>a</sup> — *In deputation*—] i. e. *By proxy*.—The old copy reads *disputation* : the present correction of the text was suggested by Warburton, and is approved by M. Mason and Malone.

<sup>a</sup> — *all-obeying breath*,] i. e. In Shakspeare's language, *breath which all obey*. *Obeying for obeyed*.—MALONE.

<sup>b</sup> — *Give me grace*—] i. e. *Grant me the favour*.—JOHNSON.

Oft, when he hath mus'd of taking kingdoms in,  
Bestow'd his lips on that unworthy place,  
As it rain'd kisses.

*Re-enter ANTONY and ENOBARBUS.*

*Ant.* Favours, by Jove that thunders!—  
What art thou, fellow?

*Thyr.* One, that but performs  
The bidding of the full'st<sup>c</sup> man, and worthiest  
To have command obey'd.

*Eno.* You will be whipp'd.

*Ant.* Approach there:—Ay, you kite!—Now gods and  
devils!

Authority melts from me: Of late, when I cry'd, *ho!*  
Like boys into a muss,<sup>d</sup> kings would start forth,  
And cry, *Your will?* Have you no ears? I am

*Enter Attendants.*

Antony yet. Take hence this Jack, and whip him.

*Eno.* 'Tis better playing with a lion's whelp,  
Than with an old one dying.

*Ant.* Moon and stars!  
Whip him:—Were't twenty of the greatest tributaries  
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them  
So saucy with the hand of she here, (What's her name,  
Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,  
Till, like a boy, you see him cringe his face,  
And whine aloud for mercy: Take him hence.

*Thyr.* Mark Antony,—

*Ant.* Tug him away: being whipp'd,  
Bring him again:—This Jack of Cæsar's shall  
Bear us an errand to him.—

[*Exeunt Attend. with THYREUS.*

You were half blasted ere I knew you:—Ha!  
Have I my pillow left unpress'd in Rome,  
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,

<sup>c</sup> — the fullest—] i. e. The most complete and perfect.

<sup>d</sup> — a muss,] i. e. A scramble.

And by a gem of women, to be abus'd  
By one that looks on feeders ?<sup>f</sup>

*Cleo.* Good my lord,—

*Ant.* You have been a boggler ever :—  
But when we in our viciousness grow hard,  
(O misery on't ! ) the wise gods seel our eyes ;  
In our own filth drop our clear judgments ; make us  
Adore our errors ; laugh at us, while we strut  
To our confusion.

*Cleo.* O, is it come to this ?

*Ant.* I found you as a morsel, cold upon  
Dead Cæsar's trencher : nay, you were a fragment  
Of Cneius Pompey's ; besides what hotter hours,  
Unregister'd in vulgar fame, you have  
Luxuriously<sup>g</sup> pick'd out :—For, I am sure, .  
Though you can guess what temperance should be,  
You know not what it is.

*Cleo.* Wherefore is this ?

*Ant.* To let a fellow that will take rewards,  
And say, *God quit you !* be familiar with  
My playfellow, your hand ; this kingly seal,  
And plighter of high hearts !—O, that I were  
Upon the hill of Basan, to outroar  
The horned herd !<sup>h</sup> for I have savage cause ;  
And to proclaim it civilly, were like  
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank  
For being yare<sup>i</sup> about him.—Is he whipp'd ?

*Re-enter Attendants, with THYREUS.*

1 *Att.* Soundly, my lord.

*Ant.* Cry'd he ? and begg'd he pardon ?

1 *Att.* He did ask favour.

*Ant.* If that thy father live, let him repent  
Thou wast not made his daughter ; and be thou sorry

<sup>f</sup> — *feeders*] i. e. *Servants*—“ Menials appear to have been treated formerly with very little ceremony : they were stripped and beaten at their master's pleasure ; and *cormorants*, *eaters*, and *feeders* were among the civillest names bestowed upon them.”—*Gifford's Ben Jonson*, vol. ii. 168.

<sup>g</sup> *Luxuriously*] i. e. *Wantonly*.

<sup>h</sup> *The horned herd*:] This is caught from the Psalms, xxii. 12, “ Many oxen are come about me : fat bulls of Basan close me in on every side.—*Stevens*.

<sup>i</sup> — *yare*—] i. e. *Adroit*, ready, nimble.

To follow Cæsar in his triumph, since  
 Thou hast been whipp'd for following him : henceforth,  
 The white hand of a lady fever thee,  
 Shake thou to look on't.—Get thee back to Cæsar,  
 Tell him thy entertainment : Look, thou say,  
 He makes me angry with him : for he seems  
 Proud and disdainful ; harping on what I am ;  
 Not what he knew I was : He makes me angry ;  
 And at this time most easy 'tis to do't ;  
 When my good stars, that were my former guides,  
 Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires  
 Into the abism of hell. If he mislike  
 My speech, and what is done ; tell him, he has  
 Hipparchus, my enfranchis'd bondman, whom  
 He may at pleasure whip, or hang, or torture,  
 As he shall like, to quit me :<sup>j</sup> Urge it thou :  
 Hence, with thy stripes, begone. [Exit THYREUS.]

Cleo. Have you done yet ?

Ant. Alack, our terrene moon  
 Is now eclips'd ; and it portends alone  
 The fall of Antony !

Cleo. I must stay his time.

Ant. To flatter Cæsar, would you mingle eyes  
 With one that ties his points ?<sup>k</sup>

Cleo. Not know me yet ?

Ant. Cold-hearted toward me ?

Cleo. Ah, dear, if I be so,  
 From my cold heart let heaven engender hail,  
 And poison it in the source ; and the first stone  
 Drop in my neck : as it determines,<sup>l</sup> so  
 Dissolve my life ! The next Cæsarion<sup>m</sup> smite ;  
 Till, by degrees, the memory of my womb,  
 Together with my brave Egyptians all,  
 By the discandying of this pelleted storm,  
 Lie graveless ; till the flies and gnats of Nile  
 Have buried them for prey !

<sup>j</sup> — to quit me :] i. e. To requite me.

<sup>k</sup> With one that ties his points?] i. e. With a menial attendant. Points were laces with metal tags, with which the old trunkhose were fastened.—MALONE.

<sup>l</sup> — as it determines,] That is, As the hailstone dissolves.—M. MASON.

<sup>m</sup> — Cæsarion—] Cleopatra's son by Julius Cæsar.—STEVENS.

*Ant.* I am satisfied.

Cæsar sits down in Alexandria; where  
I will oppose his fate. Our force by land  
Hath nobly held: our sever'd navy too  
Have knit again, and fleet,<sup>a</sup> threat'ning most sea-like.  
Where hast thou been, my heart?—Dost thou hear, lady?  
If from the field I shall return once more  
To kiss these lips, I will appear in blood;  
I and my sword will earn our chronicle;<sup>o</sup>  
There is hope in it yet.

*Cleo.* That's my brave lord!

*Ant.* I will be treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd,  
And fight maliciously: for when mine hours  
Were nice<sup>p</sup> and lucky, men did ransom lives  
Of me for jests; but now, I'll set my teeth,  
And send to darkness all that stop me.—Come,  
Let's have one other gaudy night:<sup>q</sup> call to me  
All my sad captains, fill our bowls; once more  
Let's mock the midnight bell.

*Cleo.* It is my birth-day:  
I had thought, to have held it poor; but, since my lord  
Is Antony again, I will be Cleopatra.

*Ant.* We'll yet do well.

*Cleo.* Call all his noble captains to my lord.

*Ant.* Do so, we'll speak to them; and to-night I'll force  
The wine peep through their scars.—Come on, my queen;  
There's sap in't yet. The next time I do fight,  
I'll make death love me; for I will contend  
Even with his pestilent scythe.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, and Attendants.

*Eno.* Now he'll out-stare the lightning. To be furious,  
Is, to be frightened out of fear: and in that mood,  
The dove will peck the estridge;<sup>r</sup> and I see still,  
A diminution in our captain's brain

<sup>a</sup> — fleet,] i. e. Float.—The words were synonymous.—STEVENS.

<sup>o</sup> I and my sword will earn our chronicle;] I and my sword will do such acts as shall deserve to be recorded.—MALONE.

<sup>p</sup> Nice—] i. e. Trifling.

<sup>q</sup> gaudy night:] This is still an epithet bestowed on feast days in the colleges of either university. Days of good cheer, in some of the foreign universities, are called *Gaudeamus* days.—STEVENS and C.

<sup>r</sup> Estridge;] i. e. Ostrich.

Restores his heart: When valour preys on reason,  
It eats the sword it fights with. I will seek  
Some way to leave him.

[*Erit.*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Cæsar's Camp at Alexandria.

*Enter CÆSAR, reading a Letter; AGRIPPA, MECÆNAS,  
and others.*

*Cæs.* He calls me boy; and chides, as he had power  
To beat me out of Egypt: my messenger  
He hath whipp'd with rods; dares me to personal combat,  
Cæsar to Antony: Let the old ruffian know,  
He hath many other ways to die;\* mean time,  
Laugh at his challenge.

*Mec.* Cæsar must think,  
When one so great begins to rage, he's hunted  
Even to falling. Give him no breath, but now  
Make boot of<sup>†</sup> his distraction: Never anger  
Made good guard for itself.

*Cæs.* Let our best heads  
Know, that to-morrow the last of many battles  
We mean to fight:—Within our files there are  
Of those that serv'd Mark Antony but late,  
Enough to fetch him in. See it be done;  
And feast the army: we have store to do't,  
And they have earn'd the waste. Poor Antony!

[*Exeunt.*

\* *He hath many other ways to die;*] The old copy—*I have many other ways to die.* The present emendation of the text is approved by Upton, Johnson, Hanmer and Farmer; and is the very repartee of Cæsar. Let's hear Plutarch. —“After this Antony sent a challenge to Cæsar to fight him hand to hand, and receiv'd for answer that *He might find several other ways to end his life.*”

<sup>†</sup> *Make boot of—*] Take advantage of.—JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, CHARMIAN,  
IRAS, ALEXAS, *and others.*

*Ant.* He will not fight with me, Domitius.

*Eno.* No.

*Ant.* Why should he not?

*Eno.* He thinks, being twenty times of better fortune,  
He is twenty men to one.

*Ant.* To-morrow, soldier,  
By sea and land I'll fight: or I will live,  
Or bathe my dying honour in the blood  
Shall make it live again. Woo't thou fight well?

*Eno.* I'll strike; and cry, *Take all.*<sup>a</sup>

*Ant.* Well said; come on.—  
Call forth my household servants; let's to-night

*Enter* Servants.

Be bounteous at our meal.—Give me thy hand,  
Thou hast been rightly honest;—so hast thou;—  
And thou,—and thou,—and thou:—you have serv'd me  
And kings have been your fellows. [well,

*Cleo.* What means this?

*Eno.* 'Tis one of those odd tricks, which sorrow shoots  
Out of the mind. *Aside.*

*Ant.* And thou art honest too  
I wish, I could be made so many men;  
And all of you clapp'd up together in  
An Antony; that I might do you service,  
So good as you have done.

*Serv.* The gods forbid!

*Ant.* Well, my good fellows, wait on me to-night;  
Scant not my cups; and make as much of me,  
As when mine empire was your fellow too,  
And suffer'd my command.

<sup>a</sup> — *Take all.*] Let the survivor take all. No composition, victory or death.—JOHNSON.



*Cleo.*

What does he mean ?

*Eno.* To make his followers weep.

*Ant.*

Tend me to-night ;

May be, it is the period of your duty :

Haply, you shall not see me more ; or if,

A mangled shadow :<sup>v</sup> perchance, to-morrow

You'll serve another master. I look on you,

As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,

I turn you not away ; but, like a master

Married to your good service, stay till death :

Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,

And the gods yield you<sup>w</sup> for't !

*Eno.*

What mean you, sir,

To give them this discomfort ? Look, they weep ;

And I, an ass, am onion-ey'd ;<sup>x</sup> for shame,

Transform us not to women.

*Ant.*

Ho, ho, ho !<sup>y</sup>

Now the witch take me, if I meant it thus !

Grace grow where those drops fall ! My hearty friends,

You take me in too dolorous a sense :

I spake to you for your comfort : did desire you

To burn this night with torches : Know, my hearts,

I hope well of to-morrow ; and will lead you,

Where rather I'll expect victorious life,

Than death and honour. Let's to supper ; come,

And drown consideration.

[*Exeunt.*

### SCENE III.

*The same. Before the Palace.*

*Enter Two Soldiers, to their guard.*

1 *Sold.* Brother, good night : to-morrow is the day.

2 *Sold.* It will determine one way : fare you well.

Heard you of nothing strange about the streets ?

<sup>v</sup> — or if,

*A mangled shadow:] Or if you see me more, you will see me a mangled shadow, only the external form of what I was.—JOHNSON.*

<sup>w</sup> — yield you—] i. e. Reward you.

<sup>x</sup> — onion-ey'd ;] I have my eyes as full of tears as if they had been fretted by onions.—JOHNSON.

<sup>y</sup> Ho, ho, ho !] i. e. Stop, or desist. Antony desires his followers to cease weeping.—HOLT WHITE.

1 *Sold.* Nothing: What news?

2 *Sold.* Belike, 'tis but a rumour:  
Good night to you.

1 *Sold.* Well, sir, good night.

*Enter Two other Soldiers.*

2 *Sold.* Soldiers,  
Have careful watch.

3 *Sold.* And you: Good night, good night.  
[*The first two place themselves at their posts.*]

4 *Sold.* Here we: [*they take their posts.*] and if to-morrow  
Our navy thrive, I have an absolute hope  
Our landmen will stand up.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis a brave army,  
And full of purposes: [*Musick of Hautboys under the stage.\**]

4 *Sold.* Peace, what noise?

1 *Sold.* List, list!

2 *Sold.* Hark!

1 *Sold.* Musick i'the air.

3 *Sold.* Under the earth.

4 *Sold.* It signs well,<sup>a</sup>

Does't not?

3 *Sold.* No.

1 *Sold.* Peace, I say. What should this mean?

2 *Sold.* 'Tis the god Hercules, whom Antony lov'd,  
Now leaves him.

1 *Sold.* Walk; let's see if other watchmen  
Do hear what we do. [*They advance to another post.*]

2 *Sold.* How now, masters?

*Sold.* How now?

How now? do you hear this? [*Several speaking together.*]

1 *Sold.* Ay; Is't not strange?

3 *Sold.* Do you hear, masters? do you hear?

1 *Sold.* Follow the noise so far as we have quarter;  
Let's see how't will give off.

*Sold.* [*several speaking.*] Content: 'Tis strange. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> *Musick of Hautboys under the stage.*] This supernatural sound of instruments is from Plutarch.

<sup>a</sup> *It signs well, &c.*] i. e. It is a good sign, it bodes well.—STEEVENS.

## SCENE IV.

*The same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA; CHARMIAN, and others, attending.*

*Ant.* Eros! mine armour, Eros!

*Cleo.* Sleep a little.

*Ant.* No, my chuck.—Eros, come; mine armour, Eros!

*Enter EROS, with Armour.*

Come, my good fellow, put thine iron<sup>b</sup> on:—

If fortune be not ours to-day, it is

Because we brave her.—Come.

*Cleo.* Nay, I'll help too.

What's this for?

*Ant.* Ah, let be, let be! thou art  
The armourer of my heart:—False, false; this, this.

*Cleo.* Sooth, la, I'll help: Thus it must be.

*Ant.* Well, well;

We shall thrive now.—Seest thou, my good fellow?

Go, put on thy defences.

*Eros.* Briefly, sir.<sup>c</sup>

*Cleo.* Is not this buckled well?

*Ant.* Rarely, rarely:

He that unbuckles this, till we do please

To doff<sup>d</sup> it for our repose, shall hear a storm.—

Thou fumblest, Eros; and my queen's a squire

More tight<sup>e</sup> at this, than thou: Despatch.—O love,

Thou thou could'st see my wars to-day, and knew'st

The royal occupation! thou should'st see

*Enter an Officer, armed.*

A workman in't.—Good morrow to thee; welcome:

Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge:

<sup>b</sup> — thine iron—] i. e. The iron he has in his hand. Antony's armour.—  
MALONE.

<sup>c</sup> Briefly, sir.] That is, quickly, sir.

<sup>d</sup> To doff it—] i. e. To put it off. To do it off.

<sup>e</sup> — tight—] i. e. Handy, adroit. The word is still vulgarly used in this sense.

To business that we love, we rise betime,  
And go to it with delight.

1 *Off.* A thousand, sir,  
Early though it be, have on their riveted trim,  
And at the port expect you. [*Shout. Trumpets. Flourish.*

*Enter other Officers, and Soldiers.*

2 *Off.* The morn is fair.—Good morrow, general.

*All.* Good morrow, general.

*Ant.* 'Tis well blown, lads.

This morning, like the spirit of a youth  
That means to be of note, begins betimes.—  
So, so; come, give me that: this way; well said.  
Fare thee well, dame, whate'er becomes of me:  
This is a soldier's kiss: rebukable, [*Kisses her.*  
And worthy shameful check it were, to stand  
On more mechanick compliment; I'll leave thee  
Now, like a man of steel.—You, that will fight,  
Follow me close; I'll bring you to't.—Adieu.

[*Exeunt* ANTONY, EROS, Officers, and Soldiers.

*Char.* Please you, retire to your chamber?

*Cleo.* Lead me.

He goes forth gallantly. That he and Cæsar might  
Determine this great war in single fight!

Then, Antony,—But now,—Well, on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

*Antony's Camp near Alexandria.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter ANTONY and EROS; a Soldier  
meeting them.*

*Sold.* The gods make this a happy day to Antony!

*Ant.* 'Would, thou and those thy scars had once pre-  
To make me fight at land! [*vail'd*

*Sold.* Had'st thou done so,  
The kings that have revolted, and the soldier  
That has this morning left thee, would have still  
Follow'd thy heels.

*Ant.* Who's gone this morning?

*Sold.*

Who?

One ever near thee : Call for Enobarbus,  
 He shall not hear thee ; or from Cæsar's camp  
 Say, *I am none of thine.*

*Ant.*

What say'st thou?

*Sold.*

Sir,

He is with Cæsar.

*Eros.*

Sir, his chests and treasure

He has not with him.

*Ant.*

Is he gone?

*Sold.*

Most certain.

*Ant.* Go, Eros, send his treasure after ; do it ;  
 Detain no jot, I charge thee : write to him  
 (I will subscribe) gentle adieus, and greetings :  
 Say, that I wish he never find more cause  
 To change a master.—O, my fortunes have  
 Corrupted honest men :—Eros, despatch. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.

*Cæsar's Camp before Alexandria.*

*Flourish.* *Enter CÆSAR, with AGRIPPA, ENOBARBUS,*  
*and others.*

*Cas.* Go forth, Agrippa, and begin the fight:  
 Our will is, Antony be took alive ;<sup>f</sup>  
 Make it so known.

*Agr.*Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit AGRIPPA.*

*Cas.* The time of universal peace is near :  
 Prove this a prosperous day, the three-nook'd world  
 Shall bear the olive freely.<sup>g</sup>

<sup>f</sup> *Our will is, Antony be took alive ;*] It is observable with what judgment Shakspeare draws the character of Octavius. Antony was his hero ; so the other was not to shine : yet being an historical character, there was a necessity to draw him like. But the ancient historians, his flatterers, had delivered him down so fair, that he seems ready cut and dried for a hero. Amidst these difficulties Shakspeare has extricated himself with great address. He has admitted all those great strokes of his character as he found them, and yet has made him a very unamiable character, deceitful, mean-spirited, narrow-minded, proud, and revengeful.—WARBURTON.

<sup>g</sup> *Shall bear the olive freely.*] i. e. The world shall then enjoy the blessings of peace, of which olive-branches were the emblem.—M. MASON.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess:* Antony  
Is come into the field.

*Cæs.* Go, charge Agrippa  
Plant those that have revolted in the van,  
That Antony may seem to spend his fury  
Upon himself. [*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train.*]

*Eno.* Alexas did revolt; and went to Jewry,  
On affairs of Antony; there did persuade  
Great Herod to incline himself to Cæsar,  
And leave his master Antony: for this pains,  
Cæsar hath hang'd him. Canidius, and the rest  
That fell away, have entertainment, but  
No honourable trust. I have done ill;  
Of which I do accuse myself so sorely,  
That I will joy no more.

*Enter a Soldier of Cæsar's.*

*Sold.* Enobarbus, Antony  
Hath after thee sent all thy treasure, with  
His bounty overplus: The messenger  
Came on my guard; and at thy tent is now,  
Unloading of his mules.

*Eno.* I give it you.

*Sold.* Mock me not, Enobarbus.  
I tell you true: Best that you saf'd the bringer  
Out of the host; I must attend mine office,  
Or would have done't myself. Your emperor  
Continues still a Joye. [*Exit Soldier.*]

*Eno.* I am alone the villain of the earth,  
And feel I am so most.<sup>a</sup> O Antony,  
Thou mine of bounty, how would'st thou have paid  
My better service, when my turpitude  
Thou dost so crown with gold! This blows my heart:<sup>1</sup>

<sup>a</sup> *I am alone the villain of the earth,  
And feel I am so most.*] i. e. I am pre-eminently the greatest villain of the earth;  
and feel I am so most, i. e. I know it myself, more than any other person can or does  
feel it.—REED.

<sup>1</sup> — *This blows my heart:*] i. e. This generosity swells my heart. To blow, is  
to puff or swell.—JOHNSON and STEEVENS.

If swift thought break it not, a swifter mean  
 Shall outstrike thought: but thought will do't, I feel,  
 I fight against thee!—No: I will go seek  
 Some ditch, wherein to die; the foul'st best fits  
 My latter part of life. [Exit.

## SCENE VII.

*Field of Battle between the Camps.*

*Alarum. Drums and Trumpets. Enter AGRIPPA,  
 and others.*

*Agr.* Retire, we have engag'd ourselves too far:  
 Cæsar himself has work, and our oppression<sup>1</sup>  
 Exceeds what we expected. [Exeunt.

*Alarum. Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, wounded.*

*Scar.* O my brave emperor, this is fought indeed!  
 Had we done so at first, we had driven them home  
 With clouts about their heads.

*Ant.* Thou bleed'st apace.

*Scar.* I had a wound here that was like a T,  
 But now 'tis made an H.

*Ant.* They do retire.

*Scar.* We'll beat 'em into bench-holes; I have yet  
 Room for six scotches more.

*Enter EROS.*

*Eros.* They are beaten, sir; and our advantage serves  
 For a fair victory.

*Scar.* Let us score their backs,  
 And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind;  
 'Tis sport to maul a runner.

*Ant.* I will reward thee  
 Once for thy spritely comfort, and ten-fold  
 For thy good valour. Come thee on.

*Scar.* I'll halt after. [Exeunt.

<sup>1</sup> — *oppression*—] i. e. *Opposition*, the force by which we are oppressed or overpowered.—MALONE.

SCENE VIII.

*Under the Walls of Alexandria.*

*Alarum. Enter ANTONY, marching; SCARUS, and Forces*

*Ant.* We have beat him to his camp; Run one before,  
And let the queen know of our guests.<sup>k</sup>—To-morrow,  
Before the sun shall see us, we'll spill the blood  
That has to-day escap'd. I thank you all;  
For doughty-handed are you; and have fought  
Not as you serv'd the cause, but as it had been  
Each man's like mine; you have shown all Hector's,  
Enter the city, clip<sup>l</sup> your wives, your friends,  
Tell them your feats; whilst they with joyful tears  
Wash the congealment from your wounds, and kiss  
The honour'd gashes whole.—Give me thy hand;  
[*To SCARUS.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, attended.*

To this great fairy<sup>m</sup> I'll commend thy acts,  
Make her thanks bless thee.—O thou day o' the world,  
Chain mine arm'd neck: leap thou, attire and all,  
Through proof of harness<sup>n</sup> to my heart, and there  
Ride on the pants triúmphing.

*Cleo.* Lord of lords!

O infinite virtue! com'st thou smiling from  
The world's great snare<sup>o</sup> uncaught?

*Ant.* My nightingale,  
We have beat them to their beds. What, girl? though  
grey

<sup>k</sup> — *let the queen know of our guests.*] Surely we should read *gests*, i. e. actions, from the Latin *gestum*. Johnson's interpretation of the words as they stand, is that "Antony intends to bring his officers to sup with Cleópatra, and orders notice to be given of their guests."

<sup>l</sup> — *clip*—] i. e. *Embrace*.

<sup>m</sup> — *fairy*—] did not only signify a diminutive imaginary being, but an *inchanter*, in which last sense it is here used. The word also comprises the idea of power and beauty.—MALONE and UPTON.

<sup>n</sup> — *proof of harness*—] i. e. *Armour of proof*. *Harnois*, Fr. *Arnese*, Ital.—STEEVENS.

<sup>o</sup> — *great snare*—] i. e. *The war*.



Do something mingle with our younger brown;<sup>p</sup> yet  
have we

A brain that nourishes our nerves, and can  
Get goal for goal of youth.<sup>q</sup> Behold this man;  
Commend unto his lips thy favouring hand;—  
Kiss it, my warrior:—He hath fought to-day,  
As if a god, in hate of mankind, had  
Destroy'd in such a shape.

*Cleo.* I'll give thee, friend,  
An armour all of gold; it was a king's.

*Ant.* He has deserv'd it, were it carbuncled  
Like holy Phœbus' car.—Give me thy hand;  
Through Alexandria make a jolly march;  
Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:<sup>r</sup>  
Had our great palace the capacity  
To camp this host, we all would sup together;  
And drink carouses to the next day's fate,  
Which promises royal peril.—Trumpeters,  
With brazen din blast you the city's ear;  
Make mingle with our rattling tabourines;<sup>s</sup>  
That heaven and earth may strike their sounds together,  
Applauding our approach. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IX.

### Cæsar's Camp.

*Sentinels on their Post. Enter ENOBARBUS.*

1 *Sold.* If we be not reliev'd within this hour,  
We must return to the court of guard:<sup>t</sup> The night

<sup>p</sup> — younger brown;] So the old copy. Steevens without authority omits younger.

<sup>q</sup> *Get goal for goal of youth.*] At all plays of barriers, the boundary is called a goal; to win a goal, is to be a superior in a contest of activity.—JOHNSON.

<sup>r</sup> *Bear our hack'd targets like the men that owe them:*] i. e. *Bear our hack'd targets with spirit and exultation, such as becomes the brave warriors that owe them.*—JOHNSON. *Owe for possess or own.*

<sup>s</sup> — tabourines;] i. e. *Small drums.* They are often mentioned in our ancient romances.—STEEVENS.

<sup>t</sup> — the court of guard:] i. e. *The guard room, the place where the guard musters.*—STEEVENS.

Is shiny ; and, they say, we shall embattle  
By the second hour i'the morn.

2 Sold. This last day was  
A shrewd one to us.

Eno. O, bear me witness, night,—

3 Sold. What man is this ?

2 Sold. Stand close, and list to him.

Eno. Be witness to me, O thou blessed moon,  
When men revolted shall upon record  
Bear hateful memory, poor Enobarbus did  
Before thy face repent !—

1 Sold. Enobarbus !

3 Sold. Peace ;  
Hark further.

Eno. O sovereign mistress of true melancholy,  
The poisonous damp of night dispõnge upon me ;<sup>a</sup>  
That life, a very rebel to my will,  
May hang no longer on me : Throw my heart<sup>v</sup>  
Against the flint and hardness of my fault ;  
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,  
And finish all foul thoughts. O Antony,  
Nobler than my revolt is infamous,  
Forgive me in thine own particular ;  
But let the world rank me in register  
A master-leaver and a fugitive :  
O Antony ! O Antony !

[Dies.

2 Sold. Let's speak  
To him.

1 Sold. Let's hear him, for the things he speaks  
May concern Cæsar.

3 Sold. Let's do so. But he sleeps.

1 Sold. Swoons rather ; for so bad a prayer as his  
Was never yet for sleeping.

2 Sold. Go we to him.

3 Sold. Awake, awake, sir ; speak to us.

2 Sold. Hear you, sir ;

<sup>a</sup> — *dispõnge upon me :*] i. e. Discharge, as a sponge, when squeezed, discharges the moisture it had imbibed.—STEEVENS.

<sup>v</sup> — *Throw my heart—*] The pathetick of Shakspeare too often ends in the ridiculous. It is painful to find the gloomy dignity of this noble scene destroyed by the intrusion of a conceit so far-fetched and unaffecting.—JOHNSON.

1 *Sold.* The hand of death hath raught him.\*

Hark, the drums [Drums afar off.]

Demurely\* wake the sleepers. Let us bear him  
To the court of guard; he is of note: our hour  
Is fully out.

3 *Sold.* Come on then;

He may recover yet. [Exeunt with the Body.]

## SCENE X.

*Between the two Camps.*

*Enter ANTONY and SCARUS, with Forces, marching.*

*Ant.* Their preparation is to-day by sea;  
We please them not by land.

*Scar.* For both, my lord.

*Ant.* I would, they'd fight i'the fire, or in the air;  
We'd fight there too. But this it is; Our foot  
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,  
Shall stay with us: order for sea is given;  
They have put forth the haven: Let's seek a spot,<sup>7</sup>  
Where their appointment we may best discover,  
And look on their endeavour. [Exeunt.]

*Enter CÆSAR, and his Forces, marching.*

*Cæs.* But being charg'd we will be still by land,  
Which, as I take't, we shall;<sup>2</sup> for his best force  
Is forth to man his gallies. To the vales,  
And hold our best advantage. [Exeunt.]

*Re-enter ANTONY and SCARUS.*

*Ant.* Yet they're not join'd: Where yonder pine does  
stand,

\* — raught—] i. e. Reached. Raught is the ancient preterite of the verb to reach.—STEVENS.

\* Demurely—] i. e. Solemnly.

<sup>7</sup> — Let's seek a spot,] These words were added by Malone. In the old copy the line and the sense were defective. The other editors read *further on*, which words were supplied by Rowe.

<sup>2</sup> But being charg'd, we will be still by land.

Which, as I take't, we shall;] i. e. Unless we be charg'd we will remain quiet at land, which quiet I suppose we shall keep. But being charg'd was a phrase of that time, equivalent to *unless we be*.—WARBURTON.

I shall discover all : I'll bring thee word  
Straight, how 'tis like to go.

[*Exit.*

*Scar.* Swallows have built  
In Cleopatra's sails their nests : the augurers  
Say, they know not,—they cannot tell :—look grimly,  
And dare not speak their knowledge. Antony  
Is valiant, and dejected ; and, by starts,  
His fretted fortunes give him hope, and fear,  
Of what he has, and has not.

*Alarum afar off, as at a Sea-fight.*

*Re-enter ANTONY.*

*Ant.* All is lost ;  
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me :  
My fleet hath yielded to the foe ; and yonder  
They cast their caps up, and carouse together  
Like friends long lost.—Triple-turn'd whore !<sup>a</sup> 'tis thou  
Hast sold me to this novice : and my heart  
Makes only wars on thee.—Bid them all fly ;  
For when I am reveng'd upon my charm,  
I have done all :—Bid them all fly, be gone.

[*Exit SCARUS.*

O sun, thy uprise shall I see no more :  
Fortune and Antony part here ; even here  
Do we shake hands.—All come to this ?—the hearts  
That spaniel'd me at heels, to whom I gave  
Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets,  
On blossoming Cæsar ; and this pine is bark'd,  
That overtopp'd them all. Betray'd I am :  
O this false soul of Egypt ! this grave charm,  
Whose eye beck'd forth my wars, and call'd them home,  
Whose bosom was my crownet, my chief end,<sup>b</sup>  
Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,

<sup>a</sup> — *Triple-turn'd whore !*] She first belonged to Julius Cæsar, then to Antony, and now, as he supposes, to Augustus. It is not likely that in recollecting her turnings, Antony should not have that in contemplation which gave him most offence.—M. MASON.

<sup>b</sup> — *my crownet, my chief end,*] i. e. My last purpose, probably from *finis coronat opus*.—JOHNSON.

Beguil'd me<sup>c</sup> to the very heart of loss.<sup>d</sup>—  
What, Eros, Eros !

*Enter CLEOPATRA.*

Ah, thou spell ! Avaunt.

*Cleo.* Why is my lord enrag'd against his love ?

*Ant.* Vanish ; or I shall give thee thy deserving,  
And blemish Cæsar's triumph. Let him take thee,  
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians :  
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot  
Of all thy sex ; most monster-like, be shown  
For poor'st diminutives, to dolts ;<sup>e</sup> and let  
Patient Octavia plough thy visage up  
With her prepared nails. [*Exit CLEO.*] 'Tis well thou'rt  
If it be well to live : But better 'twere [gone,  
Thou fell'st into my fury, for one death  
Might have prevented many.—Eros, ho !—  
The shirt of Nessus is upon me : Teach me,  
Alcides, thou mine ancestor, thy rage :  
Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o'the moon ;<sup>f</sup>  
And with those hands, that grasp'd the heaviest club,  
Subdue my worthiest self. The witch shall die ;  
To the Roman boy she hath sold me, and I fall  
Under this plot : she dies for't.—Eros, ho ! [*Exit.*

<sup>c</sup> Like a right gipsy, hath, at fast and loose,

*Beguil'd me, &c.*] There is a kind of pun in this passage, arising from the corruption of the word *Egyptian* into *gipsy*. The old law-books term such persons as ramble about the country, and pretend skill in palmistry and fortune-telling, *Egyptians*. *Fast and loose* is a term to signify a cheating game, of which the following is a description. A leathern belt is made up into a number of intricate folds, and placed edgewise upon a table. One of the folds is made to resemble the middle of the girdle, so that whoever should thrust a skewer into it would think he held it fast to the table ; whereas, when he has so done, the person with whom he plays may take hold of both ends, and draw it away. This trick is now known to the common people, by the name of *pricking at the belt or girdle*, and perhaps was practised by the gypsies in the time of Shakespeare.—SIR J. HAWKINS.

<sup>d</sup> — to the very heart of loss.] To the utmost loss possible.—JOHNSON.

<sup>e</sup> — most monster-like, be shown

*For poor'st diminutives, to dolts ;*] i. e. Shown as monster's are, not only for the smallest piece of money, but to the most stupid and vulgar spectators.—TYRWHITT.

<sup>f</sup> *Let me lodge Lichas on the horns o'the moon ;*] This image our poet may have taken from Golding's version of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.—STEVENS.

SCENE XI.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and MARDIAN.

*Cleo.* Help me, my women ! O, he is more mad  
Than Telamon for his shield ;<sup>s</sup> the boar of Thessaly  
Was never so emboss'd.<sup>b</sup>

*Char.* To the monument ;  
There lock yourself, and send him word you are dead.  
The soul and body rive not more in parting,  
Than greatness going off.

*Cleo.* To the monument :—  
Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself ;  
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony,  
And word it, pr'ythee, piteously : Hence,  
Mardian ; and bring me how he takes my death.—  
To the monument. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

*The same. Another Room.*

*Enter* ANTONY and EROS.

*Ant.* Eros, thou yet behold'st me ?

*Eros.* Ay, noble lord.

*Ant.* Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish :  
A vapour, sometime, like a bear, or lion,  
A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,  
A forked mountain, or blue promontory  
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,  
And mock our eyes with air : Thou hast seen these signs ;  
They are black vesper's pageants.

*Eros.* Ay, my lord.

*Ant.* That, which is now a horse, even with a thought,

<sup>s</sup> *Than Telamon for his shield :*] i. e. *Than Ajax Telamon for the armour of Achilles*, the most valuable part of which was the shield. *The boar of Thessaly* was the boar killed by *Meleagar*.—STEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> — *emboss'd.*] A hunting term ; when a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is said to be *imbost*.—HAMMER.

1 ——— knave,] i. e. Servant.

The battery from my heart. O, cleave, my sides !  
Heart, once be stronger than thy continent.<sup>k</sup>  
Crack thy frail case !—Apace, Eros, apace.—  
No more a soldier :—Bruised pieces, go ;  
You have been nobly borne.—From me awhile.

[*Erit* EROS.]

I will o'ertake thee, Cleopatra, and  
Weep for my pardon. So it must be, for now  
All length is torture :—Since the torch is out,  
Lie down, and stray no further : Now all labour  
Mars what it does ; yea, very force entangles  
Itself with strength : Seal then, and all is done.<sup>l</sup>  
Eros !—I come, my queen :—Eros !—Stay for me :  
Where souls do couch on flowers, we'll hand in hand,  
And with our sprightly port make the ghosts gaze :  
Dido and her Æneas shall want troops,  
And all the haunt be ours.—Come, Eros, Eros !

*Re-enter* EROS.

*Eros.* What would my lord ?

*Ant.* Since Cleopatra died,  
I have liv'd in such dishonour, that the gods  
Detest my baseness. I, that with my sword  
Quarter'd the world, and o'er green Neptune's back  
With ships made cities, condemn myself, to lack  
The courage of a woman ; less noble mind<sup>m</sup>  
Than she, which, by her death, our Cæsar tells,  
*I am conqueror of myself.* Thou art sworn, Eros,  
That, when the exigent should come, (which now  
Is come, indeed,) when I should see behind me  
The inevitable prosecution of  
Disgrace and horror that, on my command,  
Thou then would'st kill me : do't ; the time is come :  
Thou strik'st not me, 'tis Cæsar thou defeat'st.  
Put colour in thy cheek.

*Eros.* The gods withhold me !

<sup>k</sup> — *thy continent,*] i. e. The thing that contains thee.—STEVENS.

<sup>l</sup> — *Seal then, and all is done.*] Metaphor taken from civil contracts, where, when all is agreed on, the sealing compleats the contract ; so he hath determined to die, and nothing remained but to give the stroke.—WARBURTON.

<sup>m</sup> — *less noble mind*—] Surely we should read *less noble minded*.



Shall I do that, which all the Parthian darts,  
Though enemy, lost aim, and could not?

*Ant.*

*Eros,*

Would'st thou be window'd in great Rome, and see  
Thy master thus with pleach'd arms,<sup>a</sup> bending down  
His corrigible neck,<sup>o</sup> his face subdued  
To penetrative shame; whilst the wheel'd seat  
Of fortunate Cæsar, drawn before him, branded  
His baseness that ensued?<sup>p</sup>

*Eros.*

I would not see't.

*Ant.* Come then; for with a wound I must be cur'd.  
Draw that thy honest sword, which thou hast worn  
Most useful for thy country.

*Eros.*

O, sir, pardon me.

*Ant.* When I did make thee free, swor'st thou not then  
To do this when I bade thee? Do it at once;  
Or thy precedent services are all  
But accidents unpurpos'd. Draw, and come.

*Eros.* Turn from me then that noble countenance,  
Wherein the worship of the whole world<sup>q</sup> lies.

*Ant.* Lo thee!

[Turning from him.]

*Eros.* My sword is drawn.

*Ant.*

Then let it do at once

The thing why thou hast drawn it.

*Eros.*

My dear master,

My captain, and my emperor! let me say,  
Before I strike this bloody stroke, farewell.

*Ant.* 'Tis said, man;—and farewell.

*Eros.* Farewell, great chief. Shall I strike now;

*Ant.*

Now, Eros.

*Eros.* Why, there then:—

[Falls on his Sword.]

Thus do I escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death.

[Dies.]

*Ant.*

Thrice nobler than myself!

Thou teachest me, O valiant Eros, what

<sup>a</sup> — pleach'd arms,] Arms folded in each other.—JOHNSON.

<sup>o</sup> — corrigible—] for corrected, and afterwards penetrative for penetrating.—

STEEVENS.

<sup>p</sup> His baseness that ensued?] The poor conquered wretch that followed.—JOHNSON.

<sup>q</sup> — the worship—] i. e. The dignity, the authority.—JOHNSON.

I should, and thou could'st not. My queen and Eros  
Have, by their brave instruction, got upon me  
A nobleness in record : But I will be  
A bridegroom in my death, and run into't  
As to a lover's bed. Come then ; and, Eros,  
Thy master dies thy scholar ; to do thus

[*Falling on his Sword.*]

I learn'd of thee. How ! not yet dead ? not dead ?—  
The guard !—ho !—O, despatch me.

*Enter DERCETAS and Guard.*

1 *Guard.* What's the noise ?

*Ant.* I have done my work ill, friends ; O, make an end  
Of what I have begun.

2 *Guard.* The star is fallen.

1 *Guard.* And time is at his period.

*All.* Alas, and woe !

*Ant.* Let him that loves me, strike me dead.

1 *Guard.* Not I.

2 *Guard.* Nor I.

3 *Guard.* Nor any one. [*Exeunt Guard.*]

*Der.* Thy death and fortunes bid thy followers fly.  
This sword but shown to Cæsar, with this tidings,  
Shall enter me with him.

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

*Dio.* Where's Antony ?

*Der.* There, Diomed, there.

*Dio.* Lives he ?

Wilt thou not answer, man ? [*Exit DERCETAS.*]

*Ant.* Art thou there, Diomed ? Draw thy sword, and  
give me

Sufficing strokes for death.

*Dio.* Most absolute lord,

My mistress Cleopatra sent me to thee.

*Ant.* When did she send thee ?

*Dio.* Now, my lord.

*Ant.* Where is she ?

*Dio.* Lock'd in her monument. She had a prophesying  
Of what hath come to pass : for when she saw [fear  
(Which never shall be found,) you did suspect  
She had dispos'd with Cæsar, and that your rage  
Would not be purg'd, she sent you word she was dead ;  
But, fearing since how it might work, hath sent  
Me to proclaim the truth ; and I am come,  
I dread, too late.

*Ant.* Too late, good Diomed :—Call my guard, I pr'y-  
thee.

*Dio.* What, ho ! the emperor's guard ! The guard, what,  
Come, your lord calls. [ho !

*Enter some of the Guard.*

*Ant.* Bear me, good friends, where Cleopatra bides ;  
'Tis the last service that I shall command you.

1 *Guard.* Woe, woe are we, sir, you may not live to wear  
All your true followers out.

*All.* Most heavy day !

*Ant.* Nay, good my fellows, do not please sharp fate  
To grace it with your sorrows : bid that welcome  
Which comes to punish us, and we punish it  
Seeming to bear it lightly. Take me up :  
I have led you oft ; carry me now, good friends,  
And have my thanks for all. [*Exeunt, bearing ANTONY.*

### SCENE XIII.

*The same. A Monument.*

*Enter above, CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* O Charmian, I will never go from hence.

*Char.* Be comforted, dear Madam.

*Cleo.* No, I will not :

All strange and terrible events are welcome,  
But comforts we despise ; our size of sorrow,  
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great

\* — disposed with—] i. e. Had made terms with.—STEEVENS.

*Enter DIOMEDES.*

As that which makes it.—How now? is he dead?

*Dio.* His death's upon him, but not dead.

Look out o'the other side your monument,  
His guard have brought him thither.

*Enter ANTONY, borne by the Guard.*

*Cleo.*

O thou sun,

Burn the great sphere thou mov'st in!—darkling<sup>a</sup> stand  
The varying shore o'the world! O Antony, Antony, An-  
tony,

Help, Charmian, help, Iras help: help, friends below!  
Let's draw him hither.

*Ant.*

Peace:

Not Cæsar's valour hath o'erthrown Antony,  
But Antony's hath triumphed on itself.

*Cleo.* So it should be, that none but Antony  
Should conquer Antony; but woe 'tis so!

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying; only  
I here importune<sup>c</sup> death a while, until  
Of many thousand kisses the poor last  
I lay upon thy lips.—

*Cleo.*

I dare not, dear,

(Dear my lord, pardon,) I dare not,  
Lest I be taken: not the imperious show  
Of the fall fortun'd Cæsar ever shall  
Be brooch'd<sup>d</sup> with me; if knife, drugs, serpents, have  
Edge, sting, or operation, I am safe:  
Your wife Octavia, with her modest eyes,  
And still conclusion,<sup>e</sup> shall acquire no honour  
Demuring upon me.—But come, come, Antony,—  
Help me, my women,—we must draw thee up;—  
Assist, good friends.

<sup>a</sup> — darkling stand

*The varying shore of the world!*] She desires the sun to burn his own orb, the vehicle of light, and then the earth will be darkling, i. e. without light.—JOHNSON and STEEVENS.

<sup>c</sup> importune—] i. e. Solicit to delay.—JOHNSON.

<sup>d</sup> — brooch'd—] i. e. Adorn'd. A brooch was an ornament formerly worn in the hat.—STEEVENS.

<sup>e</sup> — still conclusion,] i. e. Sedate determination.—JOHNSON.

*Ant.* O, quick, or I am gone.

*Cleo.* Here's sport, indeed!<sup>v</sup>—How heavy weighs my lord!

Our strength is all gone into heaviness,<sup>x</sup>  
That makes the weight: Had I great Juno's power,  
The strong-wing'd Mercury should fetch thee up,  
And set thee by Jove's side. Yet come a little,—  
Wishers were ever fools;—O, come, come, come;  
[*They draw ANTONY up.*

And welcome, welcome! die, where thou hast liv'd;  
Quicken<sup>y</sup> with kissing, had my lips that power,  
Thus would I wear them out.

*All.* A heavy sight!

*Ant.* I am dying, Egypt, dying:  
Give me some wine,<sup>z</sup> and let me speak a little.

*Cleo.* No, let me speak; and let me rail so high,  
That the false housewife Fortune break her wheel,  
Provok'd by my offence.

*Ant.* One word, sweet queen:  
Of Cæsar seek your honour, with your safety.—O!

*Cleo.* They do not go together.

*Ant.* Gentle, hear me:  
None about Cæsar trust, but Proculeius.

*Cleo.* My resolution, and my hands, I'll trust;  
None about Cæsar.

*Ant.* The miserable change now at my end,  
Lament nor sorrow at: but please your thoughts,  
In feeding them with those my former fortunes  
Wherein I liv'd, the greatest prince o'the world,  
The noblest: and do now not basely die,  
Nor cowardly; put off my helmet to  
My countryman, a Roman, by a Roman  
Valiantly vanquish'd. Now, my spirit is going;  
I can no more. [Dies.

*Cleo.* Noblest of men, woo't die?

<sup>v</sup> *Here's sport indeed!*] Cleopatra, perhaps, by 'tis affected levity, this phrase which has no determined signification, only wishes to inspire Antony with cheerfulness, and encourage those who are engaged in the melancholy task of drawing him up into the monument.—STEEVENS.

<sup>x</sup> — *heaviness,*] Here used equivocally for *sorrow* and *weight*.—MALONE.

<sup>y</sup> *Quicken*—] i. e. *Revive*.

<sup>z</sup> *Give me some wine,*] This circumstance is from Plutarch.

Hast thou no care of me? shall I abide  
 In this dull world, which in thy absence is  
 No better than a sty?—O, see, my women,  
 The crown o' the earth doth melt:—My lord!—  
 O, wither'd is the garland of the war,  
 The soldier's pole<sup>a</sup> is fallen; young boys, and girls,  
 Are level now with men: the odds is gone,  
 And there is nothing left remarkable  
 Beneath the visiting moon. [*She faints.*]

*Char.* O, quietness, lady!

*Iras.* She is dead too, our sovereign.

*Char.* Lady,—

*Iras.* Madam,—

*Char.* O madam, madam, madam!

*Iras.* Royal Egypt!

Empress!

*Char.* Peace, peace, *Iras.*

*Cleo.* No more, but e'en a woman; and commanded  
 By such poor passion as the maid that milks,  
 And does the meanest chares.<sup>b</sup>—It were for me  
 To throw my scepter at the injurious gods;  
 To tell them, that this world did equal theirs,  
 Till they had stolen our jewel. All's but naught;  
 Patience is sottish; and impatience does  
 Become a dog that's mad: Then is it sin,  
 To rush into the secret house of death,  
 Ere death dare come to us?—How do you, women?  
 What, what? good cheer! Why, how now, Charmian?  
 My noble girls!—Ah, women, women! look,  
 Our lamp is spent, it's out:—Good sirs, take heart:—  
[*To the Guard below.*]

We'll bury him: and then, what's brave, what's noble,  
 Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,  
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away:  
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold.  
 Ah, women, women! come; we have no friend  
 But resolution, and the briefest end.

[*Exeunt; those above bearing off ANTONY's Body.*]

<sup>a</sup> *The soldier's pole*—] He at whom the soldiers pointed, as at a pageant held high for observation.—JOHNSON.

<sup>b</sup> *chares.*] i. e. *Task-work.* Hente our term *charc-woman*.—STEEVENS.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—Cæsar's *Camp before Alexandria.**Enter CÆSAR, AGRIPPA, DOLABELLA, MECÆNAS, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, and others.*

*Cas.* Go to him, Dolabella, bid him yield;  
Being so frustrate,<sup>c</sup> tell him, he mocks us by  
The pauses that he makes.

*Dol.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit DOLABELLA.*]

*Enter DERCETAS, with the Sword of ANTONY.*

*Cas.* Wherefore is that? and what art thou, that dar'st  
Appear thus to us?<sup>d</sup>

*Der.* I am call'd Dercetas;  
Mark Antony I serv'd, who best was worthy  
Best to be serv'd: whilst he stood up, and spoke,  
He was my master; and I wore my life,  
To spend upon his haters: If thou please  
To take me to thee, as I was to him  
I'll be to Cæsar; if thou pleasest not,  
I yield thee up my life.

*Cas.* What is't thou say'st?

*Der.* I say, O Cæsar, Antony is dead.

*Cas.* The breaking of so great a thing should make  
A greater crack: The round world should have shook  
Lions into civil streets,  
And citizens to their dens:—The death of Antony  
Is not a single doom; in the name lay  
A moiety of the world.

*Der.* He is dead, Cæsar;  
Not by a publick minister of justice,  
Nor by a hired knife; but that self hand,  
Which writ his honour in the acts it did,  
Hath, with the courage which the heart did lend it,  
Splitted the heart.—This is his sword,

<sup>c</sup> — frustrate,]—for frustrated, was the language of Shakspeare's time.

<sup>d</sup> — thus to us?] i. e. With a drawn and bloody sword in thy hand.—

I robb'd his wound of it; behold it stain'd  
With his most noble blood.

*Cæs.* Look you sad, friends?  
The gods rebuke me, but it is a tidings  
To wash the eyes of kings.\*

*Agr.* And strange it is,  
That nature must compel us to lament  
Our most persisted deeds.

*Mec.* His taints and honours  
Waged equal with him.<sup>f</sup>

*Agr.* A rarer spirit never  
Did steer humanity: but you, gods, will give us  
Some faults to make us men. Cæsar is touch'd.

*Mec.* When such a spacious mirror's set before him,  
He needs must see himself.

*Cæs.* O Antony!  
I have follow'd thee to this;—But we do lance  
Diseases in our bodies:<sup>g</sup> I must perforce  
Have shown to thee such a declining day,  
Or look on thine; we could not stall together  
In the whole world: But yet let me lament,  
With tears as sovereign as the blood of hearts,  
That thou, my brother, my competitor  
In top of all design, my mate in empire,  
Friend and companion in the front of war,  
The arm of mine own body, and the heart  
Where mine his<sup>h</sup> thoughts did kindle,—that our stars  
Unreconcilable, should divide  
Our equalness to this.<sup>i</sup>—Hear me, good friends,—  
But I will tell you at some meeter season;

\* — but it is a tidings  
To wash the eyes of kings.] That is, *May the gods rebuke me, if this be no tidings to make kings weep. But for if not.*—JOHNSON.

<sup>f</sup> Waged equal with him.] i. e. *Opposed as equal stakes in a wager.*—NARES.

<sup>g</sup> — But we do lance

*Diseases in our bodies:]* When we have any bodily complaint, that is curable by scarifying, we use the lancet; and if we neglect to do so, we are destroyed by it. Antony was to me a disease; and by his being cut off, I am made whole. We could not both have lived in the world together.—MALONE

<sup>h</sup> — his—] Here used for *its*.

*Our equalness to this.]* That is, *should have made us, in our equality of fortune, disagree to a pitch like this, that one of us must die.*—JOHNSON.



*Enter a Messenger.*

The business of this man looks out of him,  
We'll hear him what he says.—Whence are you?

*Mess.* A poor Egyptian yet.<sup>k</sup> The queen my mistress,  
Confin'd in all she has, her monument,  
Of thy intents desires instruction ;  
That she preparedly may frame herself  
To the way she's forced to.

*Cæs.* Bid her have good heart,  
She soon shall know of us, by some of ours,  
How honourable and how kindly we  
Determine for her : for Cæsar cannot live  
To be ungentle.

*Mess.* So the gods preserve thee ! [*Erit.*

*Cæs.* Come hither, Proculeius : Go, and say,  
We purpose her no shame : give her what comforts  
The quality of her passion shall require ;  
Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke  
She do defeat us : for her life in Rome  
Would be eternal in our triumph : Go,  
And, with your speediest, bring us what she says,  
And how you find of her.

*Pro.* Cæsar, I shall. [*Exit PROCULEIUS.*

*Cæs.* Gallus, go you along.—Where's Dolabella,  
To second Proculeius ? [*Erit GALLUS.*

*Agr. Mec.* Dolabella !

*Cæs.* Let him alone, for I remember now  
How he's employed ; he shall in time be ready.  
Go with me to my tent ; where you shall see  
How hardly I was drawn into this war ;  
How calm and gentle I proceeded still  
In all my writings : Go with me, and see  
What I can show in this. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>k</sup> A poor Egyptian yet.] That is, Yet a servant of the queen of Egypt, though soon to become a subject of Rome.—JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

Alexandria. *A Room in the Monument.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, and IRAS.*

*Cleo.* My desolation does begin to make  
A better life: 'Tis paltry to be Cæsar;  
Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,<sup>1</sup>  
A minister of her will; And it is great  
To do that thing that ends all other deeds;  
Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change;  
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,  
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.<sup>2</sup>

*Enter, to the Gates of the Monument, PROCULEIUS,  
GALLUS, and Soldiers.*

*Pro.* Cæsar sends greeting to the queen of Egypt;  
And bids thee study on what fair demands  
Thou mean'st to have him grant thee.

*Cleo. [within.]* What's thy name?

*Pro.* My name is Proculeius.

*Cleo. [within.]* Antony  
Did tell me of you, bade me trust you; but  
I do not greatly care to be deceiv'd,  
That have no use for trusting. If your master  
Would have a queen his beggar, you must tell him,  
That majesty, to keep decorum, must  
No less beg than a kingdom: if he please  
To give me conquer'd Egypt for my son,  
He gives me so much of mine own, as I  
Will kneel to him with thanks.

<sup>1</sup> — *fortune's knave,*] i. e. *Servant of fortune.*

<sup>2</sup> — *And it is great, &c.*] The difficulty of the passage, if any difficulty there be, arises only from this, that the act of suicide, and the state which is the effect of suicide, are confounded. Voluntary death, says she, is an act which bolts up change; it produces a state,

*Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,  
The beggar's nurse and Cæsar's.*

Which has no longer need of the gross and terrene sustenance, in the use of which Cæsar and the beggar are on a level.

The speech is abrupt, but perturbation in such a state is surely natural.—  
JOHNSON.

*Pro.* Be of good cheer ;  
 You are fallen into a princely hand, fear nothing :  
 Make your full reference freely to my lord,  
 Who is so full of grace, that it flows over  
 On all that need : Let me report to him  
 Your sweet dependancy : and you shall find  
 A conqueror, that will pray in aid<sup>a</sup> for kindness,  
 Where he for grace is kneel'd to.

*Cleo.* [*within.*] Pray you, tell him  
 I am his fortune's vassal, and I send him  
 The greatness he has got.\* I hourly learn  
 A doctrine of obedience ; and would gladly  
 Look him i'the face.

*Pro.* This I'll report, dear lady.  
 Have comfort ; for, I know, your plight is pitied  
 Of him that caus'd it.

*Gal.* You see how easily she may be surpriz'd ;  
 [*Here PROCULEIUS, and two of the Guard, ascend the  
 Monument by a Ladder placed against a Window,  
 and having descended, come behind CLEOPATRA.  
 Some of the Guard unbar and open the Gates.*]

Guard her till Cæsar come.

[*To PROCULEIUS and the Guard. Exit GALLUS.*]

*Iras.* Royal queen !

*Char.* O Cleopatra ! thou art taken, queen !—

*Cleo.* Quick, quick, good hands. [*Drawing a Dagger.*]

*Pro.* Hold, worthy lady, hold :  
 [*Seizes and disarms her.*]

Do not yourself such wrong, who are in this  
 Reliev'd, but not betray'd.

*Cleo.* What, of death too  
 That rids our dogs of languish ?

*Pro.* Cleopatra,  
 Do not abuse my master's bounty, by

<sup>a</sup> — pray in aid—] This is a term used for a petition made in a court of justice for the calling in of help from another that hath an interest in the cause in question.—HANMER.

\* The greatness he has got.] i. e. Her crown which he has won. I suppose that when she pronounces these words, she delivers to Proculeius either her crown or some other ensign of royalty.—MR. MASON.

[This stage direction is found in the old translation of Plutarch.—MALONE.]

The undoing of yourself: let the world see  
His nobleness well acted, which your death  
Will never let come forth.

*Cleo.* Where art thou, death?  
Come hither, come! come, come, and take a queen  
Worth many babes and beggars!<sup>1</sup>

*Pro.* O, temperance, lady!

*Cleo.* Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;  
If idle talk will once be necessary,<sup>2</sup>  
I'll not sleep neither: This mortal house I'll ruin,  
Do Cæsar what he can. Know, sir, that I  
Will not wait pinion'd at your master's court;  
Nor once he chāstis'd with the sober eye  
Of dull Octavia. Shall they hoist me up,  
And show me to the shouting varletry  
Of censuring Rome? Rather a ditch in Egypt  
Be gentle grave to me! rather on Nilus' mud  
Lay me stark naked, and let the water-flies  
Blow me into abhorring! rather make  
My country's high pyramides my gibbet,  
And hang me up in chains!

*Pro.* You do extend  
These thoughts of horror further than you shall  
Find cause in Cæsar.

*Enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* Proculeius,  
What thou hast done thy master Cæsar knows,  
And he hath sent for thee: as for the queen,  
I'll take her to my guard.

*Pro.* So, Dolabella,  
It shall content me best: be gentle to her.—  
To Cæsar I will speak what you shall please,

[*To CLEOPATRA.*

If you'll employ me to him.

<sup>1</sup> *Worth many babes and beggars*!] Why, death, wilt thou not rather seize a queen, than employ thy force upon babes and beggars?—JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *If idle talk will once, &c.*] i.e. *If it will be necessary now for once to waste a moment in idle talk of my purpose, I will not sleep neither.* In common conversation we often use *will be*, with as little relation to futurity. As, "Now I am going, it will be fit for me to dine first."—JOHNSON.

*Cleo.*

Say, I would die.

[*Exeunt PROCULEIUS, and Soldiers.*]

*Dol.* Most noble empress, you have heard of me?

*Cleo.* I cannot tell.

*Dol.*

Assuredly, you know me.

*Cleo.* No matter, sir, what I have heard, or known.  
You laugh, when boys, or women, tell their dreams;  
Is't not your trick?

*Dol.*

I understand not, madam.

*Cleo.* I dream'd, there was an emperor Antony;—  
O, such another sleep, that I might see  
But such another man!

*Dol.*

If it might please you,—

*Cleo.* His face was as the heavens; and therein stuck  
A sun, and moon; which kept their course, and lighted  
The little O, the earth.

*Dol.*

Most sovereign creature,—

*Cleo.* His legs bestrid the ocean: his rear'd arm  
Crested the world:<sup>a</sup> his voice was propertyed  
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;  
But when he meant to quail<sup>t</sup> and shake the orb,  
He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,  
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas,  
That grew the more by reaping: His delights  
Were dolphin-like; they show'd his back above  
The element they liv'd in: In his livery  
Walk'd crowns, and crownets; realms and islands were  
As plates<sup>a</sup> dropp'd from his pocket.

*Dol.*

Cleopatra,—

*Cleo.* Think you, there was, or might be, such a man  
As this I dream'd of?

*Dol.*

Gentle madam, no.

*Cleo.* You lie, up to the hearing of the gods.  
But, if there be, or ever were one such,  
It's past the size of dreaming: Nature wants stuff  
To vie<sup>v</sup> strange forms with fancy; yet, to imagine

<sup>a</sup> — his rear'd arm

*Crested the world:*] Alluding to some of the old crests in heraldry, where a raised arm on a wreath was mounted on the helmet.—PERCY.

<sup>t</sup> — quail—] i. e. Overpower or intimidate.—NARES.

<sup>a</sup> — plates—] i. e. Pieces of silver money.—STEEVENS.

<sup>v</sup> To vie—] A term in the old game of gleek, for to wager the goodness of

An Antony, were nature's piece 'gainst fancy,  
Condemning shadows quite.

*Dol.* Hear me, good madam :  
Your loss is as yourself, great ; and you bear it  
As answering to the weight : 'Would I might never  
O'ertake pursu'd success, but I do feel,  
By the rebound of yours, a grief that shoots  
My very heart at root.

*Cleo.* I thank you, sir.  
Know you, what Cæsar means to do with me ?

*Dol.* I am loath to tell you what I would you knew.

*Cleo.* Nay, pray you, sir,—

*Dol.* Though he be honourable,—

*Cleo.* He'll lead me then in triumph ?

*Dol.* Madam, he will ;  
I know it.

*Within.* Make way there,—Cæsar.

*Enter CÆSAR, GALLUS, PROCULEIUS, MECÆNAS,  
SELEUCUS, and Attendants.*

*Cæs.* Which is the queen  
Of Egypt ?

*Dol.* 'Tis the emperor, madam.

[CLEOPATRA kneels.

*Cæs.* Arise,  
You shall not kneel :—  
I pray you, rise ; rise, Egypt.

*Cleo.* Sir, the gods  
Will have it thus ; my master and my lord  
I must obey.

*Cæs.* Take to you no hard thoughts :  
The record of what injuries you did us,  
Though written in our flesh, we shall remember  
As things but done by chance.

*Cleo.* Sole sir o'the world,  
I cannot project mine own cause\* so well

one hand at cards against another. The game of gleek, seems to have resembled the present game of brag. See GIFFORD'S *Ben Jonson*, vol. i. p. 106.

\* *I cannot project mine own cause—*] i. e. *I cannot represent my own cause so well as to make it clear.*

To make it clear ; but do confess, I have  
 Been laden with like frailties, which before  
 Have often sham'd our sex.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra, know,  
 We will extenuate rather than enforce :  
 If you apply yourself to our intents,  
 (Which towards you are most gentle), you shall find  
 A benefit in this change ; but if you seek  
 To lay on me a cruelty, by taking  
 Antony's course, you shall bereave yourself  
 Of my good purposes, and put your children  
 To that destruction which I'll guard them from,  
 If thereon you rely. I'll take my leave.

*Cleo.* And may, through all the world : 'tis yours ; and  
 Your 'scutcheons, and your signs of conquest, shall [we  
 Hang in what place you please. Here, my good lord.

*Cæs.* You shall advise me in all for Cleopatra.

*Cleo.* This is the brief of money, plate, and jewels,  
 I am possess'd of : 'tis exactly valued ;  
 Not petty things admitted.—Where's Seleucus ?

*Sel.* Here, madam.

*Cleo.* This is my treasurer ; let him speak, my lord,  
 Upon his peril, that I have reserv'd  
 To myself nothing. Speak the truth, Seleucus.

*Sel.* Madam,  
 I had rather seal<sup>x</sup> my lips, than, to my peril,  
 Speak that which is not.

*Cleo.* What have I kept back ?

*Sel.* Enough to purchase what you have made known.

*Cæs.* Nay, blush not, Cleopatra ; I approve  
 Your wisdom in the deed.

*Cleo.* See, Cæsar ! O, behold,  
 How pomp is follow'd ! mine will now be yours ;  
 And, should we shift estates, yours would be mine.  
 The ingratitude of this Seleucus does  
 Even make me wild : O slave, of no more trust  
 Than love that's hir'd !—What, goest thou back ? thou  
 shalt

<sup>x</sup> — seal my lips,] i. e. Close up my lips as effectually as the eyes of a hawk  
 are closed. To seal hawks was the technical term.—STEEVENS.

Go back, I warrant thee; but I'll catch thine eyes,  
Though they had wings: Slave, soul-less villain, dog!  
O rarely base!

*Cæs.* Good queen, let us entreat you.

*Cleo.* O Cæsar, what a wounding shame is this;  
That thou, vouchsafing here to visit me,  
Doing the honour of thy lordliness  
To one so meek, that mine own servant should  
Parcel the sum of my disgraces<sup>a</sup> by  
Addition of his envy! Say, good Cæsar,  
That I some lady trifles have reserv'd,  
Immoment toys, things of such dignity  
As we greet modern<sup>a</sup> friends withal; and say,  
Some nobler token I have kept apart  
For Livia, and Octavia, to induce  
Their mediation; must I be unfolded  
With<sup>b</sup> one that I have bred? The gods! It smites me  
Beneath the fall I have. Pr'ythee, go hence;  
[To SELEUCUS.]

Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits  
Through the ashes of my chance:<sup>c</sup>—Wert thou a man,  
Thou would'st have mercy on me.

*Cæs.* Forbear, Seleucus.

[Exit SELEUCUS.]

*Cleo.* Be it known, that we, the greatest are mis-  
For things that others do; and, when we fall, [thought  
We answer others' merits<sup>d</sup> in our name,  
Are therefore to be pitied.

*Cæs.* Cleopatra,  
Not what you have reserv'd, nor what acknowledg'd,  
Put we i'the roll of conquest: still be it yours,  
Bestow it at your pleasure; and believe,

<sup>a</sup> *O rarely base!* i. e. Base in an uncommon degree.—STEEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> *Parcel the sum of my disgraces*—] The meaning either is, "that this fellow should add one more parcel or item to the sum of my disgraces, namely, his own malice;" or, "that his fellow should tot up the sum of my disgraces, and add his own malice to the account."—MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> *modern*—] i. e. Common, ordinary, trivial.

<sup>b</sup> *With*—] Here used for *by*.

<sup>c</sup> *Through the ashes of my chance*:] Or, *fortune*. The meaning is, Begone, or I shall exert that royal spirit which I had in my prosperity, in spite of the imbecility of my present weak condition.—WARBURTON.

<sup>d</sup> *merits*—] i. e. *Deserts*, here used in a bad sense.



Cæsar's no merchant, to make prize with you  
 Of things that merchants sold. Therefore be cheer'd;  
 Make not your thoughts your prisons :<sup>\*</sup> no, dear queen;  
 For we intend so to dispose you, as  
 Yourself shall give us counsel. Feed, and sleep :  
 Our care and pity is so much upon you,  
 That we remain your friend ; And so adieu.

*Cleo.* My master, and my lord !

*Cæs.*

Not so : Adieu.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR, and his Train.*]

*Cleo.* He words me, girls, he words me, that I should not  
 Be noble to myself : but hark thee, Charmian.

[*Whispers* CHARMIAN.

*Iras.* Finish, good lady ; the bright day is done,  
 And we are for the dark.

*Cleo.*

Hie thee again :

I have spoke already, and it is provided ;  
 Go, put it to the haste.

*Char.*

Madam, I will.

*Re-enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol.* Where is the queen ?

*Char.*

Behold, sir. [*Exit* CHARMIAN.

*Cleo.*

Dolabella ?

*Dol.* Madam, as thereto sworn by your command,  
 Which my love makes religion to obey,  
 I tell you this : Cæsar through Syria  
 Intends his journey ; and, within three days,  
 You with your children will he send before :  
 Make your best use of this : I have perform'd  
 Your pleasure, and my promise.

*Cleo.*

Dolabella,

I shall remain your debtor.

*Dol.*

I your servant.

Adieu, good queen ; I must attend on Cæsar.

*Cleo.* Farewell, and thanks. [*Exit* *DOL.*] Now, *Iras*,  
 what think'st thou ?

Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown

<sup>\*</sup> Make not your thoughts your prisons :] i. e. Be not a prisoner in imagination,  
 when in reality you are free.—JOHNSON.

In Rome, as well as I : mechanick slaves  
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers, shall  
Uplift us to the view ; in their thick breaths,  
Rank of gross diet, shall we be enclouded,  
And forc'd to drink their vapour.

*Iras.* The gods forbid !

*Cleo.* Nay, 'tis most certain, *Iras* : Saucy lictors  
Will catch at us, like strumpets ; and scald<sup>f</sup> rhymers  
Ballad us out o'tune : the quick<sup>s</sup> comedians  
Extemporally will stage us, and present  
Our Alexandrian revels ; Antony  
Shall be brought drunken forth, and I shall see  
Some squeaking Cleopatra boy my greatness<sup>a</sup>  
I' the posture of a whore.

*Iras.* O the good gods !

*Cleo.* Nay, that is certain.

*Iras.* I'll never see it ; for, I am sure, my nails  
Are stronger than mine eyes.

*Cleo.* Why, that's the way  
To fool their preparation, and to conquer  
Their most absurd intents.—Now, Charmian ?—

*Enter CHARMIAN.*

Show me, my women, like a queen ;—Go, fetch  
My best attires :—I am again for Cydnus,  
To meet Mark Antony :—Sirrah, *Iras*, go.—  
Now, noble Charmian, we'll despatch indeed :  
And, when thou hast done this chare,<sup>i</sup> I'll give thee leave  
To play till dooms-day.—Bring our crown and all.  
Wherefore's this noise ? [*Exit IRAS. A noise within.*]

*Enter one of the Guard.*

*Guard.* Here is a rural fellow,  
That will not be denied your highness' presence ;  
He brings you figs.

*Cleo.* Let him come in. How poor an instrument  
[*Exit Guard.*]

<sup>f</sup> — scald—] i. e. Mean, shabby, disgusting.—Nares.

<sup>s</sup> — quick—] i. e. Lively, inventive, quick-witted.

<sup>a</sup> — boy my greatness—] The parts of women were acted on the stage by boys.—HAMMER.

— chare,] i. e. Task : the word has also occurred in act iv.

May do a noble deed! he brings me liberty.  
 My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing  
 Of woman in me : Now from head to foot  
 I am marble-constant : now the fleeting<sup>k</sup> moon  
 No planet is of mine.

*Re-enter Guard, with a Clown bringing a Basket.*

*Guard.*

This is the man.

*Cleo.* Avoid, and leave him.

[*Exit Guard.*]

Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus<sup>l</sup> there,  
 That kills and pains not?

*Clown.* Truly I have him; but I would not be the party  
 that should desire you to touch him, for his biting is im-  
 mortal; those, that do die of it, do seldom or never recover.

*Cleo.* Remember'st thou any that have died on't?

*Clown.* Very many, men and women too. I heard of  
 one of them no longer than yesterday: a very honest  
 woman, but something given to lie; as a woman should  
 not do, but in the way of honesty: how she died of the  
 biting of it, what pain she felt,—Truly, she makes a very  
 good report o'the worm: But he that will believe all that  
 they say, shall never be saved by half that they do; But  
 this is most fallible, the worm's an odd worm.

*Cleo.* Get thee hence; farewell.

*Clown.* I wish you all joy of the worm.

*Cleo.* Farewell.

[*Clown sets down the Basket.*]

*Clown.* You must think this, look you, that the worm  
 will do his kind.<sup>m</sup>

*Cleo.* Ay, ay; farewell.

*Clown.* Look you, the worm is not to be trusted, but in  
 the keeping of wise people: for, indeed, there is no good-  
 ness in the worm.

*Cleo.* Take thou no care; it shall be heeded.

*Clown.* Very good: give it nothing, I pray you, for it  
 is not worth the feeding.

<sup>k</sup> — *fleeting*—] i. e. *Inconstant*.

<sup>l</sup> — *the pretty worm of Nilus*—] *Worm* is the Teutonic word for *serpent*; we have the *blind-worm* and *slow-worm* still in our language, and the Norwegians call an enormous monster, seen sometimes in the northern ocean, the *sea-worm*.—JOHNSON.

<sup>m</sup> — *will do his kind*.] The serpent will act according to his nature.—JOHNSON.

*Cleo.* Will it eat me?

*Clown.* You must not think I am so simple, but I know the devil himself will not eat a woman: I know, that a woman is a dish for the gods, if the devil dress her not. But, truly, these same whoreson devils do the gods great harm in their women; for in every ten that they make, the devils mar five.

*Cleo.* Well, get thee gone; farewell.

*Clown.* Yes, forsooth; I wish you joy of the worm.

[*Exit.*]

*Re-enter IRAS, with a Robe, Crown, &c.*

*Cleo.* Give me my robe, put on my crown; I have Immortal longings in me: Now no more The juice of Egypt's grape shall moist this lip:—  
Yare, yare,<sup>a</sup> good Iras; quick.—Methinks, I hear Antony call; I see him rouse himself To praise my noble act; I hear him mock The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men To excuse their after wrath: Husband, I come: Now to that name my courage prove my title! I am fire, and air; my other elements I give to baser life.—So,—have you done? Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips. Farewell, kind Charmian;—Iras, long farewell.

[*Kisses them. IRAS falls and dies.*]

Have I the aspick in my lips? Dost fall?<sup>b</sup>  
If thou and nature can so gently part,  
The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,  
Which hurts, and is desir'd. Dost thou lie still?  
If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world  
It is not worth leave-taking.

*Char.* Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain; that I may say,  
The gods themselves do weep!

*Cleo.* This proves me base:  
If she first meet the curled Antony,

<sup>a</sup> Yare, yare,] i. e. Make haste, be nimble.

<sup>b</sup> — Dost fall? Iras must be supposed to have applied an asp to her arm while her mistress was settling her dress, or I know not why she should fall so soon.—STEEVENS.

He'll make demand of her;<sup>p</sup> and spend that kiss,  
Which is my heaven to have. Come, mortal wretch,  
[*To the Asp, which she applies to her breast.*

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate  
Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,  
Be angry, and despatch. O, could'st thou speak!  
That I might hear thee call great Cæsar, ass  
Unpolicied!<sup>q</sup>

*Char.* O eastern star!

*Cleo.* Peace, peace!

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,  
That sucks the nurse asleep?

*Char.* O, break! O, break!

*Cleo.* As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—  
O Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too:—

[*Applying another Asp to her arm.*

What should I stay— [Falls on a bed, and dies.

*Char.* In this wild world?—So, fare thee well.—  
Now boast thee, death! in thy possession lies  
A lass unparallel'd.—Downy windows, close;  
And golden Phœbus never be beheld  
Of eyes again so royal! Your crown's awry;  
I'll mend it, and then play.<sup>a</sup>

*Enter the Guard, rushing in.*

1 *Guard.* Where is the queen?

*Char.* Speak softly, wake her not.

1 *Guard.* Cæsar hath sent—

*Char.* Too slow a messenger.

[*Applies the Asp.*

O, come; apace, despatch: I partly feel thee.

<sup>p</sup> *He'll make demand of her;*] He will inquire of her concerning me, and kiss her for giving him intelligence.—JOHNSON.

<sup>q</sup> — *ass*

*Unpolicied*] i. e. An ass without more policy than to leave the means of death within my reach, and thereby deprive his triumph of its noblest decoration.—STEVENS.

<sup>r</sup> — *Downy windows, close;*] Charmian, in saying this must be conceived to close Cleopatra's eyes; one of the first ceremonies performed towards a dead body.—RITSON.

<sup>a</sup> — *and then play.*] i. e. Play her part in this tragick scene by destroying herself: or she may mean, that having performed her last office for her mistress, she will accept the permission given her before, to "play till doomsday."—STEVENS.

1 *Guard*. Approach, ho ! All's not well : Cæsar's be-  
guil'd.

2 *Guard*. There's Dolabella sent from Cæsar ;—call him.

1 *Guard*. What work is here ?—Charmian, is this well  
done ?

*Char*. It is well done, and fitting for a princess  
Descended of so many royal kings.

Ah, soldier !

[*Dies*.

*Enter DOLABELLA.*

*Dol*. How goes it here ?

2 *Guard*. All dead.

*Dol*. Cæsar, thy thoughts  
Touch their effects in this : Thyself art coming  
To see perform'd the dreaded act, which thou  
So sought'st to hinder.

*Within*. A way there, a way for Cæsar !

*Enter CÆSAR, and Attendants.*

*Dol*. O, sir, you are too sure an augurer ;  
That you did fear, is done.

*Cas*. Bravest at the last :  
She levell'd at our purposes, and, being royal,  
Took her own way.—The manner of their deaths ?  
I do not see them bleed.

*Dol*. Who was last with them ?

1 *Guard*. A simple countryman, that brought her figs ;  
This was his basket.

*Cas*. Poison'd then.

1 *Guard*. O Cæsar,  
This Charmian lived but now ; she stood, and spake :  
I found her trimming up the diadem  
On her dead mistress ; tremblingly she stood,  
And on the sudden dropp'd.

*Cas*. O noble weakness !—  
If they had swallow'd poison, 'twould appear  
By external swelling : but she looks like sleep,  
As she would catch another Antony  
In her strong toil of grace.

*Dol*. Here, on her breast,

There is a vent of blood, and something blown:<sup>1</sup>  
The like is on her arm.

1 *Guard*. This is an aspick's trail: and these fig-leaves  
Have slime upon them, such as the aspick leaves  
Upon the caves of Nile.

*Cas.* Most probable,  
That so she died; for her physician tells me,  
She hath pursu'd conclusions infinite<sup>2</sup>  
Of easy ways to die.—Take up her bed;  
And bear her women from the monument:—  
She shall be buried by her Antony:  
No grave upon the earth shall clip<sup>3</sup> in it  
A pair so famous. High events as these  
Strike those that make them; and their story is  
No less in pity, than his glory,<sup>4</sup> which  
Brought them to be lamented. Our army shall,  
In solemn show, attend this funeral;  
And then to Rome.—Come, Dolabella, see  
High order in this great solemnity. [*Exeunt.*<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> — *something blown*:] The flesh is somewhat puffed or swollen.—JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *pursu'd conclusions infinite*—] i. e. Tried innumerable experiments.

<sup>3</sup> — *clip*—] i. e. *Infold*.

<sup>4</sup> — *their story is*

*No less in pity, than his glory, &c.*] i. e. The narrative of such events demands not less compassion for the sufferers, than glory on the part of him who brought on their sufferings.—STEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> This play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for, except the feminine arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish Cleopatra, no character is very strongly discriminated. Upton, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of Antony is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others: the most tumid speech in the play is that which Cæsar makes to Octavia.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connexion or care of disposition.—JOHNSON.

## CYMBELINE.

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THIS exquisite and romantic drama was not entered in the Stationers' books, nor printed, till 1623. It was probably written in about 1609. The plot is in a great degree taken from the Ninth Novel of the Second Day of the *Decameron* of Boccacio, of which a deformed and interpolated translation had appeared so early as 1518; and an imitation, in an old story-book, entitled *Westward for Smelts*, was printed in 1603.

Cymbeline, the king from whom the play takes its title, began his reign, according to Holinshed, in the nineteenth year of the reign of Augustus Cæsar; and the play commences in or about the twenty-fourth year of Cymbeline's reign, which was the forty-second year of the reign of Augustus, and the sixteenth of the Christian æra; notwithstanding which, Shakspeare has peopled Rome with modern Italians; *Philario*, *Iachimo*, &c. Cymbeline is said to have reigned thirty-five years, leaving at his death two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus.



## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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CYMBELINE, *king of Britain.*

CLOTEN, *son to the queen by a former husband.*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *a gentleman, husband to Imogen.*

BELARIUS, *a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.*

GUIDERIUS, { *sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the names*  
ARVIRAGUS, { *of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed sons to*  
                  *Belarius.*

PHILARIO, *friend to Posthumus,* { *Italians.*  
IACHIMO, *friend to Philario,* {

*A French gentleman, friend to Philario.*

CAIUS LUCIUS, *general of the Roman forces.*

*A Roman Captain. Two British Captains.*

PISANIO, *servant to Posthumus.*

CORNELIUS, *a physician.*

*Two Gentlemen.*

*Two Gaolers.*

QUEEN, *wife to Cymbeline.*

IMOGEN, *daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.*

HELEN, *woman to Imogen.*

*Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman, Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, *sometimes in Britain; and sometimes in Italy.*

# CYMBELINE.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Britain. *The Garden behind Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* You do not meet a man, but frowns : our bloods  
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers ;  
Still seem, as does the king's.\*

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter ?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom  
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,  
That late he married,) hath referr'd herself  
Unto a poor, but worthy, gentleman : She's wedded ;  
Her husband banish'd ; she imprison'd : all  
Is outward sorrow ; though, I think, the king  
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king ?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too : so is the queen,  
That most desir'd the match : But not a courtier,  
Although they wear their faces to the bent  
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not  
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why so ?

\* You do not meet a man, but frowns : our bloods  
No more obey the heavens, &c.] Blood is here used for dispositions. This very  
difficult passage might be set right by reading ;  
— than our courtiers'

Still seem, as does the king

That this passage is corrupt, appears evident from the confused manner in which  
the old copy has printed it. Archdeacon Nares says in his Glossary, " of this  
very difficult passage perhaps the more intelligible reading is,

" You do not meet a man but frowns : our bloods

No more obey the heavens ; they are courtiers,

Still seem, as does the king's.

i. e. Our dispositions no longer obey the influences of heaven ; they are cour-  
tiers, and still seem to resemble the disposition the king is in."

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing  
Too bad for bad report : and he that hath her,  
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man !—  
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such  
As, to seek through the regions of the earth  
For one his like, there would be something failing  
In him that should compare. I do not think,  
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,  
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* I do extend<sup>b</sup> him, sir, within himself;  
Crush him together, rather than unfold  
His measure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth ?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His father  
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,  
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;  
But had his titles by Tenantius,<sup>c</sup> whom  
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success:  
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:  
And had, besides this gentleman in question,  
Two other sons, who, in the wars o'the time,  
Died with their swords in hand; for which, their father  
(Then old and fond of issue,) took such sorrow,  
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,  
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd  
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe  
To his protection; calls him Posthumus;  
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:  
Puts him to all the learnings that his time  
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,

<sup>b</sup> — extend—] i. e. Praise.—Nares.

<sup>c</sup> — Tenantius,]—was the father of Cymbeline, and nephew of Cassibelan, being the younger son of his elder brother Lud, king of the southern part of Britain; on whose death Cassibelan was admitted king. Cassibelan repulsed the Romans on their first attack, but being vanquished by Julius Cæsar on his second invasion of Britain, he agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death, Tenantius, Lud's younger son (his elder brother Androgeus having fled to Rome), was established on the throne, of which they had been unjustly deprived by their uncle. According to some authorities, Tenantius quietly paid the tribute stipulated by Cassibelan; according to others, he refused to pay it, and warred with the Romans. Shakspeare supposes the latter to be the truth. Holinshed furnished our poet with these facts.—MALONE.

As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and  
 In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court,  
 (Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd:<sup>d</sup>  
 A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,  
 A glass that feated them;\* and to the graver,  
 A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,  
 For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price  
 Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;  
 By her election may be truly read,  
 What kind of man he is.

2 Gent. I honour him  
 Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,  
 Is she sole child to the king?

1 Gent. His only child.  
 He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,  
 Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,  
 I' the swathing clothes the other, from their nursery  
 Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge  
 Which way they went.

2 Gent. How long is this ago?

1 Gent. Some twenty years.

2 Gent. That a king's children should be so convey'd!  
 So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,  
 That could not trace them!

1 Gent. Howsoe'er 'tis strange,  
 Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,  
 Yet is it true, sir.

2 Gent. I do well believe you.

1 Gent. We must forbear: Here comes the queen and  
 princess. [Exeunt.]

<sup>d</sup> — Liv'd in court,  
 (Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd:] This encomium is high and  
 artful. To be at once in any great degree loved and praised, is truly rare.—  
 JOHNSON.

<sup>e</sup> — that feated them;] i. e. That formed them; a model by the contempla-  
 tion and inspection of which they formed their manners. To feat, is to render  
 nice, exact.—JOHNSON and STEEVENS.

## SCENE II.

*The same.**Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.*

*Queen.* No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter,  
 After the slander of most step-mothers,  
 Evil-ey'd unto you : you are my prisoner, but  
 Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys  
 That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,  
 So soon as I can win the offended king,  
 I will be known your advocate : marry, yet  
 The fire of rage is in him ; and 'twere good,  
 You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience  
 Your wisdom may inform you.

*Post.* Please your highness,  
 I will from hence to-day.

*Queen.* You know the peril :—  
 I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying  
 The pangs of barr'd affections ; though the king  
 Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit Queen.*]

*Imo.* O  
 Dissembling courtesy ! How fine this tyrant  
 Can tickle where she wounds !—My dearest husband,  
 I something fear my father's wrath ; but nothing,  
 (Always reserv'd my holy duty,') what  
 His rage can do on me : You must be gone ;  
 And I shall here abide the hourly shot  
 Of angry eyes ; not comforted to live,  
 But that there is this jewel in the world,  
 That I may see again.

*Post.* My queen ! my mistress !  
 O, lady, weep no more ; lest I give cause  
 To be suspected of more tenderness  
 Than doth become a man ! I will remain  
 The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.  
 My residence in Rome, at one Philario's ;

'(Always reserv'd my holy duty,)] I say I do not fear my father, so far as I may say it without breach of duty.—JOHNSON.

Who to my father ~~was~~ a friend, to me  
Known but by ~~letter~~: thither write, my queen,  
And with ~~mine~~ eyes I'll drink the words you send,  
Though ~~ink~~ be made of gall.

*Re-enter Queen.*

*Queen.* Be brief, I pray you:  
If the king come, I shall incur I know not  
How much of his displeasure: Yet I'll move him [*Aside.*  
To walk this way: I never do ~~him~~ wrong,  
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;  
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

*Post.* Should we be taking leave  
As long a term as yet we have to live,  
The loathness to depart would grow: Adieu!

*Imo.* Nay, stay a little:  
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,  
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;  
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart:  
But keep it till you woo another wife,  
When Imogen is dead.

*Post.* How! how! another?—  
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,  
And sear up<sup>s</sup> my embracements from a next  
With bonds of death!—Remain thou here

[*Putting on the Ring.*  
While sense can keep it on!<sup>b</sup> And sweetest, fairest,  
As I my poor self did exchange for you,  
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles  
I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;  
It is a manacle<sup>1</sup> of love; I'll place it  
Upon this fairest prisoner. [*Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.*

*Imo.* O, the gods!  
When shall we see again?

*Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.*

*Post.* Alack, the king!

<sup>s</sup> — sear up—] i. e. Close up.  
<sup>b</sup> While sense can keep it on!] i. e. While sense can maintain its operations; while sense continues to have its usual power. To keep on signifies to continue in a state of action.—STEVENS.  
<sup>1</sup> — a manacle—] What we now call a hand-cuff.

*Cym.* Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!  
If, after this command, thou fraught<sup>k</sup> the court  
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: Away!  
Thou art poison to my blood.

*Post.* The gods protect you!  
And bless the good remainders of the court!  
I am gone. [*Erit.*

*Imo.* There cannot be a pinch in death  
More sharp than this is.

*Cym.* O disloyal thing,  
That should'st repair my youth; thou heapest many<sup>l</sup>  
A year's age on me!

*Imo.* I beseech you, sir,  
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I  
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare<sup>m</sup>  
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

*Cym.* Past grace? obedience?

*Imo.* Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

*Cym.* That might'st have had the sole son of my  
queen!

*Imo.* O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle,  
And did avoid a puttock.<sup>n</sup>

*Cym.* Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made my  
throne

A seat for baseness.

*Imo.* No; I rather added  
A lustre to it.

*Cym.* O thou vile one!

*Imo.* Sir,  
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:  
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is  
A man, worth any woman; overbuys me  
Almost the sum he pays.

*Cym.* What!—art thou mad?

*Imo.* Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—'Would I were

<sup>k</sup> — *fraught*—] i. e. *Load, crowd*.

<sup>l</sup> — *many*—] This word was introduced into the text by Sir Thomas Hanmer; and, though approved by Steevens as essential both to sense and metre, has been in the late editions most unaccountably omitted.

<sup>m</sup> — *a touch more rare*—] i. e. *A more exquisite feeling*.—STEEVENS.

<sup>n</sup> — *a puttock*.] A mean degenerate species of hawk, too worthless to deserve training.—STEEVENS.

A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus  
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

*Re-enter Queen.*

*Cym.* Thou foolish thing!—  
They were again together: you have done [*To the Queen.*  
Not after our command. Away with her,  
And pen her up.

*Queen.* 'Beseech your patience:—Peace,  
Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet sovereign,  
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort  
Out of your best advice.\*

*Cym.* Nay, let her languish  
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,  
Die of this folly! [*Exit.*

*Enter PISANIO.*

*Queen.* Fye!—you must give way:  
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?

*Pis.* My lord your son drew on my master.

*Queen.* Ha!  
No harm, I trust, is done?

*Pis.* There might have been,  
But that my master rather play'd than fought,  
And had no help of anger: they were parted  
By gentlemen at hand.

*Queen.* I am very glad on't.  
*Imo.* Your son's my father's friend; he takes his part.—  
To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—

I would they were in Africk both together;  
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick  
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?

*Pis.* On his command: He would not suffer me  
To bring him to the haven: left these notes  
Of what commands I should be subject to,  
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

*Queen.* This hath been  
Your faithful servant; I dare lay mine honour,  
He will remain so.

\* — advice.] i. e. Consideration, reflection.



*Pis.* I humbly thank your highness.

*Queen.* Pray, walk a while.

*Imo.* About some half hour hence,  
I pray you, speak with me : you shall, at least,  
Go see my lord aboard : for this time, leave me. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*A publick Place.*

*Enter CLOTEN, and Two Lords.*

*1 Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice: Where air comes out, air comes in : there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

*Clo.* If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—Have I hurt him ?

*2 Lord.* No, faith ; not so much as his patience. [*Aside.*]

*1 Lord.* Hurt him ? his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt : it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

*2 Lord.* His steel was in debt ; it went o'the back side the town. [*Aside.*]

*Clo.* The villain would not stand me.

*2 Lord.* No ; but he fled forward still, toward your face. [*Aside.*]

*1 Lord.* Stand you ! You have land enough of your own : but he added to your having ; gave you some ground.

*2 Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans : Puppies ! [*Aside.*]

*Clo.* I would, they had not come between us.

*2 Lord.* So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aside.*]

*Clo.* And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me !

*2 Lord.* If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned. [*Aside.*]

*1 Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her

brain go not together :<sup>p</sup> She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.<sup>q</sup>

2 *Lord*. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [*Aside*.]

*Clo*. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2 *Lord*. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside*.]

*Clo*. You'll go with us?

1 *Lord*. I'll attend your lordship.

*Clo*. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 *Lord*. Well, my lord. [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE IV.

*A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.*

*Imo*. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o'the haven,  
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,  
An I not have it, 'twere a paper lost,  
As offer'd mercy is.<sup>r</sup> What was the last  
That he spake to thee?

*Pis*. 'Twas, *His queen! His queen!*

*Imo*. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

*Pis*. And kiss'd it, madam.

*Imo*. Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—  
And that was all?

*Pis*. No, madam; for so long  
As he could make me with this eye or ear  
Distinguish him from others, he did keep  
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,  
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind

<sup>p</sup> — *her beauty and her brain go not together:*] i. e. Are not equal, “ne vont pas de pair.”—M. MASON.

<sup>q</sup> — *She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.*] She has a fair outside, but no wit. To understand the whole force of Shakspeare's idea, it should be remembered, that anciently almost every sign had a motto, or some attempt at a witticism underneath it.—EDWARDS and STEEVENS.

<sup>r</sup> — *'twere a paper lost,*

*As offer'd mercy is.*] I believe the poet's meaning is, that the loss of that paper would prove as fatal to her, as the loss of a pardon to a condemned criminal.—STEEVENS.

Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,  
How swift his ship.

*Imo.* Thou should'st have made him  
As little as a crow, or less, ere left  
To after-eye him.

*Pis.* Madam, so I did.

*Imo.* I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd  
them, but

To look upon him; till the diminution  
Of space<sup>a</sup> had pointed him sharp as my needle:  
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from  
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then  
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,  
When shall we hear from him?

*Pis.* Be assur'd, madam,  
With his next vantage.<sup>c</sup>

*Imo.* I did not take my leave of him, but had  
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,  
How I would think on him, at certain hours,  
Such thoughts, and such: or I could make him swear  
The shes of Italy should not betray  
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,  
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,  
To encounter me with orisons,<sup>d</sup> for then  
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could  
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set  
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,  
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,  
Shakes all our buds from growing.

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lady.* The queen, madam,  
Desires your highness' company.

*Imo.* Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd.—  
I will attend the queen.

*Pis.* Madam, I shall. [Exeunt.]

<sup>a</sup> ——— till the diminution

Of space—] i.e. The diminution of which space is the cause.—JOHNSON.

<sup>c</sup> ——— vantage.] i.e. Opportunity.

<sup>d</sup> ——— encounter me with orisons.] i.e. Meet me with reciprocal prayer.—

## SCENE V.

Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

*Enter* PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutchman,  
and a Spaniard.

*Iach.* Believe it, sir : I have seen him in Britain : he was then of a crescent note ; expected to prove so worthy, as since he hath been allowed the name of : but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration ; though the catalogue of endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

*Phi.* You speak of him when he was less furnished, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

*French.* I have seen him in France : we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

*Iach.* This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.\*

*French.* And then his banishment:—

*Iach.* Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours,† are wonderfully to extend‡ him ; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it, he is to sojourn with you ? How creeps acquaintance ?

*Phi.* His father and I were soldiers together ; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life :—

*Enter* POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton : Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman ; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine : How worthy he is I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

\* — words him, — a great deal from the matter,] Makes the description of him very distant from the truth.—JOHNSON.

† — under her colours,] Under her banner ; by her influence.—JOHNSON.

‡ extend—] i. e. Praise.—Nares.

*French.* Sir, We have known together in Orleans.

*Post.* Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

*French.* Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness : I was glad I did atone<sup>1</sup> my countryman and you ; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance<sup>2</sup> of so slight and trivial a nature.

*Post.* By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller ; rather shunned to go even with what I heard,<sup>3</sup> than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences : but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

*French.* 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords ; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded<sup>4</sup> one the other, or have fallen both,

*Iach.* Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference ?

*French.* Safely, I think : 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report.<sup>5</sup> It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country mistresses ; This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

*Iach.* That lady is not now living ; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

*Post.* She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

*Iach.* You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

*Post.* Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing ; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> — atone—] i. e. Reconcile.

<sup>2</sup> — importance—] i. e. Importunity, instigation.

<sup>3</sup> — shunned to go even with what I heard,] i. e. Avoided being led by the opinions of others.—M. MASON.

<sup>4</sup> — confounded—] i. e. Destroyed.

<sup>5</sup> — which may, without contradiction, &c.] i. e. Which, undoubtedly, may be publicly told.—JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> — though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.] Friend is lover ; a use of the word very common in old authors. The meaning of these words has

*Iach.* As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours outlustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

*Post.* I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

*Iach.* What do you esteem it at?

*Post.* More than the world enjoys.

*Iach.* Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

*Post.* You are mistaken: the one may be sold or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

*Iach.* Which the gods have given you?

*Post.* Which, by their graces, I will keep.

*Iach.* You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

*Post.* Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to convince\* the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

*Phi.* Let us leave here, gentlemen.

*Post.* Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.

*Iach.* With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even been much disputed by the commentators, but the difficulty has originated in their overlooking the passage to which it alludes. The Frenchman says, "that Posthumus had vouched his mistress, or woman beloved, to be more fair, virtuous, wise, &c. than any lady in France;" to which Posthumus replies, "that he will abate her nothing of his former praise; though he professes himself her adorer, not lover.

\* ——— convince—] i. e. Overcome.

to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

*Post.* No, no.

*Iach.* I dare, thereupon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

*Post.* You are a great deal abused<sup>1</sup> in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

*Iach.* What's that?

*Post.* A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

*Phi.* Gentlemen, enough of this: it came too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

*Iach.* 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation<sup>2</sup> of what I have spoke.

*Post.* What lady would you choose to assail?

*Iach.* Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

*Post.* I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

*Iach.* You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

*Post.* This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

*Iach.* I am the master of my speeches;<sup>3</sup> and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

*Post.* Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till

<sup>1</sup> — abused—] i. e. Deceived.

<sup>2</sup> — approbation—] i. e. Proof.

<sup>3</sup> I am the master of my speeches;] i. e. I know what I have said; I said no more than I meant.—STEVENS.

your return :—Let there be covenants drawn between us : My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking : I dare you to this match : here's my ring.

*Phil.* I will have it no lay.

*Iach.* By the gods it is one :—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours ; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours :—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

*Post.* I embrace these conditions ; let us have articles betwixt us :—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate : if she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

*Iach.* Your hand ; a covenant : We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain ; lest the bargain should catch cold and starve : I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

*Post.* Agreed. [*Exeunt POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO.*]

*French.* Will this hold, think you ?

*Phi.* Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em.

SCENE VI.

Britain. *A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.*

*Queen.* Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers ;

Make haste : Who has the note of them ?

*1 Lady.*

I, madam.

*Queen.* Despatch.—

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now, master doctor ; have you brought those drugs ?



*Cor.* Pleaseth your highness, ay : here they are, madam :

[*Presenting a small Box.*

But I beseech your grace, (without offence ;  
My conscience bids me ask ;) wherefore you have  
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,  
Which are the movers of a languishing death ;  
But, though slow, deadly ?

*Queen.*

I wonder, doctor,  
Thou ask'st me such a question : Have I not been  
Thy pupil long ? Hast thou not learn'd me how  
To make perfumes ? distil ? preserve ? yea, so,  
That our great king himself doth woo me oft  
For my confections ? Having thus far proceeded,  
(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet  
That I did amplify my judgment in  
Other conclusions ?<sup>1</sup> I will try the forces  
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as  
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,)  
To try the vigour of them, and apply  
Allayments to their act : and by them gather  
Their several virtues, and effects.

*Cor.*

Your highness  
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart :  
Besides, the seeing these effects will be  
Both noisome and infectious.

*Queen.*

O, content thee.—

*Enter PISANIO.*

Here comes a flattering rascal ; upon him [Aside.  
Will I first work : he's for his master,  
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio ?—  
Doctor, your service for this time is ended ;  
Take your own way.

*Cor.*

I do suspect you, madam ;  
But you shall do no harm.

[Aside.

*Queen.*

Hark thee, a word.—

[To PISANIO.

*Cor.* [aside.] I do not like her. She doth think, she has  
Strange lingering poisons : I do know her spirit,

— conclusions ?] i. e. Experiments.

And will not trust one of her malice with  
A drug of such damn'd nature : Those, she has,  
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile :  
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and dogs :  
Then afterward up higher ; but there is  
No danger in what show of death it makes,  
More than the locking up the spirits a time,  
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd  
With a most false effect ; and I the truer,  
So to be false with her.

*Queen.* No further service, doctor,  
Until I send for thee.

*Cor.* I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

*Queen.* Weeps she still, say'st thou ? Dost thou think,  
in time

She will not quench ;<sup>j</sup> and let instructions enter  
Where folly now possesses ? Do thou work ;  
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,  
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then  
As great as is thy master ; greater ; for  
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name  
Is at last gasp : Return he cannot, nor  
Continue where he is : to shift his being,<sup>k</sup>  
Is to exchange one misery with another ;  
And every day, that comes, comes to decay  
A day's work in him : What shalt thou expect,  
To be depender on a thing that leans ?  
Who cannot be new-built ; nor has no friends,

[*The Queen drops a Box ; PISANIO takes it up.*

So much as but to prop him ?—Thou tak'st up  
Thou know'st not what ; but take it for thy labour :  
It is a thing I made, which hath the king  
Five times redeem'd from death : I do not know  
What is more cordial :—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it :  
It is an earnest of a further good  
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how  
The case stands with her : do't, as from thyself.

<sup>j</sup> — quench :] i. e. Grow cool.

<sup>k</sup> — to shift his being,] i. e. To change his abode.—JOHNSON.

Think what a chance thou changest on;<sup>1</sup> but think  
 Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,  
 Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king  
 To any shape of thy preferment, such  
 As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,  
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound  
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women:  
 Think on my words. [*Exit PISA.*]—A sly and constant  
 knave;

Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master:  
 And the remembrancer of her, to hold  
 The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,  
 Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her  
 Of liegers for her sweet;<sup>m</sup> and which she, after,  
 Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

*Re-enter PISANIO, and Ladies.*

To taste of two.—So, so;—well done, well done:  
 The violets, cowslips, and the primrose,  
 Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, Pisanio;  
 Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

*Pis.*

And shall do:

But when to my good lord I prove untrue,  
 I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

## SCENE VII.

*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Imo.* A father cruel, and a step-dame false;  
 A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,  
 That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!  
 My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated  
 Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,

<sup>1</sup> *Think what a chance thou changest on;*] i. e. Think with what a fair prospect of mending your fortunes you now change your present service.—  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>m</sup> *Of liegers for her sweet;*] A *lieger* is a person stationed to wait on the service of another: for sweet we should perhaps read *suit*.

As my two brothers, happy ! but most miserable  
Is the desire that's glorious : Blessed be those,  
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,  
Which seasons comfort."—Who may this be? Fye !

*Enter* PISANIO and IACHIMO.

*Pis.* Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome ;  
Comes from my lord with letters.

*Iach.* Change you, madam ?  
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,  
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a Letter.*]

*Imo.* Thanks, good sir :  
You are kindly welcome.

*Iach.* All of her, that is out of door, most rich ! [*Aside.*]  
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,  
She is alone the Arabian bird ; and I  
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend !  
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot !  
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight ;  
Rather, directly fly.

*Imo.* [*reads.*] *He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truest* LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud :  
But even the very middle of my heart  
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—  
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I  
Have words to bid you ; and shall find it so,  
In all that I can do.

*Iach.* Thanks, fairest lady.—  
What ! are men mad ? Hath nature given them eyes  
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop  
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt

— most miserable

*Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,  
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,  
Which seasons comfort.*] The sense is, "Desiré, or love, in a high or glorious station is generally crost and miserable; they are blessed *howsoever* mean their condition, *who have their honest wills*, i. e. whose virtuous affections are gratified, which state of humble love comfort, i. e. tranquillity, or cheerfulness, *seasons*, i. e. gives a relish to." This is the best sense that I can extract from the words, and it is, certainly, less forced than any of the other interpretations.

The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones  
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not  
Partition make with spectacles so precious  
Twixt fair and foul?

*Imo.*

What makes your admiration?

*Iach.* It cannot be i'the eye; for apes and monkeys,  
Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and  
Contemn with mows the other: Nor i'the judgment;  
For idiots, in this case of favour, would  
Be wisely definite: Nor i'the appetite;  
Slattery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,  
Should make desire vomit emptiness,<sup>p</sup>  
Not so allur'd to feed.

*Imo.* What is the matter, trow?

*Iach.*

The cloyed will,

(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,  
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first  
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

*Imo.*

What, dear sir,

Thus raps you? Are you well?

*Iach.* Thanks, madam; well:—Beseech you, sir, desire  
[To PISANIO.]

My man's abode where I did leave him: he  
Is strange and peevish.<sup>a</sup>

*Pis.*

I was going, sir,

To give him welcome.

[Exit PISANIO.]

*Imo.* Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech  
you?

*Iach.* Well, madam.

*Imo.* Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

*Iach.* Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there  
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd  
The Briton reveller.

*Imo.*

When he was here,

\* — twinn'd stones

Upon the number'd beach? Twinn'd stones are stones so alike as to be scarcely distinguishable, as like as twins: number'd is numerous.—STEVENS and JOHNSON.

<sup>p</sup> Should make desire vomit emptiness.] i. e. Feel the convulsions of disgust, though, being unfed, it had no object. No one that has been sick at sea, will be at a loss to understand what is meant by vomiting emptiness.—JOHNSON and MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> — strange and peevish.] i. e. Is a foreigner and easily fretted.—JOHNSON.

He did incline to sadness ; and oft-times  
Not knowing why.

*Iach.* I never saw him sad.

There is a Frenchman his companion, one  
An eminent *monsieur*, that, it seems, much loves  
A Gallian girl at home : he furnaces  
The thick sighs from him ; whiles the jolly Briton  
(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries, O!  
*Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows*  
*By history, report, or his own proof,*  
*What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose*  
*But must be,—will his free hours languish for*  
*Assured bondage?*

*Imo.* Will my lord say so?

*Iach.* Ay, madam ; with his eyes in flood with laughter.  
It is a recreation to be by,  
And hear him mock the Frenchman : But, heavens know,  
Some men are much to blame.

*Imo.* Not he, I hope.

*Iach.* Not he : But yet heaven's bounty towards him  
might

Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much ;  
In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—  
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound  
To pity too.

*Imo.* What do you pity, sir?

*Iach.* Two creatures, heartily.

*Imo.* Am I one, sir?

You look on me ; What wreck discern you in me,  
Deserves your pity?

*Iach.* Lamentable ! What !  
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace  
I'the dungeon by a snuff?

*Imo.* I pray you, sir,  
Deliver with more openness your answers  
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

*Iach.* That others do,  
I was about to say, enjoy your—But  
It is an office of the gods to venge it,  
Not mine to speak on't.

*Imo.* You do seem to know  
 Something of me, or what concerns me; 'Pray you,  
 (Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more  
 Than to be sure they do: For certainties  
 Either are past remedies; or timely knowing;  
 The remedy then born,) discover to me  
 What both you spur and stop.\*

*Iach.* Had I this cheek  
 To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,  
 Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul  
 To the oath of loyalty; this object, which  
 Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,  
 Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then,)  
 Slaver with lips as common as the stairs  
 That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands  
 Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as  
 With labour;) then lie peeping in an eye,  
 Base and unlustrous as the smoky light  
 That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,  
 That all the plagues of hell should at one time  
 Encounter such revolt.

*Imo.* My lord, I fear,  
 Has forgot Britain.

*Iach.* And himself. Not I,  
 Inclind to this intelligence, pronounce  
 The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces  
 That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,  
 Charms this report out.

*Imo.* Let me hear no more.

*Iach.* O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart.  
 With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady  
 So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,<sup>†</sup>  
 Would make the great'st king double! to be partner'd  
 With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition<sup>‡</sup>

\* — *knowing*.] Rather *known*, which I believe Shakspeare wrote; but that the transcriber's ear deceived him here as in many other places.—JOHNSON and MALONE.

† *What both you spur and stop*.] What it is that at once incites you to speak, and restrains you from it.—JOHNSON.

‡ — *emperry*.] A word signifying *sovereign command*; now obsolete.—STEEVENS.

§ — *that self-exhibition*.—] i. e. *That very pension*.

Which your own coffers yield ! with diseases'd ventures,  
That play with all infirmities for gold  
Which rottenness can lend nature ! such boil'd stuff,  
As well might poison poison ! Be reveng'd :  
Or she that bore you, was no queen, and you  
Recoil from your great stock.

*Imo.*

Reveng'd !

How should I be reveng'd ? If this be true,  
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears  
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,  
How should I be reveng'd ?

*Iach.*

Should he make me

Live like Diana's priest,\* betwixt cold sheets ;  
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,  
In your despite, upon your purse ? Revenge it.  
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure ;  
More noble than that runagate to your bed ;  
And will continue fast to your affection,  
Still close, as sure.

*Imo.*

What ho, Pisanio !

*Iach.* Let me my service tender on your lips.

*Imo.* Away !—I do condemn mine ears, that have  
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,  
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not  
For such an end thou seek'st ; as base, as strange.  
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far  
From thy report, as thou from honour ; and  
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains  
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio !—  
The king my father shall be made acquainted  
Of thy assault : if he shall think it fit,  
A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart  
As in a Romish stew, and to expound  
His beastly mind to us ; he hath a court  
He little cares for, and a daughter whom  
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio !—

*Iach.* O happy Leonatus ! I may say ;  
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,  
Deserves thy trust ; and thy most perfect goodness

\* — *priest,*] i. e. *Priestess*, and is so used in *Pericles*.



Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!  
 A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever  
 Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only  
 For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.  
 I have spoke this, to know if your affiance  
 Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord  
 That which he is, new o'er: And he is one  
 The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,  
 That he enchants societies unto him:  
 Half of all men's hearts are his.

*Imo.* You make amends.

*Iach.* He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:  
 He hath a kind of honour sets him off,  
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,  
 Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd  
 To try your taking of a false report; which hath  
 Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment  
 In the election of a sir so rare,  
 Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him  
 Made me to fan you thus: but the gods made you,  
 Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

*Imo.* All's well, sir: Take my power i'the court for  
 yours.

*Iach.* My humble thanks. I had almost forgot  
 To entreat your grace but in a small request,  
 And yet of moment too, for it concerns  
 Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,  
 Are partners in the business.

*Imo.* Pray, what is't?

*Iach.* Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,  
 (The best feather of our wing) have mingled sums,  
 To buy a present for the emperor;  
 Which I, the factor for the rest, have done  
 In France: 'Tis plate of rare device; and jewels,  
 Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;  
 And I am something curious, being strange,  
 To have them in safe stowage; May it please you  
 To take them in protection?

*Imo.*

Willingly

' ——— being strange,] i. e. Being a stranger.

And pawn mine honour for their safety : since  
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them  
In my bed-chamber.

*Iach.* They are in a trunk,  
Attended by my men : I will make bold  
To send them to you, only for this night ;  
I must aboard to-morrow.

*Imo.* O, no, no.

*Iach.* Yes, I beseech ; or I shall short my word,  
By length'ning my return. From Gallia  
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise  
To see your grace.

*Imo.* I thank you for your pains ;  
But not away to-morrow ?

*Iach.* O, I must, madam :  
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please  
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night :  
I have outstood my time ; which is material  
To the tender of our present.

*Imo.* I will write.  
Send your trunk to me ; it shall safe be kept,  
And truly yielded you : You are very welcome. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Court before Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter CLOTEN and Two Lords.*

*Clo.* Was there ever man had such luck ! when I kissed  
the jack upon an up-cast,\* to be hit away ! I had a hun-  
dred pound on't : And then a whoreson jackanapes must  
take me up for swearing ; as if I borrowed nine oaths of  
him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

*1 Lord.* What got he by that ? You have broke his pate  
with your bowl.

*2 Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it  
would have ran all out. [*Aside.*

\* ——— *kissed the jack upon an up-cast,*] He is describing his fate at bowls. The  
jack is the small bowl at which the others are aimed. He who is nearest to it  
wins. To kiss the jack is a state of great advantage.—*JOHNSON.*

*Clo.* When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

*2 Lord.* No, my lord; nor [*aside.*] crop the ears of them.

*Clo.* Whoreson dog!—I gave him satisfaction? 'Would, he had been one of my rank!

*2 Lord.* To have smelt<sup>a</sup> like a fool. [*Aside.*

*Clo.* I am not more vexed at any thing in the earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother: every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

*2 Lord.* You are a cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.<sup>b</sup> [*Aside.*

*Clo.* Sayest thou?

*1 Lord.* It is not fit, your lordship should undertake every companion<sup>c</sup> that you give offence to.

*Clo.* No; I know that: but it is fit, I should commit offence to my inferiors.

*2 Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

*Clo.* Why, so I say.

*1 Lord.* Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to court to-night?

*Clo.* A stranger! and I not know on't!

*2 Lord.* He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not. [*Aside.*

*1 Lord.* There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

*Clo.* Leonatus! a banished rascal; and, he's another, whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

*1 Lord.* One of your lordship's pages.

*Clo.* Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

*1 Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

*Clo.* Not easily, I think.

<sup>a</sup> — smelt—] A quibble on the word rank in the preceding speech.—MALONE.

<sup>b</sup> — with your comb on.] The allusion is to a fool's cap, which hath a comb like a cock's.—JOHNSON. The intention of the speaker may be to call Cloten a cockcomb.—M. MASON.

<sup>c</sup> — companion—] The use of companion was the same as of fellow now. It was a word of contempt.—JOHNSON.

2 *Lord*. You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not derogate. [*Aside*.

*Clo*. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord*. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt CLOTEN and first Lord*.

That such a crafty devil as is his mother  
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that  
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son  
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,  
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,  
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!  
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;  
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,  
More hateful than the foul expulsion is  
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act  
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm  
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd  
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,  
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land! [*Exit*.

SCENE II.

*A Bed-chamber; in one part of it a Trunk.*

*IMOGEN reading in her Bed; a Lady attending.*

*Imo*. Who's there? my woman Helen?

*Lady*. Please you, madam.

*Imo*. What hour is it?

*Lady*. Almost midnight, madam.

*Imo*. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are  
Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed: [weak:—  
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;  
And if thou canst awake by four o'the clock,  
I pr'ythee call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady*.

To your protection I commend me, gods!  
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,  
Guard me, beseech ye!

[*Sleeps*. *IACHIMO from the Trunk*.

*Iach.* The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense  
Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus  
Did softly press the rushes,<sup>d</sup> ere he waken'd  
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,  
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!  
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!  
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,  
How dearly they do't—'Tis her breathing that  
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o'the taper  
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,  
To see the enclosed lights, now canopied  
Under these windows:<sup>e</sup> White and azure, lac'd  
With blue of heavens own tinct.—But my design?  
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—  
Such, and such, pictures:—There the window:—Such  
The adornment of her bed;—The arras, figures,  
Why, such, and such:—And the contents o'the story,—  
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,  
Above ten thousand meaner moveables  
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:  
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!  
And be her sense but as a monument,  
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;

[*Taking off her Bracelet.*]

As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!  
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,  
As strongly as the conscience does within,  
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast  
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops  
I'the bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,  
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret  
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en  
The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end?  
Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,  
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late  
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,  
Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:

<sup>d</sup> ——— *press the rushes,*] It was the custom in the time of our author to strew chambers with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets.—JOHNSON.

<sup>e</sup> ——— *these windows;* i. e. *Her eyelids.*

To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.  
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night !<sup>1</sup>—that dawning  
May bare the raven's eye :<sup>2</sup> I lodge in fear ;  
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [*Clock strikes.*  
One, two, three,—Time, time !

[*Goes into the Trunk. The scene closes.*

SCENE III.

*An Ante-Chamber adjoining Imogen's Apartment.*

*Enter CLOTEN and Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss,  
the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

*Clo.* It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient after the noble temper  
of your lordship ; You are most hot, and furious, when  
you win.

*Clo.* Winning would put any man into courage : If I  
could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold enough :  
It's almost morning, is't not ?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

*Clo.* I would this musick would come : I am advised  
to give her musick o' mornings ; they say, it will penetrate.

*Enter Musicians.*

Come on ; tune : If you can penetrate her with your fin-  
gering, so ; we'll try with tongue too : if none will do,  
let her remain ; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very  
excellent good-conceited thing : after, a wonderful sweet  
air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her  
consider.

<sup>1</sup> — you dragons of the night !] The task of drawing the chariot of night  
was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness. It may  
be remarked that the whole tribe of serpents sleep with their eyes open, and  
therefore appear to exert a constant vigilance.—STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> May bare the raven's eye :] i. e. That the light may wake the raven. It is  
well known that the raven is a very early bird, perhaps earlier than the lark.  
STEEVENS and HEATH.

## SONG.

*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,  
 His steeds to water at those springs  
 On chalic'd flowers that lies;<sup>b</sup>  
 And winking Mary-buds<sup>i</sup> begin  
 To ope their golden eyes;  
 With every thing that pretty bin:  
 My lady sweet, arise;  
 Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider your musick the better:<sup>k</sup> if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians.*]

*Enter CYMBELINE and Queen.*

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

*Clo.* I am glad, I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

*Cym.* Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

*Clo.* I have assailed her with musick, but she vouchsafes no notice.

*Cym.* The exile of her minion is too new;  
 She hath not yet forgot him: some more time  
 Must wear the print of his remembrance out,  
 And then she's yours.

<sup>b</sup> *His steeds to water at those springs*

*On chalic'd flowers that lies;]* i. e. The morning sun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers. The cup of a flower is called calix, whence *chalices*: of the apparent false concord in these lines, it may be observed that, in very old English the third person plural of the present tense endeth in *eth* as well as the singular; and often familiarly in *es*, as might be exemplified from Chaucer, &c.—WARBURTON, JOHNSON, and PERCY.

<sup>i</sup> *And winking Mary-buds—]* The *marigold* is supposed to shut itself up at sun-set.—STEEVENS.

<sup>k</sup> — *I will consider your musick the better:]* i. e. I will pay you more amply for it.—STEEVENS.

*Queen.* You are most bound to the king ;  
Who lets go by no vantages, that may  
Prefer you to his daughter ; Frame yourself  
To orderly solicits ;<sup>1</sup> and be friended  
With aptness of the season ; make denials  
Increase your services ; so seem, as if  
You were inspir'd to do those duties which  
You tender to her ; that you in all obey her,  
Save when command to your dismission tends,  
And therein you are senseless.

*Clo.* Senseless? not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome ;  
The one is Caius Lucius.

*Cym.* A worthy fellow,  
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ;  
But that's no fault of his : We must receive him  
According to the honour of his sender ;  
And towards himself his goodness forespent on us  
We must extend our notice.<sup>m</sup>—Our dear son,  
When you have given good morning to your mistress,  
Attend the queen, and us ; we shall have need  
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt Cym. Queen, Lords, and Mess.*

*Clo.* If she be up, I'll speak with her ; if not,  
Let her lie still and dream.—By your leave, ho !—

[*Knocks.*

I know her women are about her ; What  
If I do line one of their hands ? 'Tis gold  
Which buys admittance ; oft it doth ; yea, and makes  
Diana's rangers false<sup>n</sup> themselves, yield up  
Their deer to the stand of the stealer ; and 'tis gold  
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief ;  
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man : What

<sup>1</sup> *To orderly solicits ;*] i. e. *Regular courtship ;* courtship after the established fashion.—STEEVENS.

<sup>m</sup> *And towards himself his goodness forespent on us*  
*We must extend our notice.*] That is, we must extend towards himself our notice of his goodness heretofore shown to us.—MALONE.

<sup>n</sup> *— false—*] Perhaps, in this instance, *false* is not an adjective, but a verb.—STEEVENS.



Can it not do, and undo ? I will make  
 One of her women lawyer to me ; for  
 I yet not understand the case myself.  
 By your leave.

[ *Knocks.*

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lady.* Who's there, that knocks ?

*Clo.*

A gentleman.

*Lady.*

No more ?

*Clo.* Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

*Lady.*

That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,  
 Can justly boast of : What's your lordship's pleasure ?

*Clo.* Your lady's person : Is she ready ?

*Lady.*

Ay,

To keep her chamber.

*Clo.* There's gold for you ; sell me your good report.

*Lady.* How ! my good name ? or to report of you  
 What I shall think is good ?—The princess——

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Clo.* Good-morrow, fairest sister : Your sweet hand.

*Imo.* Good-morrow, sir : You lay out too much pains  
 For purchasing but trouble : the thanks I give,  
 Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,  
 And scarce can spare them.

*Clo.*

Still, I swear, I love you.

*Imo.* If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me :  
 If you swear still, your recompense is still  
 That I regard it not.

*Clo.*

This is no answer.

*Imo.* But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,  
 I would not speak. I pray you, spare me : i'faith,  
 I shall unfold equal discourtesy  
 To your best kindness ; one of your great knowing  
 Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

*Clo.* To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin :  
 I will not.

*Imo.* Fools are not mad folks.\*

\* *Fools are not mad folks.] i. e. If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you  
 can never be, fools are not mad folks.—STEVENS.*

*Clo.*

Do you call me fool?

*Imo.* As I am mad, I do :

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;  
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,  
You put me to forget a lady's manners,  
By being so verbal :<sup>p</sup> and learn now, for all,  
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,  
By the very truth of it, I care not for you ;  
And am so near the lack of charity,  
(To accuse myself) I hate you ; which I had rather  
You felt, than make't my boast.

*Clo.*

You sin against

Obedience, which you owe your father. For  
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,  
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,  
With scraps o'the court,) it is no contract, none :  
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,  
(Yet who, than he, more mean ?) to knit their souls  
(On whom there is no more dependency  
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot ;<sup>q</sup>  
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by  
The consequence o'the crown ; and must not soil  
The precious note of it with a base slave,  
A hilding for a livery,<sup>r</sup> a squire's cloth,  
A pantler, not so eminent.

*Imo.*

Profane fellow !

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,  
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base  
To be his groom : thou wert dignified enough,  
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made  
Comparative for your virtues,<sup>s</sup> to be styl'd  
The under-hangman of his kingdom ; and hated  
For being preferr'd so well.

*Clo.*

The south-fog rot him !

<sup>p</sup> — so verbal : ] i. e. So verbose, so full of talk.—JOHNSON.

<sup>q</sup> — in self-figur'd knot ; ] i. e. A knot formed by yourself.—JOHNSON.

<sup>r</sup> A hilding for a livery, ] i. e. A low fellow, only-fit to wear a livery, and serve as a lacquey.—MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> — if 'twere made

Comparative for your virtues, ] If it were considered as a compensation adequate to your virtues, to be styled, &c.—MALONE.

*Imo.* He never can meet more mischance, than come  
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,  
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,  
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,  
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?

*Enter PISANIO.*

*Clo.* His garment? Now, the devil—

*Imo.* To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently:—

*Clo.* His garment?

*Imo.* I am sprighted<sup>1</sup> with a fool;  
Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman  
Search for a jewel, that too casually  
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: 'shrew me,  
If I would lose it for a revenue  
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,  
I saw't this morning: confident I am,  
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:  
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord  
That I kiss aught but he.

*Pis.* 'Twill not be lost.

*Imo.* I hope so: go, and search. [*Exit Pis.*]

*Clo.* You have abus'd me:—

His meanest garment?

*Imo.* Ay; I said so, sir.

If you will mak't an action, call witness to't.

*Clo.* I will inform your father.

*Imo.* Your mother too:  
She's my good lady;<sup>2</sup> and will conceive, I hope,  
But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,  
To the worst of discontent. [*Exit.*]

*Clo.* I'll be reveng'd:—

His meanest garment?—Well. [*Exit.*]

<sup>1</sup>—*sprighted*—] i. e. Haunted as by a *spright*.

<sup>2</sup> *She's my good lady*;] This is said ironically. *My good lady* is equivalent to *my good friend*.—MALONE.

SCENE IV.

Rome. *An Apartment in Philario's House.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.*

*Post.* Fear it not, sir ; I would, I were so sure  
To win the king, as I am bold her honour  
Will remain hers.

*Phi.* What means do you make to him?

*Post.* Not any ; but abide the change of time ;  
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish  
That warmer days would come : In these fear'd hopes,  
I barely gratify your love ; they failing,  
I must die much your debtor.

*Phi.* Your very goodness, and your company,  
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king  
Hath heard of great Augustus : Caius Lucius  
Will do his commission throughly : And, I think,  
He'll grant the tribute, send the arrearages,  
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance  
Is yet fresh in their grief.

*Post.* I do believe,  
(Statist\* though I am none, nor like to be,)   
That this will prove a war ; and you shall hear  
The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed  
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings  
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen  
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar  
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage  
Worthy his frowning at : Their discipline  
(Now mingled with their courages) will make known  
To their approvers,† they are people, such  
That mend upon the world.

*Enter IACHIMO.*

*Phi.* See ! Iachimo ?

*Post.* The swiftest harts have posted you by land :

\* Or]—is here used for *et c.*—STEEVENS.

† Statist—] i. e. Statesman.

† To their approvers,] i. e. To those who try them.

And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,  
To make your vessel nimble.

*Phi.* Welcome, sir.

*Post.* I hope, the briefness of your answer made  
The speediness of your return.

*Iach.* Your lady  
Is one the fairest that I have look'd upon.

*Post.* And therewithal, the best; or let her beauty  
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,  
And be false with them.

*Iach.* Here are letters for you.

*Post.* Their tenour good, I trust.

*Iach.* 'Tis very like.

*Phi.* Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,  
When you were there?

*Iach.* He was expected then,  
But not approach'd.

*Post.* All is well yet.—  
Sparkles this stone as it was wont? or is't not  
Too dull for your good wearing?

*Iach.* If I have lost it,  
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.  
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy  
A second night of such sweet shortness, which  
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

*Post.* The stone's too hard to come by.

*Iach.* Not a whit,  
Your lady being so easy.

*Post.* Make not, sir,  
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we  
Must not continue friends.

*Iach.* Good sir, we must,  
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought  
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant  
We were to question further: but I now  
Profess myself the winner of her honour,  
Together with your ring; and not the wronger  
Of her, or you, having proceeded but  
By both your wills.

*Post.* If you can make't apparent

That you have tasted *her* in bed, my *hand*,  
And ring, is yours: If not, the foul opinion  
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,  
Your sword or mine; or masterless leaves both  
To who shall find them.

*Iach.* Sir, my circumstances,  
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,  
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength  
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,  
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find  
You need it not.

*Post.* Proceed.

*Iach.* First, *her* bed-chamber,  
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,  
Had that was well worth watching,<sup>a</sup>) *It was* hang'd  
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story  
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,  
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for  
The press of boats, or pride:<sup>a</sup> A piece of work  
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive  
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,  
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,  
Since the true life on't was——

*Post.* This is true;  
And this you might have heard of here, by me,  
Or by some other.

*Iach.* More particulars  
Must justify my knowledge.

*Post.* So they must  
Or do your honour injury.

*Iach.* The chimney  
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,  
Chaste Dian, bathing; never saw I figures  
So likely to report themselves:<sup>b</sup> the cutter

<sup>a</sup> ——— worth watching.] i. e. *Worth lying awake for.*—MALONE.

<sup>b</sup> And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for

*The press of boats, or pride:]* Iachimo's language is such as a skilful villain would naturally use, a mixture of airy triumph and serious deposition. His gaiety shows his seriousness to be without anxiety, and his seriousness proves his gaiety to be without art.—JOHNSON.

<sup>b</sup> So likely to report themselves:] So near to speech. The Italians call a portrait, when the likeness is remarkable, a *speaking picture.*—JOHNSON.

Was as another nature, dumb ;<sup>c</sup> outwent her,  
Motion and breath left out.

*Post.* This is a thing,  
Which you might from relation likewise reap ;  
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

*Iach.* The roof o'the chamber  
With golden cherubins is fretted : Her andirons  
(I had forgot them,) were two winking Cupids  
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely  
Depending on their brands.<sup>d</sup>

*Post.* This is her honour !—  
Let it be granted, you have seen all this,<sup>e</sup> (and praise  
Be given to your remembrance,) the description  
Of what is in her chamber nothing saves  
The wager you have laid.

*Iach.* Then, if you can,  
[*Pulling out the Bracelet.*

Be pale ; I beg but leave to air this jewel : See !—  
And now 'tis up again : It must be married  
To that your diamond ; I'll keep them.

*Post.* Jove !—

Once more let me behold it : Is it that  
Which I left with her ?

*Iach.* Sir, (I thank her,) that :  
She stripp'd it from her arm ; I see her yet ;  
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,  
And yet enrich'd it too : She gave it me, and said,  
She priz'd it once.

*Post.* May be, she pluck'd it off  
To send it me.

<sup>c</sup> Was as another nature, dumb ;] The meaning is this : The sculptor was as nature, but as nature dumb ; he gave every thing that nature gives, but breath and motion. In breath is included speech.—JOHNSON.

<sup>d</sup> ——— nicely

Depending on their brands.] i. e. The figures of the Cupids were nicely poised on their inverted torches, one of the legs of each being taken off the ground, which rendered such a support necessary.—STEEVENS.

<sup>e</sup> ——— This is her honour !—

Let it be granted, you have seen all this, &c.] The expression is ironical. Iachimo relates many particulars, to which Posthumus answers with impatience :

“ This is her honour ! ”——

That is, And the attainment of this knowledge is to pass for the corruption of her honour.—JOHNSON.

*Iach.* She writes so to you? doth she?

*Post.* O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;  
[*Gives the Ring.*]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,  
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be honour,  
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,  
Where there's another man: The vows of women<sup>f</sup>  
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,  
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—  
O, above measure false!

*Phi.* Have patience, sir,  
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:  
It may be probable, she lost it; or,  
Who knows if one of her women, being corrupted,  
Hath stolen it from her.

*Post.* Very true;  
And so, I hope, he came by't:—Back my ring;—  
Render to me some corporal sign about her,  
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

*Iach.* By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

*Post.* Hark you, he swears; 'by Jupiter he swears.  
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure,  
She would not lose it: her attendants are  
All sworn,<sup>g</sup> and honourable:—They induc'd to steal it!  
And by a stranger!—No, he hath enjoy'd her:  
The cognizance<sup>h</sup> of her incontinency  
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.—  
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell  
Divide themselves between you!

*Phi.* Sir, be patient:  
This is not strong enough to be believ'd  
Of one persuaded well of——

*Post.* Never talk on't;  
She hath been colted by him.

<sup>f</sup> —The vows of women—] The love vowed by women no more abides with him to whom it is vowed, than women adhere to their virtue.—JOHNSON.

<sup>g</sup> —sworn,] It was anciently the custom for the attendants on our nobility and other great personages (as it is now for the servants of the king), to take an oath of fidelity, on their entrance into office. Even now, every servant of the king's is sworn in at his first appointment, before a gentleman usher, at the lord chamberlain's office.—PERCY.

<sup>h</sup> The cognizance—] i. e. The badge; the token; the visible proof.—JOHNSON.



*Iach.* If you seek  
For further satisfying, under her breast  
(Worthy the pressing,) lies a mole, right proud  
Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,  
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger  
To feed again, though full. You do remember  
This stain upon her?

*Post.* Ay, and it doth confirm  
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,  
Were there no more but it.

*Iach.* Will you hear more?

*Post.* Spare your arithmetick: never count the turns;  
Once, and a million!

*Iach.* I'll be sworn,—

*Post.* No swearing.  
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;  
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny  
Thou hast made me cuckold.

*Iach.* I will deny nothing.

*Post.* O, that I had her here, to tear her limbmeal!  
I will go there, and do't: i'the court; before  
Her father:—I'll do something—— [Exit.

*Phi.* Quite besides  
The government of patience!—You have won:  
Let's follow him, and pervert<sup>1</sup> the present wrath  
He hath against himself.

*Iach.* With all my heart. [Exeunt.

## SCENE V.

*The same. Another Room in the same.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS.*

*Post.* Is there no way for men to be, but women  
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all;  
And that most venerable man, which I  
Did call my father, was I know not where  
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools  
Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother seem'd

<sup>1</sup> ——— pervert——] For avert.

dian of that time: so doth my wife  
 onpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!  
 my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,  
 pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with  
 lency so rosy, the sweet view on't  
 t well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her  
 aste as unsunn'd snow:—O, all the devils!—  
 yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—  
 is,—at first: Perchance he spoke not; but,  
 a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,  
 , oh! and mounted: found no opposition  
 what he look'd for should oppose, and she  
 ld from encounter guard. Could I find out  
 woman's part in me! For there's no motion  
 tends to vice in man, but I affirm  
 the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,  
 woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;  
 and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;  
 itions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,  
 longings, slanders, mutability,  
 ults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,  
 , hers, in part, or all; but rather, all:  
 ven to vice  
 are not constant, but are changing still  
 vice, but of a minute old, for one  
 half so old as that. I'll write against them,  
 at them, curse them:—Yet 'tis greater skill  
 true hate, to pray they have their will:  
 very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Britain. *A Room of State in  
 Cymbeline's Palace.*

*r* CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one  
*or; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS, and Attendants.*

*ym.* Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?  
*uc.* When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet

Lives in men's eyes ; and will to ears and tongues,  
 Be theme, and hearing ever,) was in this Britain,  
 And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,<sup>k</sup>  
 (Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less  
 Than in his feats, deserving it,) for him,  
 And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,  
 Yearly three thousand pounds ; which by thee lately  
 Is left untender'd.

*Queen.* And, to kill the marvel,  
 Shall be so ever.

*Clo.* There be many Cæsars,  
 Ere such another Julius. Britain is  
 A world by itself ; and will nothing pay,  
 For wearing our own noses.

*Queen.* That opportunity,  
 Which then they had to take from us, to resume  
 We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,  
 The kings your ancestors ; together with  
 The natural bravery of your isle : which stands  
 As Neptune's park, ribbed and pailed in  
 With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters ;  
 With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,  
 But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest  
 Cæsar made here ; but made not here his brag  
 Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame* : with shame  
 (The first that ever touch'd him,) he was carried  
 From off our coast, twice beaten ; and his shipping,  
 (Poor ignorant baubles !) on our terrible seas,  
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd  
 As easily 'gainst our rocks : For joy whereof,  
 The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point  
 (O, giglot fortune !<sup>l</sup>) to master Cæsar's sword,<sup>m</sup>  
 Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,  
 And Britons strut with courage.

*Clo.* Come, there's no more tribute to be paid : Our

<sup>k</sup> — *thine uncle*,] Cassibelan was great uncle to Cymbeline, who was son to Tenantius, the nephew of Cassibelan.—MALONE.

<sup>l</sup> *O, giglot fortune !*] O false and inconstant fortune ! A *giglot* was a strumpet.—MALONE.

<sup>m</sup> — *to master Cæsar's sword*,] Shakspeare has transferred to Cassibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius.—MALONE.

kingdom is stronger than it was at that time ; and, as I said, there is no more such Cæsars : other of them may have crooked noses ; but, to owe such straight arms, none.

*Cym.* Son, let your mother end.

*Clo.* We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Cassibelan : I do not say, I am one ; but I have a hand. —Why tribute ? why should we pay tribute ? If Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light ; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

*Cym.* You must know,  
Till the injurious Romans did extort  
This tribute from us, we were free : Cæsar's ambition,  
(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch  
The sides o'the world,) against all colour,<sup>a</sup> here  
Did put the yoke upon us ; which to shake off,  
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon  
Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,  
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which  
Ordain'd our laws ; (whose use the sword of Cæsar  
Hath too much mangled : whose repair, and franchise,  
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,  
Though Rome be therefore angry ;) Mulmutius,  
Who was the first of Britain, which did put  
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd  
Himself a king.

*Luc.* I am sorry, Cymbeline,  
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar  
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than  
Thyself domestick officers,) thine enemy :  
Receive it from me, then :—War, and confusion,  
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee : look  
For fury not to be resisted :—Thus defied,  
I thank thee for myself.

*Cym.* Thou art welcome, Caius.  
Thy Cæsar knighted me ; my youth I spent  
Much under him ; of him I gather'd honour ;  
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,

<sup>a</sup> — against all colour,] Without any pretence of right.—JOHNSON.

Behoves me to keep at utterance ;<sup>o</sup> I am perfect,<sup>p</sup>  
 That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for  
 Their liberties, are now in arms :<sup>q</sup> a precedent  
 Which, not to read, would show the Britons cold :  
 So Cæsar shall not find them.

*Luc.*

Let proof speak.

*Clo.* His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime  
 with us a day, or two, longer : If you seek us afterwards  
 in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle :  
 if you beat us out of it, it is yours ; if you fall in the ad-  
 venture, our crows shall fare the better for you ; and  
 there's an end.

*Luc.* So, sir.

*Cym.* I know your master's pleasure, and he mine :  
 All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Another Room in the same.*

*Enter PISANIO.*

*Pis.* How ! of adultery ? Wherefore write you not  
 What monster's her accuser ?—Leonatus !  
 O, master ! what a strange infection  
 Is fallen into thy ear ? What false Italian  
 (As poisonous tongue'd, as handed,<sup>r</sup>) hath prevail'd  
 On thy too ready hearing ?—Disloyal ? No :  
 She's punish'd for her truth ; and undergoes,  
 More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults  
 As would take in some virtue.<sup>s</sup>—O, my master !  
 Thy mind to her is now as low, as were

<sup>o</sup> — keep at utterance ;] i. e. Keep at the extremity of defiance. *Combat à outrance* is a desperate fight, that must conclude with the life of one of the combatants.—STEVENS.

<sup>p</sup> — I am perfect,] i. e. I am well informed.—JOHNSON.

<sup>q</sup> That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for

*Their liberties, are now in arms:]* This insurrection happened not in the reign of Cymbeline, but in that of his father Tenantius.—MALONE.

<sup>r</sup> — What false Italian

(As poisonous-tongue'd, as handed,)] About Shakspeare's time the practice of poisoning was very common in Italy, and the suspicion of Italian poisons yet more common.—JOHNSON.

<sup>s</sup> — take in some virtue.] To take in a town, is to conquer it.—JOHNSON.

Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?  
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I  
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?  
If it be so to do good service, never  
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,  
That I should seem to lack humanity,  
So much as this fact comes too? *Do't: The letter*

[Reading.]

*That I have sent her, by her own command  
Shall give thee opportunity:—O damn'd paper!  
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,  
Art thou a foedary<sup>1</sup> for this act, and look'st  
So virgin-like without? Lo here she comes.*

*Enter IMOGEN.*

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.<sup>2</sup>

*Imo.* How now, Pisanio?

*Pis.* Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

*Imo.* Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?

O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,  
That knew the stars, as I his characters;  
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,  
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,  
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,  
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,—  
(Some griefs are med'cinable;) that is one of them,  
For it doth physick love;<sup>3</sup>—of his content,  
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Bless'd be,  
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,  
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;  
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet  
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!

[Reads.]

*Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his  
dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of  
creatures, would not even renew me with your eyes. Take*

<sup>1</sup> — a foedary—] i. e. A confederate, or accomplice.

<sup>2</sup> I am ignorant in what I am commanded.] i. e. I am unpractised in the arts of murder.—STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> For it doth physick love;] That is, grief for absence keeps love in health and vigour.—JOHNSON.

*notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your increasing in love,*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, Pisanio? He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs May plod it in a week, why may not I Glide thither in a day?—Then, true, Pisanio, (Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,— O, let me 'bate,—but not like me:—yet long'st,— But in a fainter kind—O, not like me; For mine's beyond beyond,) say, and speak thick, (Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing, To the smothering of the sense,) how far it is To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way, Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as To inherit such a haven: But, first of all, How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap That we shall make in time, from our hence-going, And our return, to excuse:—but first, how get hence: Why should excuse be born or e'er begot? We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak, How many score of miles may we well ride 'Twixt hour and hour?

*Pis.*

One score, 'twixt sun and sun,

Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

*Imo.* Why, one that rode to his execution, man, Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers, Where horses have been nimbler than the sands That run i'the clock's behalf:—But this is foolery: Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently, A riding suit; no costlier than would fit A franklin's<sup>a</sup> housewife.

*Pis.*

Madam, you're best consider.

<sup>1</sup> *Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?*] Why should I contrive an excuse, before the act is done, for which excuse will be necessary?—MALONE.

<sup>a</sup> — *franklin*—] i. e. A freeholder or yeoman, one above a vassal or villain, but not a gentleman.—Nares.

*Imo.* I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,  
Nor what ensues ;<sup>a</sup> but have a fog in them,  
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee ;  
Do as I bid thee : There's no more to say ;  
Accessible is none but Milford way.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Wales. *A mountainous Country, with a Cave.*

*Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

*Bel.* A goodly day not to keep house, with such  
Whose roof's at low as ours ! Stoop, boys : This gate  
Instructs you how to adore the heavens ; and bows you  
To morning's holy office : The gates of monarchs  
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet<sup>b</sup> through  
And keep their impious turbands on,<sup>b</sup> without  
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven !  
We house i'the rock, yet use thee not so hardly  
As prouder livers do.

*Gui.* Hail, heaven !

*Arv.* Hail, heaven !

*Bel.* Now for our mountain sport : Up to yon hill,  
Your legs are young ; I'll tread these flats. Consider,  
When you above perceive me like a crow,  
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.  
And you may then revolve, what tales I have told you,  
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war :  
This service is not service, so being done,  
But being so allow'd : To apprehend thus,  
Draws us a profit from all things we see :  
And often, to our comfort, shall we find

<sup>a</sup> *I see before me, man, nor here, nor here, nor what ensues ;*] i. e. The way to Milford before me is alone clear and open. and I see neither here, nor here. i. e. either to the right, or to the left, nor what ensues, i. e. nor behind me.—M. MASON and MALONE.

<sup>b</sup> *—jet—*] i. e. Strut, walk proudly.

<sup>c</sup> *—their impious turbands on,*] The idea of a giant was, among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a Saracen.—JOHNSON.

<sup>d</sup> *This service is not service, &c.*] It is not sufficient to do duty well ; the advantage rises not from the act, but the acceptance of the act. *This service* means any particular service. The observation relates to the court as well as to war.—JOHNSON and MALONE.



The sharded beetle<sup>d</sup> in a safer hold  
 Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life  
 Is nobler, than attending for a check ;<sup>e</sup>  
 Richer, than doing nothing for a babe ;<sup>f</sup>  
 Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk :  
 Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,  
 Yet keeps his book uncross'd : no life to ours.<sup>g</sup>

*Gui.* Out of your proof you speak : we, poor unfledg'd,  
 Have never wing'd from view o'the nest ; nor know not  
 What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,  
 If quiet life be best ; sweeter to you,  
 That have a sharper known ; will corresponding  
 With your stiff age : but, unto us, it is  
 A cell of ignorance ; travelling abed ;  
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares  
 To stride a limit.<sup>h</sup>

*Arv.* What should we speak of,<sup>i</sup>  
 When we are old as you ? when we shall hear  
 The rain and wind beat dark December, how,  
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse  
 The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing :  
 We are beastly ; subtle as the fox, for prey  
 Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat :  
 Our valæ is, to chase what flies ; our cage  
 We make a quire, as doth the prison'd bird,  
 And sing our bondage freely.

*Bel.* How you speak !  
 Did you but know the city's usuries,

<sup>d</sup> *The sharded beetle—*] i. e. The beetle whose wings are enclosed within two dry husks or shards.—STEVENS.

<sup>e</sup> *— a check ;*] i. e. *A reproof.*—TODD.

<sup>f</sup> *— Then doing nothing for a babe ;*] As it was once the custom in England for favourites at court to beg the wardship of infants who were born to great riches, our author may allude to it on this occasion. Frequent complaints were made that *nothing was done* towards the education of those neglected orphans.—STEVENS. This note is retained because, according to the present reading, it affords the only intelligible meaning : but Dr. Johnson has proposed to read *brave*, i. e. a badge of honour. Of which emendation Archdeacon Nares says, " I know no instance of the use of the word, otherwise the conjecture is striking ; and the affectation of that time was like enough to present Shakspeare, in some place or another, with the Greek word *βραβειον* anglicised."

<sup>g</sup> *— no life to ours :*] i. e. Compared with ours.—STEVENS.

<sup>h</sup> *To stride a limit.*] To overpass his bound.—JOHNSON.

<sup>i</sup> *What should we speak of.*] This dread of an old age, unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation, is a sentiment natural and noble. No state can be more destitute than that of him, who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind.—JOHNSON.

And felt them knowingly: the art o'the court,  
 As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb  
 Is certain falling, or so slippery, that  
 The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,  
 A pain that only seems to seek out danger  
 I'the name of fame, and honour; which dies i'the search  
 And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,  
 As record of fair act; nay, many times,  
 Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,  
 Must court'sey at the censure:—O, boys, this story  
 The world may read in me: My body's mark'd  
 With Roman swords; and my report was once  
 First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;  
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name  
 Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,  
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night,  
 A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,  
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,  
 And left me bare to weather.

*Gui.* Uncertain favour!

*Bel.* My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft,) .  
 But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd  
 Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,  
 I was confederate with the Romans: so,  
 Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years,  
 This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world:  
 Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid  
 More pious debts to heaven, than all  
 The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains;  
 This is not hunters' language:—He, that strikes  
 The venison first, shall be the lord o'the feast;  
 To him the other two shall minister;  
 And we will fear no poison, which attends  
 In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt GUI. and ARV.*]

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature!  
 These boys know little, they are sons to the king;  
 Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.  
 They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up thus  
 meanly

I'the cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit  
 The roofs of palaces ; and nature prompts them,  
 In simple and low things, to prince it, much  
 Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,—  
 The heir of Cymbeline and britain, whom  
 The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove !  
 When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell  
 The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out  
 Into my story : say,—*Thus mine enemy fell :*  
*And thus I set my foot on his neck ;* even then  
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,  
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture  
 That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,  
 (Once Arvirágus,) in as like a figure,  
 Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more  
 His own conceiving. Hark ! the game is rous'd !—  
 O Cymbeline ! heaven, and my conscience, knows,  
 Thou didst unjustly banish me : whereon,  
 At three, and two years old, I stole these babes ;<sup>k</sup>  
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as  
 Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,  
 Thou wast their nurse ; they took thee for their mother,  
 And every day do honour to her grave :  
 Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,  
 They take for natural father. The game is up. [Exit.

## SCENE IV.

Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when, we came from horse, the  
 place  
 Was near at hand :—Ne'er long'd my mother so  
 To see me first, as I have now :—Pisanio ! Man !  
 Where is Posthúmus ? What is in thy mind,

<sup>k</sup> — *I stole these babes ;*] Shakspeare seems to intend Belarius for a good character, yet he makes him forget the injury which he has done to the young princes, whom he has robbed of a kingdom, only to rob their father of heirs. — The latter part of this soliloquy is very inartificial, there being no particular reason why Belarius should now tell to himself what he could not know better by telling it.—JOHNSON.

That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that  
sigh

From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,  
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd  
Beyond self-explication: Put thyself  
Into a haviour<sup>1</sup> of less fear, ere wildness  
Vanquish'd my staid senses. What's the matter?  
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with  
A look untender? If it be summer news,  
Smile to't before: If winterly, thou need'st  
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!  
That drug-damn'd<sup>2</sup> Italy hath out-craftied him,  
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy tongue  
May take off some extremity, which to read  
Would be even mortal to me.

*Pis.* Please you, read;  
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing  
The most disdain'd of fortune.

*Imo.* [reads.] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunities at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

*Pis.* What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper  
Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander;  
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue  
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile;<sup>3</sup> whose breath  
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie  
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> — haviour—] This word, as often as it occurs in Shakspeare, should not be printed as an abbreviation of *behaviour*. *Haviour* was a word commonly used in his time.—STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — drug-damn'd—] This is another allusion to Italian poisons.—JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> — worms of Nile;] i. e. *Serpents of Nile*. Serpents and dragons by the old writers were called worms.—STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — states,] Persons of highest rank.

Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave  
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

*Imo.* False to his bed! What is it, to be false?  
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?  
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,  
To break it with a fearful dream of him,  
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?  
Is it?

*Pis.* Alas, good lady!

*Imo.* I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,  
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;  
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,  
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,  
Whose mother was her painting,<sup>p</sup> hath betray'd him:  
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;  
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,<sup>q</sup>  
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,  
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,  
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought  
Put on for villainy; not born, where't grows;  
But worn, a bait for ladies.

*Pis.*

Good madam, hear me.

*Imo.* True honest men, being heard, like false *Æneas*,  
Were, in his time, thought false: and *Sinon's* weeping  
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity  
From most true wretchedness: So, thou, *Posthumus*,  
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;<sup>r</sup>  
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjurd  
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:  
Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st him,  
A little witness my obedience: Look!  
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit  
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:  
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:

<sup>p</sup> *Whose mother was her painting.*] *Some jay of Italy*, made by art; the creature not of nature, but of painting. In this sense *painting* may not be improperly termed her mother.—JOHNSON.

<sup>q</sup> *— to hang by the walls,*] i. e. To be hung up as useless among the neglected contents of a wardrobe.—STEVENS.

<sup>r</sup> *Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men; &c.*] i. e. Wilt infect and corrupt their good name, (like sour dough that leaveneth the whole mass,) and wilt render them suspected.—UPTON.

Thy master is not there ; who was, indeed,  
The riches of it : Do his bidding ; strike.  
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause ;  
But now thou seem'st a coward.

*Pis.* Hence, vile instrument!  
Thou shalt not damn my hand.

*Imo.* Why, I must die ;  
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
No servant of thy master's : Against self-slaughter  
There is a prohibition so divine,  
That cravens my weak hand.\* Come, here's my heart ;  
Something's afore't :—Soft, soft ; we'll no defence ;  
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here ?  
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,  
All turn'd to heresy ? Away, away,  
Corrupters of my faith ! you shall no more  
Be stomachers to my heart ! Thus may poor fools  
Believe false teachers : Though those that are betray'd  
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor  
Stands in worse case of woe.  
And thou, Posthúmus, thou that didst set up  
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,  
And make me put into contempt the suits  
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find  
It is no act of common passage, but  
A strain of rareness : and I grieve myself,  
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her  
That now thou tir'st on,<sup>†</sup> how thy memory  
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch :  
The lamb entreats the butcher : Where's thy knife ?  
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,  
When I desire it too.

*Pis.* O gracious lady,  
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,  
I have not slept one wink.

*Imo.* Do't, and to bed then.

*Pis.* I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

\* *That cravens my weak hand.*] i. e. Makes me a coward.—*POPE.*

† *That now thou tir'st on,*] A hawk is said to tire upon that which she pecks ;  
from *tirer*, French.—*JOHNSON.*

*Imo.*

Wherefore then

Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd  
 So many miles with a pretence? this place?  
 Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?  
 The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,  
 For my being absent? whereunto I never  
 Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,  
 To be unbent,<sup>a</sup> when thou hast ta'en thy stand,  
 The elected deer before thee?

*Pis.*

But to win time;

To lose so bad employment: in the which  
 I have considered of a course; Good lady,  
 Hear me with patience.

*Imo.*

Talk thy tongue weary; speak:

I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,  
 Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,  
 Nor tent, to bottom that. But speak.

*Pis.*

Then, madam,

I thought you would not back again.

*Imo.*

Most like;

Bringing me here to kill me.

*Pis.*

Not so, neither:

But if I were as wise as honest, then  
 My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,  
 But that my master is abus'd:  
 Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,  
 Hath done you both this cursed injury.

*Imo.* Some Roman courtezan.*Pis.*

No, on my life.

I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him  
 Some bloody sign of it: for 'tis commanded  
 I should do so: You shall be missed at court,  
 And that will well confirm it.

*Imo.*

Why, good fellow,

What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?  
 Or in my life what comfort when I am  
 Dead to my husband?

*Pis.*

If you'll back to the court,—

*Imo.* No court, no father; nor no more ado

<sup>a</sup> To be unbent,] To have thy bow unbent; alluding to a hunter.—JENNINGS.

With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing :  
That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me  
As fearful as a siege.

*Pis.* If not at court,  
Then not in Britain must you bide.

*Imo.* Where then ?  
Hath Britain all the sun that shines ? Day, night,  
Are they not but in Britain ? I'the world's volume  
Our Britain seems as of it, but not in it ;  
In a great pool, a swan's nest ; Pr'ythee, think  
There's livers out of Britain.

*Pis.* I am most glad  
You think of other place. The ambassador,  
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven  
To-morrow ; Now, if you could wear a mind  
Dark as your fortune is ;<sup>v</sup> and but disguise  
That, which, to appear it self, must not yet be,  
But by self-danger ; you should tread a course  
Pretty, and full of view :<sup>w</sup> yea, haply, near  
The residence of Posthumus : so nigh, at least,  
That though his actions were not visible, yet  
Report should render him hourly to your ear,  
As truly as he moves.

*Imo.* O, for such means !  
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,  
I would adventure.

*Pis.* Well then, here's the point :  
You must forget to be a woman ; change  
Command into obedience ; fear, and niceness,  
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,  
Woman its pretty self,) into a waggish courage ;  
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and  
As quarrellous as the weasel :<sup>x</sup> nay, you must

<sup>v</sup> ——— a mind

*Dark as your fortune is ;*] To wear a dark mind, is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. Darkness applied to the mind is secrecy ; applied to the future is obscurity : the next lines are obscure. You must, says Pisanie, disguise that greatness, which to appear hereafter in its proper form, cannot yet appear without great danger to itself.—JOHNSON.

<sup>w</sup> ——— full of view :] i. e. Affording an ample prospect.—STEVENS.

<sup>x</sup> As quarrellous as the weasel :] This character of the weasel is not warranted by naturalists. Weasels, however, were formerly kept in houses instead of cats, for the purpose of killing vermin.—STEVENS.



Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,  
 Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart !  
 Alack no remedy !) to the greedy touch  
 Of common kissing Titan : and forget  
 Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein  
 You made great Juno angry.

*Imo.* Nay, be brief :  
 I see into thy end, and am almost  
 A man already.

*Pis.* First, make yourself but like one.  
 Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,  
 ('Tis in my cloak-bag,) doublet, hat, hose, all  
 That answer to them : Would you, in their serving,  
 And with what imitation you can borrow  
 From youth of such a season, 'fore noble Lucius  
 Present yourself, desire his service, tell him  
 'Wherein you are happy,' (which you'll make him  
 know,

If that his head have ear in musick,) doubtless  
 With joy he will embrace you ; for he's honourable,  
 And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad<sup>a</sup>  
 You have me, rich ; and I will never fail  
 Beginning, nor supplyment.

*Imo.* Thou art all the comfort  
 The gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee, away :  
 There's more to be consider'd but we'll even  
 All that good time will give us : This attempt  
 I'm soldier to,<sup>a</sup> and will abide it with  
 A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

*Pis.* Well, madam, we must take a short farewell ;  
 Lest, being miss'd, I be suspected of  
 Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,  
 Here is a box : I had it from the queen ;  
 What's in't is precious ; if you are sick at sea,  
 Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this  
 Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,

<sup>1</sup> *Wherein you are happy,*] i. e. *Wherein you are accomplished.*—STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Your means abroad, &c.*] As for your subsistence abroad, you may rely on me.—MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> *I'm soldier to,*] Equivalent to the modern cant phrase—I am up to it ; i. e. I have ability for it.—STEEVENS.

And fit you to your manhood :—May the gods  
Direct you to the best !

*Imo.*

Amen : I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

*A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, QUEEN, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and Lords.*

*Cym.* Thus far ; and so farewell.

*Luc.*

Thanks, royal sir.

My emperor hath wrote ; I must from hence ;  
And am right sorry, that I must report ye  
My master's enemy.

*Cym.*

Our subjects, sir,

Will not endure his yoke ; and for ourself  
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs  
Appear unkinglike.

*Luc.*

So, sir, I desire of you

A conduct over land to Milford-Haven.—

Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you !<sup>b</sup>—

*Cym.* My lords, you are appointed for that office ;

The due of honour in no point omit :—

So farewell, noble Lucius.

*Luc.*

Your hand, my lord.

*Clo.* Receive it friendly : but from this time forth

I wear it as your enemy.

*Luc.*

Sir, the event

Is yet to name the winner : Fare you well.

*Cym.* Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,

Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness !

[*Exeunt LUCIUS, and Lords.*

*Queen.* He goes hence frowning : but it honours us,

That we have given him cause.

*Clo.*

'Tis all the better ;

Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

*Cym.* Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor

How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,

Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness :

<sup>b</sup> — you !] Perhaps we should read *yours*, i. e. your relations.—STEVENS.

The powers that he already hath in Gallia  
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves  
His war for Britain.

*Queen.* 'Tis not sleepy business;  
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

*Cym.* Our expectation that it would be thus,  
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,  
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd  
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd  
The duty of the day: She looks us like  
A thing more made of malice, than of duty:  
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for  
We have been too slight in sufferance.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

*Queen.* Royal sir,  
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd  
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,  
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,  
Forbear sharp speeches to her: She's a lady  
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,  
And strokes death to her.

*Re-enter an Attendant.*

*Cym.* Where is she, sir? How  
Can her contempt be answer'd?

*Atten.* Please you, sir,  
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer  
That will be given to the loud'st of noise we make.

*Queen.* My lord, when last I went to visit her,  
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;  
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,  
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,  
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this  
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court  
Made me to blame in memory.

*Cym.* Her doors lock'd?  
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,  
Prove false!

[*Exit.*

*Queen.* Son, I say, follow the king.

*Clo.* That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,  
I have not seen these two days.

*Queen.*

Go, look after.—

[*Exit CLOTEN.*]

Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthúmus!—  
He hath a drug of mine; I pray, his absence  
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes  
It is a thing most precious. But for her,  
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;  
Or, wing'd with favour of her love, she's flown  
To her desir'd Posthúmus: Gone she is  
To death, or to dishonour; and my end  
Can make good use of either: She being down,  
I have the placing of the British crown.

*Re-enter CLOTEN.*

How now, my son?

*Clo.*

'Tis certain, she is fled:

Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none  
Dare come about him.

*Queen.*

All the better: May

This night forestall him of the coming day!<sup>c</sup>

[*Exit Queen.*]

*Clo.* I love, and hate her: for she's fair and royal;  
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite  
Than lady, ladies, woman;<sup>d</sup> from every one  
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,  
Outsells them all: I love her therefore; But,  
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on  
The low Posthúmus, slanders so her judgment,  
That what's else rare, is chok'd; and, in that point,  
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,  
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

<sup>c</sup> ————— May

*This night forestall him of the coming day!]* i. e. May his grief this night prevent him from ever seeing another day, by an anticipated and premature destruction!—MALONE.

<sup>d</sup> *And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite Than lady, ladies, woman;]* She has all courtly parts, says he, more exquisite than any lady, than all ladies, than all womankind.—JOHNSON.

*Enter PISANIO.*

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah?  
Come hither: Ah, you precious pander! Villain,  
Where is thy lady? In a word; or else  
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

*Pis.* O, good my lord!

*Clo.* Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter  
I will not ask again. Close villain,  
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip  
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthúmus?  
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot  
A dram of worth be drawn.

*Pis.* Alas, my lord,  
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?  
He is in Rome.

*Clo.* Where is she, sir? Come nearer;  
No further halting: satisfy me home,  
What is become of her?

*Pis.* O, my all-worthy lord!

*Clo.* All-worthy villain!  
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,  
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—  
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is  
Thy condemnation and thy death.

*Pis.* Then, sir,  
This paper is the history of my knowledge  
Touching her flight. [*Presenting a Letter.*]

*Clo.* Let's see't:—I will pursue her  
Even to Augustus' throne.

*Pis.* Or this, or perish.\* } *Aside.*  
She's far enough; and what he learns by this,  
May prove his travel, not her danger.

*Clo.* Humph!

*Pis.* I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,  
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again! [*Aside.*]

*Clo.* Sirrah, is this letter true?

\* — Or this, or perish.] i. e. I must either practise this deceit upon Cloten,  
or perish by his fury.—MALONE.

*Pis.*

So, as I think.

*Clo.* It is Posthúmus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo those employments, wherein I should have cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is, what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly,—I would think thee an honest man; thou shouldest neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

*Pis.* Well, my good lord.

*Clo.* Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

*Pis.* Sir, I will.

*Clo.* Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

*Pis.* I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

*Clo.* The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

*Pis.* I shall, my lord.

[*Exit.*

*Clo.* Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—Even there thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

*Re-enter PISANIO, with the Clothes.*

Be those the garments?

*Pis.* Ay, my noble lord.

*Clo.* How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

*Pis.* She can scarce be there yet.

*Clo.* Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; 'Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [Exit.

*Pis.* Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true.<sup>f</sup> To Milford go, And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow, You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed Be cross'd with slowness: labour be his meed! [Exit.

## SCENE VI.

*Before the Cave of Belarius.*

*Enter IMOGEN, in Boy's Clothes.*

*Imo.* I see, a man's life is a tedious one: I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me.—Milford, When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee, Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think, Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean, Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me, I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie, That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder, When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fulness Is sorer,<sup>g</sup> than to lie for need; and falsehood Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord!

<sup>f</sup> *To him that is most true.*] Pisanio, notwithstanding his master's letter, commanding the murder, of Imogen, considers him as *true*, supposing, as he has already said to her, that Posthumus was abused by some villain, equally an enemy to them both.—MALONE.

<sup>g</sup> *Is sorer.*] i. e. Is a greater or heavier crime.—JOHNSON.







Thou art one o'the false ones : Now I think on thee,  
 My hunger's gone ; but even before, I was  
 At point to sink for food.—But what is this ?  
 Here is a path to it : 'Tis some savage hold :  
 I were best not call ; I dare not call : yet famine,  
 Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.  
 Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards ; hardness ever  
 Of hardness is mother.—Ho ! who's here ?  
 If any thing that's civil, speak ; if savage,  
 Take, or lend.<sup>b</sup>—Ho !—No answer ? then I'll enter.  
 Best draw my sword ; and if mine enemy  
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.  
 Such a foe, good heavens ! [*She goes into the Cave.*]

*Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

*Bel.* You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman,<sup>1</sup> and  
 Are master of the feast : Cadwal, and I,  
 Will play the cook, and servant ; 'tis our match :<sup>2</sup>  
 The sweat of industry would dry, and die,  
 But for the end it works to. Come ; our stomachs  
 Will make what's homely, savoury : Weariness  
 Can snore upon the flint, when resty<sup>3</sup> sloth  
 Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,  
 Poor house, that keep'st thyself !

*Gui.* I am thoroughly weary.

*Arv.* I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

*Gui.* There is cold meat i'the cave ; we'll browse on  
 that

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

*Bel.* Stay ; come not in :  
[*Looking in.*]

But that it eats our victuals, I should think  
 Here were a fairy.

<sup>b</sup> *If any thing that's civil, &c.*] i. e. If any one resides here that is accustomed to the modes of civil life, answer me ; but, if this be the habitation of a wild and uncultivated man, *take or lend* ; i. e. either *take* a price for what I want, or *lend* it for a future recompense.—MALONE and JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> — woodman,] i. e. Hunter.

<sup>2</sup> — our match:] i. e. Our compact.

<sup>3</sup> — resty—] This word here, perhaps, means satiated with rest. This is the old reading. Steevens reads *restive*, i. e. unquiet like a restive horse, which appears a very inappropriate epithet for *sloth*.

*Gui.* What's the matter, sir?

*Bel.* By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,  
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness  
No elder than a boy!

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Imo.* Good, masters, harm me not:  
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought  
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good troth,  
I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found  
Gold strew'd o'the floor. Here's money for my meat:  
I would have left it on the board, so soon  
As I had made my meal; and parted  
With prayers for the provider.

*Gui.* Money, youth?

*Arv.* All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!  
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those  
Who worship dirty gods.

*Imo.* I see, you are angry:  
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should  
Have died, had I not made it.

*Bel.* Whither bound?

*Imo.* To Milford-Haven, sir.

*Bel.* What is your name?

*Imo.* Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who  
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;  
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,  
I am fallen in<sup>1</sup> this offence.

*Bel.* Pr'ythee, fair youth,  
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds  
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!  
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer  
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay and eat it.—  
Boys, bid him welcome.

*Gui.* Were you a woman, youth,  
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,  
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

*Arv.* I'll make't my comfort,

<sup>1</sup> — in—] For into.

He is a man ; I'll love him as my brother :—  
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,  
After long absence, such is yours :—Most welcome !  
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

*Imo.* 'Mongst friends !

If brothers ?—Would it had been so, that they  
Had been my father's sons ! then had my prize  
Been less ; and so more equal ballasting<sup>m</sup>  
To thee, Posthúmus. } *Aside.*

*Bel.* He wrings at some distress.<sup>n</sup>

*Gui.* 'Would I could free't !

*Arv.* Or I : whate'er it be,  
What pain it cost, what danger ! Gods !

*Bel.* Hark, boys.  
[*Whispering.*]

*Imo.* Great men,  
That had a court no bigger than this cave,  
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue  
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by  
That nothing gift of differing multitudes,<sup>o</sup>)  
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods !  
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,  
Since Leonatus false.

*Bel.* It shall be so :  
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in :  
Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we have supp'd,  
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,  
So far as thou wilt speak it.

*Gui.* Pray draw near.

*Arv.* The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, less  
welcome.

*Imo.* Thanks, sir.

*Arv.* I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>m</sup> ————— then had my prize

Been less ; and so more equal ballasting—] i. e. Had I been less a prize, I should not have been too heavy for Posthumus.—JOHNSON.

<sup>n</sup> He wrings at some distress.] i. e. He writhes with anguish.—STEEVENS.

<sup>o</sup> That nothing gift of differing multitudes,] The poet must mean by nothing gift, glory or reputation ; by differing multitudes, unsteady multitudes who are continually changing their opinions, and condemn to-day what they yesterday applauded.—HEATH and M. MASON.

## SCENE VII.

Rome.

*Enter Two Senators and Tribunes.*

1 *Sen.* This is the tenour of the emperor's writ;  
That since the common men are now in action  
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;  
And that the legions now in Gallia are  
Full weak to undertake our wars against  
The fallen-off Britons; that we do incite  
The gentry to this business: He creates  
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,  
For this immediate levy, he commands  
His absolute commission.<sup>P</sup> Long live Cæsar!

*Tri.* Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 *Sen.*

Ay.

*Tri.* Remaining now in Gallia?

1 *Sen.*

With those legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy  
Must be supplyant: The words of your commission  
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time  
Of their despatch.

*Tri.*

We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Forest, near the Cave.*

*Enter CLOTEN.*

*Clo.* I am near to the place where they should meet, if  
Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments  
serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by  
him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving  
reverence of the word) for<sup>a</sup> 'tis said, a woman's fitness

<sup>P</sup> — and to you the tribunes,

For this immediate levy, he commands

His absolute commission.] He commands the commission to be given to you.  
So we say, I ordered the materials to the workmen.—JOHNSON.

<sup>a</sup> — for—] i. e. Because.

comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperseverant<sup>r</sup> thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father: who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.]

SCENE II.

*Before the Cave.*

*Enter from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERUS, ARVIRAGUS, and IMOGEN.*

*Bel.* You are not well: [*to IMOGEN.*] remain here in the cave;

We'll come to you after hunting.

*Arv.*

Brother, stay here:

[*To IMOGEN.*]

Are we not brothers?

*Imo.*

So man and man should be;

But clay and clay differs in dignity,

Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

*Gui.* Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

<sup>r</sup> — in single oppositions:] i. e. In single combat.

<sup>s</sup> — imperseverant—] i. e. Strongly persevering; the *im* being augmentative.

—NARES.

*Imo.* So sick I am not;—yet I am not well :  
 But not so citizen a wanton, as  
 To seem to die, ere sick : So please you leave me ;  
 Stick to your journal course : the breach of custom  
 Is breach of all.<sup>1</sup> I am ill ; but your being by me  
 Cannot amend me : Society is no comfort  
 To one not sociable : I'm not very sick,  
 Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here :  
 I'll rob none but myself ; and let me die,  
 Stealing so poorly.

*Gui.* I love thee ; I have spoke it :  
 How much the quantity, the weight as much,  
 As I do love my father.

*Bel.* What ? how ? how ?

*Arv.* If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me  
 In my good brother's fault : I know not why  
 I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,  
 Love's reason's without reason ; the bier at door,  
 And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,  
*My father, not this youth.*

*Bel.* O noble strain ! *[Aside.*  
 O worthiness of nature ! breed of greatness !  
 Cowards father cowards, and base things sire base :  
 Nature hath meal, and bran ; contempt, and grace.  
 I am not their father ; yet who this should be,  
 Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—  
 'Tis the ninth hour o'the morn.

*Arv.* Brother, farewell.

*Imo.* I wish ye sport.

*Arv.* You health.—So please you, sir.

*Imo.* *[aside.]* These are kind creatures. Gods, what  
 lies I have heard !

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court :  
 Experience, O, thou disprov'st report !  
 The imperious<sup>2</sup> seas breed monsters ; for the dish,

<sup>1</sup> *Stick to your journal course : the breach of custom  
 Is breach of all.]* Keep your daily course uninterrupted ; if the stated plan  
 of life is once broken, nothing follows but confusion.—JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> — imperious—] For imperial.

Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.  
I am sick still ; heart-sick :—Pisanio,  
I'll now taste of thy drug.

*Gui.* I could not stir him :<sup>v</sup>  
He said, he was gentle,<sup>w</sup> but unfortunate ;  
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

*Arv.* Thus did he answer me : yet said, hereafter  
I might know more.

*Bel.* To the field, to the field :—  
We'll leave you for this time ; go in, and rest.

*Arv.* We'll not be long away.

*Bel.* Pray, be not sick,  
For you must be our housewife.

*Imo.* Well, or ill,  
I am bound to you.

*Bel.* And shalt be ever.<sup>x</sup> [*Exit IMOGEN.*]  
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had  
Good ancestors.

*Arv.* How angel-like he sings !

*Gui.* But his neat cookery ! He cut our roots in cha-  
racters ;  
And souc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,  
And he her dieter.

*Arv.* Nobly he yokes  
A smiling with a sigh : as if the sigh  
Was that it was, for not being such a smile ;  
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly  
From so divine a temple, to commix  
With winds that sailors rail at.

*Gui.* I do note,  
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,  
Mingle their spurs together.<sup>y</sup>

*Arv.* Grow, patience !

<sup>v</sup> — stir him :] i. e. Move him to tell his story.—JOHNSON.

<sup>w</sup> — gentle,] i. e. Well-born, of birth above the vulgar.—JOHNSON.

<sup>x</sup> And shalt be ever.] i. e. You shall ever receive from me the same kindness that you do at present : you shall thus only be bound to me for ever.—MALONE. But I think the alteration of Mr. Mason, who reads *shall* for *shalt*, and gives the whole line "I am bound to you, and shall be ever," as the parting words of Imogen, preferable to Malone's interpretation.

<sup>y</sup> — spurs—] i. e. The longest and largest leading roots of trees.—MALONE.



And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine  
His perishing root, with the increasing vine !\*

*Bel.* It is great morning.\* Come; away.—Who's there?

*Enter CLOTEN.*

*Clo.* I cannot find those runagates; that villain  
Hath mock'd me :—I am faint.

*Bel.* Those runagates !  
Means he not us ? I partly know him ; 'tis  
Cloten, the son o'the queen. I fear some ambush,  
I saw him not these many years, and yet  
I know 'tis he :—We are held as outlaws :—Hence.

*Gui.* He is but one : You and my brother search  
What companies are near : pray you, away ;  
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*]

*Clo.* Soft ! What are you  
That fly me thus ? some villain mountaineers ?  
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou ?

*Gui.* A thing  
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering  
A slave without a knock.

*Clo.* Thou art a robber,  
A law-breaker, a villain : Yield thee, thief.

*Gui.* To who ? to thee ? What art thou ? Have not I  
An arm as big as thine ? a heart as big ?  
Thy words, I grant, are bigger : for I wear not  
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art ;  
Why I should yield to thee ?

*Clo.* Thou villain base,  
Know'st me not by my clothes ?

*Gui.* No, nor thy tailor, rascal,  
Who is thy grandfather ; he made those clothes,  
Which, as it seems, make thee.

*Grow, patience !*

*And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine  
His perishing root, with the increasing vine !]* The elder is a plant whose roots  
are much shorter lived than the vine's, and as those of the vine swell and out-  
grow them, they must of necessity loosen their hold.—HENLEY.

\* It is great morning.] i. e. A Gallicism. *Grand jour.*—STEEVENS.

*Clo.* Thou precious varlet,  
My tailor made them not.

*Gui.* Hence then, and thank  
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool ;  
I am loath to beat thee.

*Clo.* Thou injurious thief,  
Hear but my name, and tremble.

*Gui.* What's thy name?

*Clo.* Cloten, thou villain.

*Gui.* Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,  
I cannot tremble at it ; were't toad, or adder, spider,  
'Twould move me sooner.

*Clo.* To thy further fear,  
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know  
I'm son to the queen.

*Gui.* I'm sorry for't ; not seeming  
So worthy as thy birth.

*Clo.* Art not afeard ?

*Gui.* Those that I reverence, those I fear ; the wise :  
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

*Clo.* Die the death :  
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,  
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,  
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads :  
Yield, rustick mountaineer.<sup>b</sup> [*Exeunt, fighting.*]

*Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*

*Bel.* No company's abroad.

*Arv.* None in the world : You did mistake him, sure.

<sup>b</sup> *Yield, rustick mountaineer.*] Here Cloten leaves us for the last time ; of this character, the constitution has been thought so extraordinary, and involving elements of a kind so incompatible, as to form an exception to the customary integrity and consistency of Shakspeare's draughts from nature. But the following passage from Miss Seward, (*Letters*, vol. 3. p. 246.) will prove, that this curious assemblage of frequently opposite qualities, has existed, and, no doubt, did exist in the days of Shakspeare : " It is curious that Shakspeare should, in so singular a character as Cloten, have given the exact prototype of a being whom I once knew. The unmeaning frown of the countenance ; the shuffling gait ; the burst of voice ; the bustling insignificance ; the fever and ague fits of valour ; the froward tetchiness ; the unprincipled malice ; and, what is most curious, those occasional gleams of good sense, amidst the floating clouds of folly which generally darkened and confused the man's brain ; and which, in this character of Cloten, we are apt to impute to a violation of unity in character ; but in the some-time Cap. C——n, I saw that the portrait of Cloten was not out of nature."—D. DRAKE.

*Bel.* I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,  
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour  
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,  
And burst of speaking,<sup>c</sup> were as his: I am absolute,  
'Twas very Cloten.

*Arv.* In this place we left them:  
I wish my brother make good time with him,  
You say he is so fell.

*Bel.* Being scarce made up,  
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension  
Of roaring terrors; for the defect of judgment  
Is oft the cause of fear:<sup>d</sup> But see, thy brother.

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN's Head.*

*Gui.* This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,  
There was no money in't: not Hercules  
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:  
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne  
My head, as I do his.

*Bel.* What hast thou done?

*Gui.* I am perfect, what:<sup>e</sup> cut off one Cloten's head,  
Son to the queen, after his own report;  
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,  
With his own single hand he'd take us in,<sup>f</sup>  
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they grow,  
And set them on Lud's town.

*Bel.* We are all undone.

*Gui.* Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,  
But, that he swore to take, our lives? The law  
Protects not us: Then why should we be tender,  
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;

<sup>c</sup> — the snatches in his voice,

*And burst of speaking.*] This is one of our author's strokes of observation. An abrupt and tumultuous utterance very frequently accompanies a confused and cloudy understanding.—JOHNSON.

<sup>d</sup> — the defect of judgment

*Is oft the cause of fear:*] I have restored the old reading. The meaning is, the defect of Cloten's judgment caused him to commit actions to the terror of others, without due consideration of his own danger therein. Fear, as in other passages of Shakspeare, is to be understood in an active signification for what may cause fear.—TOLLET.

<sup>e</sup> I am perfect, what:] i. e. I am well informed, what.—JOHNSON.

<sup>f</sup> — take us in:] i. e. conquer, or subdue us.

Play judge, and executioner, all himself;  
For<sup>s</sup> we do fear the law? What company  
Discover you abroad?

*Bel.* No single soul  
Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,  
He must have some attendants. Though his honour  
Was nothing but mutation;<sup>b</sup> ay, and that  
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not  
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,  
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,  
~~It~~ may be heard at court, that such as we  
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time  
May make some stronger head: the which he hearing,  
(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear  
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable  
To come alone, either he so undertaking,  
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,  
If we do fear this body hath a tail  
More perilous than the head.

*Arr.* Let ordinance  
Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,  
My brother hath done well.

*Bel.* I had no mind  
To hunt this way: the boy Fidele's sickness  
Did make my way long forth.<sup>i</sup>

*Gui.* With his own sword,  
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en  
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek  
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,  
And tell the queen, her the queen's son, Cloten:  
That's all I reck. [Exit.

*Bel.* I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:  
'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't, though valour  
Becomes thee well enough.

*Arr.* 'Would I had done't,

<sup>s</sup> [For—] i. e. Because.

<sup>b</sup> Though his honour

Was nothing but mutation;] i. e. He sought a bad distinction, by a continual change and affectation of singularity. I have restored the old reading, the modern editors give *honour* for *honour*.

<sup>i</sup> Did make my way long forth.] Fidele's sickness made my walk forth from the cave tedious.—JONSON.

So the revenge alone pursu'd me!—Polydore,  
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,  
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, revenges,  
That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,  
And put us to our answer.

*Bel.*

Well, 'tis done:—

We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger  
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock:  
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay  
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him  
To dinner presently.

*Arv.*

Poor sick Fidele!

I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,  
I'd let a parish of such Clotens' blood,<sup>k</sup>  
And praise myself for charity.

[*Erit.*

*Bel.*

O thou goddess,

Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st  
In these two princely boys! they are as gentle  
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,  
Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as rough,  
Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rud'st wind,  
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,  
And make him stoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,  
That an invisible instinct should frame them  
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;  
Civility not seen from other: valour,  
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop  
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange,  
What Cloten's being here to us portends  
Or what his death will bring us.

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS.*

*Gai.*

Where's my brother?

I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,  
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage  
For his return.

[*Solemn Musick.*

<sup>l</sup> ——— revenges.

<sup>l</sup> That possible strength might meet,] i. e. Such pursuit of vengeance as fell within any possibility of opposition.—JOHNSON.

<sup>k</sup> ——— To gain his colour, &c.] i. e. To restore him to the bloom of health, to recall the colour of it into his cheeks; I'd let blood (or bleed) a whole parish of such fellows as Cloten.—JOHNSON and EDWARDS.

*Bel.* My ingenious instrument!  
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion  
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion! Hark!

*Gui.* Is he at home?

*Bel.* He went hence even now.

*Gui.* What does he mean? since death of my dear'st  
It did not speak before. All solemn things [mother  
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?  
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting to<sup>1</sup>,  
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys,  
Is Cadwal mad?

*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN as dead, in  
his Arms.*

*Bel.* Look, here he comes,  
and brings the dire occasion in his arms,  
Of what we blame him for!

*Arv.* The bird is dead,  
That we have made so much on. I had rather  
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,  
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,  
Than have seen this.

O sweetest, fairest lily!  
My brother wears thee not the one-half so well,  
As when thou grew'st thyself.

*Bel.* O, melancholy!  
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find  
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare<sup>m</sup>  
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!  
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I,  
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!  
How found you him?

*Arv.* Stark,<sup>n</sup> as you see;  
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,  
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek  
Reposing on a cushion.

<sup>1</sup> — toys,] i. e. Trifles, freaks, or frolics.

<sup>m</sup> — crare—] i. e. A small trading vessel, called in the Latin of the middle  
ages, *crayera*.

<sup>n</sup> Stark,] i. e. Stiff.

Gui.

Where?

Arv.

O'the floor;

His arms thus leagu'd : I thought, he slept ; and put  
My clouted brogues<sup>o</sup> from off my feet, whose rudeness  
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Gui.

Why, he but sleeps :

If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed :  
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,  
And worms will not come to thee.

Arv.

With fairest flowers,

Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave : Thou shalt not lack  
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose ; nor  
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins ; no, nor  
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,  
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath : the ruddock<sup>p</sup> would  
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming  
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie  
Without a monument !) bring thee all this ;  
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,  
To winter-ground thy corse.<sup>q</sup>

Gui.

Pr'ythee have done ;

And do not play in wench-like words with me,  
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,  
And not protract with admiration what  
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv.

Say, where shall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv.

Be't so :

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices

<sup>o</sup> — *clouted brogues*—are shoes strengthened with *clout* or *kob-nails*. In some parts of England, thin plates of iron called *clouts*, are likewise fixed to the shoes of ploughmen and other rusticks. *Brog* is the Irish word for a kind of shoe peculiar to that kingdom.—STEVENS.

<sup>p</sup> — *ruddock*—] i. e. *Red-breast* ; it is so called by Chaucer and Spenser.

<sup>q</sup> *To winter-ground thy corse.*] *To winter-ground* a plant, is to protect it from the inclemency of the winter season, by straw, dung, &c. laid over it. This precaution is commonly taken in respect of tender trees or flowers, such as *Arviragus*, who loved *Fidele*, represents her to be. That the red-breast will cover the bodies of the dead, is not merely a poetical fiction ; but in *Cornucopia*, or *divers secrets*, wherein is contained the rare secrets in *Man*, *Beasts*, *Evles*, &c. 4to. 1596, it is said, " The robin red-breast, if he find a man or woman dead, will cover all his face with moss ; and some thinke, that if the body should remaine unburied, that he would cover the whole body also."—STEVENS and REED.

Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the ground,  
As once our mother ; use like note, and words,  
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

*Gui.* Cadwal,

I cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with thee :  
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse  
Than priests and fanes that lie.

*Arr.*

We'll speak it then.

*Bel.* Great griefs, I see, medicine the less : for Cloten  
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys :  
And, though he came our enemy, remember,  
He was paid for that : Though mean and mighty, rotting  
Together, have one dust ; yet reverence,  
(That angel of the world,<sup>r</sup>) doth make distinction  
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely ;  
And though you took his life, as being our foe,  
Yet bury him as a prince.

*Gui.*

Pray you, fetch him hither.

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,  
When neither are alive.

*Arr.*

If you'll go fetch him,

We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[*Exit* BELARIUS.]

*Gui.* Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to the east :  
My father hath a reason for't.

*Arr.*

'Tis true.

*Gui.* Come on then, and remove him.

*Arr.*

So,—Begin.

# SONG.

*Gui.* *Fear no more the heat o'the sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages ;  
Thou thy wordly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages :  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

<sup>r</sup> ——— reverence,

(That angel of the world)] Reverence or due regard to subordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the world.—JOHNSON.



Arv. *Fear no more the frown o'the great,  
Thou art past the tyrunt's stroke ;  
Care no more to clothe, and eat ;  
To thee the reed is as the oak ;  
The sceptre, learning, physick, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.*

Gui. *Fear no more the light'ning-flash,  
Arv. Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;  
Gui. Fear not slander, censure rash ;  
Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :  
Both. All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee,<sup>a</sup> and come to dust.*

Gui. *No exorciser harm thee!<sup>b</sup>  
Arv. Nor no witchcraft charm thee !  
Gui. Ghost unlaid forbear thee !  
Arv. Nothing ill come near thee !  
Both. Quiet consummation have ;  
And renowned be thy grave!<sup>c</sup>*

*Re-enter BELARIUS, with the Body of CLOTEN.*

Gui. We have done our obsequies : Come, lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers ; but about midnight, more :  
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'the night,  
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.—Upon their faces :—  
You were as flowers, now wither'd : even so  
These herb'lets shall, which we upon you strow.—  
Come on, away : apart upon our knees.  
The ground, that gave them first, has them again :  
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

[*Exeunt BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and  
ARVIRAGUS.*

<sup>a</sup> *Consign to thee,*] Perhaps to consign to thee, is to seal the same contract with thee, i. e. add their names to thine upon the register of death.—STANFORD.

<sup>b</sup> *No exorciser harm thee!*] Shakspeare invariably uses the word *exorciser* to express a person who can raise spirits, not one who lays them.—M. MASON.

<sup>c</sup> — *thy grave!*] For the obsequies of Fidele, a song was written by my unhappy friend Collins, a man of uncommon learning and abilities. I shall give it a place at the end in honour of his memory.—JOHNSON.

*Imo.* [*awaking.*] Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; Which is the way?

I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thither?

'Ods pitikins!—can it be six miles yet?—

I have gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep.

But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!

[*Seeing the Body.*]

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;

This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream;

For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,

And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so;

'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,

Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes

Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,

I tremble still with fear: But if there be

Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity

As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!

The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is

Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.

A headless man!—The garments of Posthúmus!

I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;

His foot Mercurial: his Martial thigh;

The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face<sup>v</sup>—

Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio.

All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,

And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,

Conspir'd with that irregularous devil,<sup>x</sup> Cloten,

Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,

Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio

Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—

From this most bravest vessel of the world

Struck the main-top!<sup>y</sup>—O, Posthumus! alas,

Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's that?

Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,

<sup>v</sup> 'Ods pitikins!'] A diminutive adjuration corrupted from *God's pity*, quasi, *God's little pity*.—Nares.

<sup>w</sup> — his *Jovial face*—] i. e. *Such a face as belongs to Jove*. It is frequently used in the same sense by other old dramattick writers.—Steevens.

<sup>x</sup> — *irregularous*—] i. e. *Disorderly, out of rule*: the word has only been found in this passage.—Nares.

<sup>y</sup> — the *main-top*! ] i. e. *The top of the mainmast*.

And left this head on.—How should this be? Pisanio?  
 'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them  
 Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!<sup>1</sup>  
 The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious  
 And cordial to me, have I not found it  
 Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:  
 This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—  
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,  
 That we the horrider may seem to those  
 Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

*Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers, and a Soothsayer:*

*Cap.* To them, the legions garrison'd in Gallia,  
 After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending  
 You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:  
 They are here in readiness.

*Luc.* But what from Rome?

*Cap.* The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,  
 And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,  
 That promise noble service: and they come  
 Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,  
 Sienna's brother.\*

*Luc.* When expect you them?

*Cap.* With the next benefit o'the wind.

*Luc.* This forwardness  
 Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers  
 Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,  
 What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

*Sooth.* Last night the very gods show'd me a vision:  
 (I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence,) Thus:—  
 I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle wing'd  
 From the spungy south to this part of the west,  
 There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends,  
 (Unless my sins abuse my divination,) Success to the Roman host.

\* ——— 'tis pregnant, pregnant!'] i. e. *This is a ready, apposite conclusion.*—STEVENS.

\* *Sienna's brother.*] i. e. (as I suppose Shakspeare to have meant) brother to the prince of Sienna; but, unluckily, *Sienna* was a republick.—STEVENS.

*Luc.* Dream often so,  
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,  
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime  
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—  
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:  
For nature doth abhor to make his bed  
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—  
Let's see the boy's face.

*Cap.* He is alive, my lord.

*Luc.* He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,  
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,  
They crave to be demanded: Who is this,  
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,  
That, otherwise than noble nature did,  
Hath alter'd that good picture?<sup>b</sup> What's thy interest  
In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?  
What art thou?

*Imo.* I am nothing: or if not,  
Nothing to be were better. This was my master,  
A very valiant Briton, and a good,  
That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!  
There are no more such masters: I may wander  
From east to occident, cry out for service,  
Try many, all good, serve truly, never  
Find such another master.

*Luc.* Lack, good youth!  
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than  
Thy master in bleeding; Say his name, good friend.

*Imo.* Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do  
No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope  
They'll pardon it. [*Aside.*] Say you, sir?

*Luc.* Thy name?

*Imo.* Fidele.

*Luc.* Thou dost approve thyself the very same:  
Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.  
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,  
Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,

<sup>b</sup> That, otherwise than noble nature did,

Hath alter'd that good picture?] The question here is, Who has altered this picture, so as to make it otherwise than nature did it? JOHNSON.

No less below'd. The Roman emperor's letters,  
Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner  
Than thine own worth prefer thee; Go with me.

*Imo.* I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,  
I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep  
As these poor pickaxes<sup>c</sup> can dig: and when  
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his  
grave,

And on it said a century of prayers,  
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;  
And, leaving so his service, follow you,  
So please you entertain me.

*Luc.* Ay, good youth;  
And rather father thee, than master thee.—  
My friends,  
The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us  
Find out the prettiest daizied plot we can,  
And make him with our pikes and partisans  
A grave: Come; arm him.<sup>d</sup>—Boy, he is preferr'd  
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd,  
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:  
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*A Room in Cymbeline's Palace.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.*

*Cym.* Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.  
A fever with the absence of her son;  
A madness, of which her life's in danger:—Heavens,  
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,  
The great part of my comfort, gone; my queen  
Upon a desperate bed; and in a time  
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,  
So needful for this present: It strikes me, past  
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,  
Who needs must know of her departure, and

<sup>c</sup> — *these poor pickaxes—*] Meaning her fingers.—JOHNSON.

<sup>d</sup> — *arm him.*] That is, *Takes him up in your arms.*—HAMMER.

Dost seem so ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee  
By a sharp torture.

*Pis.* Sir, my life is yours,  
I humbly set it at your will : But, for my mistress,  
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,  
Nor when she purposes to return. 'Beseech your high-  
Hold me your loyal servant. [ness,

*1 Lord.* Good my liege,  
The day that she was missing, he was here :  
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform  
All parts of his subjection loyally.  
For Cloten,—

There wants no diligence in seeking him,  
And will, no doubt, be found.

*Cym.* The time's troublesome :  
We'll slip you for a season ; but our jealousy  
[To PISANIO.

Does yet depend.\*

*1 Lord.* So please your majesty,  
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,  
Are landed on your coast :<sup>†</sup> with a supply  
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

*Cym.* Now for the counsel of my son and queen !—  
I am amaz'd with matter.<sup>‡</sup>

*1 Lord.* Good my liege,  
Your preparation can affront no less  
Than what you hear of :<sup>§</sup> come more, for more you're  
ready :

The want is, but to put those powers in motion,  
That long to move.

*Cym.* I thank you : Let's withdraw :  
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not  
What can from Italy annoy us ; but  
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [Exeunt.

*Pis.* I heard<sup>b</sup> no letter from my master, since

\* — our jealousy

Does yet depend.] i. e. My suspicion is yet undetermined.—JOHNSON.

† I am amaz'd with matter.] i. e. Confounded by a variety of business.—STEEVENS.

‡ Your preparation can affront, &c.] Your forces are able to face such an army as we hear the enemy will bring against us.—JOHNSON.

<sup>b</sup> I heard—] I suppose we should read I've had.—STEEVENS.

I wrote him, Imogen was slain : 'Tis strange :  
 Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise  
 To yield me often tidings : Neither know I  
 What is betid to Cloten ; but remain  
 Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work :  
 Wherein I am false, I am honest ; not true, to be true.  
 These present wars shall find I love my country,  
 Even to the note o'the king,<sup>l</sup> or I'll fall in them.  
 All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd :  
 Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd. [*Exit.*]

## SCENE IV.

*Before the Cave.*

*Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

*Gui.* The noise is round about us.

*Bel.* Let us from it.

*Arv.* What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it  
 From action and adventure ?

*Gui.* Nay, what hope  
 Have we in hiding us ? this way, the Romans  
 Must or for Britons slay us ; or receive us  
 For barbarous and unnatural revolts<sup>k</sup>  
 During their use, and slay us after.

*Bel.* Sons,  
 We'll higher to the mountains ; there secure us.  
 To the king's party there's no going : newness  
 Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd  
 Among the bands) may drive us to a render  
 Where we have liv'd ;<sup>l</sup> and so extort from us  
 That which we've done, whose answer would be death  
 Drawn on with torture.<sup>m</sup>

<sup>l</sup> ——— to the note o'the king,] I will so distinguish myself, the king shall remark my valour.—JOHNSON.

<sup>k</sup> ——— revolts—] i. e. Revolters.

<sup>l</sup> ——— a render

*Where we have liv'd ;*] i. e. An account of our place of abode. This dialogue is a just representation of the superfluous caution of an old man.—JOHNSON.

<sup>m</sup> ——— whose answer would be death

*Drawn on with torture.*] i. e. The retaliation of the death of Cloten would be death, &c.—JOHNSON.

*Gui.* This is, sir, a doubt,  
In such a time, nothing becoming you,  
Nor satisfying us.

*Arv.* It is not likely,  
That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,  
Behold their quarter'd fires,<sup>a</sup> have both their eyes  
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,  
That they will waste their time upon our note,  
To know from whence we are.

*Bel.* O, I am known  
Of many in the army: many years,  
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him  
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king  
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;  
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,  
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless  
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,  
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and  
The shrinking slaves of winter.

*Gui.* Than be so,  
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to the army:  
I and my brother are not known; yourself,  
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,  
Cannot be question'd.

*Arv.* By this sun that shines,  
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never  
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,  
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?  
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had  
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel  
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd  
To look upon the holy sun, to have  
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining  
So long a poor unknown.

*Gui.* By heaven's, I'll go:  
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,  
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,

<sup>a</sup> ——— their quarter'd fires,] i. e. The fires in the respective quarters of the Roman army.—STEEVENS.



The hazard therefore due fall on me, by  
The hands of Romans !

*Arv.* So say I ; Amen.

*Bel.* No reason I, since on your lives you set  
So slight a valuation, should reserve  
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:  
If in your country wars you chance to die,  
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:  
Lead, lead.—The time seems long : their blood thinks  
scorn, [*Aside.*  
Till it fly out, and show them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Field between the British and Roman Camps.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody Handkerchief.\**

*Post.* Yea, bloody cloth,<sup>†</sup> I'll keep thee; for I wish'd  
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,  
If each of you would take this course, how many  
Must murder wives much better than themselves,  
For wrying but a little?—O, Pisanio!  
Every good servant does not all commands;  
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you  
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never  
Had liv'd to put on<sup>‡</sup> this: so had you saved  
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck  
Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,

\* — *bloody Handkerchief.*] The bloody token of Imogen's death, which Pisanio in the foregoing act determined to send.—JOHNSON.

† *Yea, bloody cloth, &c.*] This is a soliloquy of nature, uttered when the effervescence of a mind agitated and perturbed, spontaneously and inadvertently discharges itself in words. The speech throughout all its tenor, if the last conceit be excepted, seems to issue warm from the heart. He first condemns his own violence, then tries to disburden himself by imputing part of the crime to Pisanio; he next soothes his mind to an artificial and momentary tranquillity, by trying to think that he has been only an instrument of the gods for the happiness of Imogen. He is now grown reasonable enough to determine, that having done so much evil, he will do no more; that he will not fight against the country which he has already injured; but as life is not longer supportable, he will die in a just cause, and die with the obscurity of a man who does not think himself worthy to be remembered.—JOHNSON.

‡ — *put on*—] i. e. *Incite, instigate.*

You snatch some hence for little faults ; that's love,  
 To have them fall no more : you some permit  
 To second ills with ills, each elder worse ;  
 And make them dread it to the doers' thrift.\*  
 But Imogen is your own : Do your best wills,  
 And make me bless'd to obey !—I am brought hither  
 Among the Italian gentry, and to fight  
 Against my lady's kingdom : 'Tis enough  
 That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress ; peace !  
 I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,  
 Hear patiently my purpose ; I'll disrobe me  
 Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself  
 As does a Briton peasant : so I'll fight  
 Against the part I come with ; so I'll die  
 For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life  
 Is every breath, a death : and thus, unknown,  
 Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril  
 Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know  
 More valour in me, than my habits show.  
 Gods, put the strength o'the Leonati in me !  
 To shame the guise o'the world, I will begin  
 The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.]

## SCENE II.

*The same.*

*Enter, at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman Army ; at the other side, the British Army ; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following it, like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS : he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.*

*Iach.* The heaviness and guilt within my bosom  
 Takes off my manhood : I have belied a lady,

\* *And make them dread it to the doers' thrift.*] "Some you snatch from hence for little faults ; others you suffer to heap ills on ills, and afterwards make them dread their having done so, to the eternal welfare of the doers."

The whole speech is in a religious strain.—*Thrift* signifies a state of prosperity. It is not the commission of the crimes that is supposed to be for the doer's thrift, but his dreading them afterwards, and of course repenting, which ensures his salvation.—M. MASON.

The princess of this country, and the air on't  
 Revengingly enfeebles me; Or, could this 'carl,'  
 A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,  
 In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne  
 As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.  
 If that thy gentry, Britain, go before  
 This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds  
 Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [*Exit.*]

*The Battle continues, the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken; then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

*Bel.* Stand, stand! We have the advantage of the  
 The lane is guarded; nothing routs us, but the ground;  
 The villainy of our fears.

*Gui. Arv.* Stand, stand, and fight!

*Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.*

*Luc.* Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:  
 For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such  
 As war were hood-wink'd.

*Iach.* 'Tis their fresh supplies.

*Luc.* It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes  
 Let's re-enforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.

*Another part of the Field.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.*

*Lord.* Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

*Post.* I did;

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.

*Lord.* I did.

*Post.* No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,  
 But that the heavens fought: The king himself  
 Of his wings destitute, the army broken,

\* — carl,]—or churl, (ceopl, Sax.) is a clown or husbandman.—*Recess.*

And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying  
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,  
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work  
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down  
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling  
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd  
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living  
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord.

Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf:  
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—  
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd  
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,  
In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,  
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run  
The country base,<sup>1</sup> than to commit such slaughter;  
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer  
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,<sup>2</sup>)  
Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,  
*Our Britain's hearts die flying, not our men;  
To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;  
Or we are Romans, and will give you that  
Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,  
But to look back in frown: stand, stand.*—These three,  
Three thousand confident, in act as many,  
(For three performers are the file, when all  
The rest do nothing,) with this word, *stand, stand,*  
Accommodated by the place, more charming,  
With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd  
A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,  
Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd  
But by example (O, a sin in war, [coward  
Damn'd in the first beginners!]) 'gan to look  
The way that they did, and to grin like lions  
Upon the pikes o'the hunters. Then began  
A stop i'the chaser, a retire; anon,  
A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly

<sup>1</sup> The country base,] i. e. A rustick game called prison-bars, vulgarly prison-  
base.—STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — shame,] For modesty.

Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles ; slaves,  
 The strides they victors made : And now our cowards  
 (Like fragments in hard voyages,) became  
 The life o'the need ; having found the back-door open  
 Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound !  
 Some, slain before ; some, dying ; some their friends  
 O'er-borne i'the former wave : ten, chac'd by one,  
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty :  
 Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown  
 The mortal bugs\* o'the field.

*Lord.* This was strange chance :  
 A narrow lane ! an old man, and two boys !

*Post.* Nay, do not wonder at it :<sup>w</sup> You are made  
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear,  
 Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,  
 And vent it for a mockery ? Here is one :  
*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,  
 Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

*Lord.* Nay, be not angry, sir.

*Post.* 'Lack, to what end ?  
 Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend :  
 For if he'll do, as he is made to do,  
 I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.  
 You have put me into rhyme.

*Lord.* Farewell ; you are angry.  
 [*Erit.*]

*Post.* Still going ?—This is a lord ! O noble misery !  
 To be i'the field, and ask, what news, of me !  
 To-day, how many would have given their honours  
 To have sav'd their carcasses ? took heel to do't,  
 And yet died too ? I, in mine own woe charm'd,<sup>x</sup>  
 Could not find death, where I did hear him groan ;  
 Nor feel him, where he struck : Being an ugly monster,  
 'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,

\* — bugs—] i. e. *Terrors*.—JOHNSON.

<sup>w</sup> *Nay, do not wonder at it :*] Posthumus first bids him not wonder, then tells him in another mode of reproach, that wonder is all that he was made for.—JOHNSON.

<sup>x</sup> — *I, in mine own woe charm'd,*] Alluding to the common superstition of charms being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our Saxon ancestors, and so is common to us with the Germans, who are above all other people given to this superstition.—WARBURTON.

Sweet words ; or hath more ministers than we  
 That draw his knives i'the war.—Well, I will find him :  
 For being now a favourer to the Roman,  
 No more a Britain, I have resum'd again  
 The part I came in : Fight I will no more,  
 But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall  
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is  
 Here made by the Roman ; great the answer<sup>r</sup> be  
 Britons must take ; For me, my ransome's death ;  
 On either side I come to spend my breath ;  
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,  
 But end it by some means for Imogen.

*Enter Two British Captains, and Soldiers.*

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd ! Lucius is taken :  
 'Tis thought the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly<sup>a</sup> habit,  
 That gave the affront with them.<sup>a</sup>

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported :  
 But none of them can be found.—Stand ! who is there ?

*Post.* A Roman ;  
 Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds  
 Had answer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him ; a dog !  
 A leg of Rome shall not return to tell  
 What crows have peck'd them here : He brags his service  
 As if he were of note : bring him to the king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, attended ; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS,  
 ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman Captives. The  
 Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who  
 delivers him over to a Gaoler : after which, all go out.*

<sup>r</sup> — answer—] i. e. Retaliation, as once in this play before.—JOHNSON.

<sup>a</sup> — silly—] i. e. Simple or rustick.

<sup>a</sup> That gave the affront with them.] That is, that turned their faces to the enemy.—JOHNSON.

## SCENE IV.

*A Prison.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS, and Two Gaolers.*

1 *Gaol.* You shall not now be stolen, you have locks upon you ;<sup>b</sup>

So, graze, as you find pasture.

2 *Gaol.*

Ay, or a stomach.

*[Exeunt Gaolers.]*

*Post.* Most welcome, bondage ! for thou art a way, I think, to liberty : Yet am I better Than one that's sick o'the gout : since he had rather Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd By the sure physician death ; who is the key To unbar these locks. My conscience ! thou art fetter'd More than my shanks, and wrists : You good gods give The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt, [me Then, free for ever ! Is't enough, I am sorry ? So children temporal fathers do appease ; Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent ? I cannot do it better than in gyves, Desir'd, more than constrain'd : to satisfy, If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take No stricter render of me than my all.\* I know, you are more clement than vile men, Who of their broken debtors take a third, A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again On their abatement ; that's not my desire : For Imogen's dear life, take mine ; and though 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life ; you coin'd it : 'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp ; Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake :

<sup>b</sup> You shall not now be stolen, you have locks upon you ; ] The wit of the gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg, when he is turned to pasture.—JOHNSON.

<sup>c</sup> ——— to satisfy

If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take No stricter render of me, than my all.] i. e. Since for my crimes I have been deprived of my freedom, and since life itself is more valuable than freedom, let the gods take my life, and by this let Heaven be appeased, how small soever the atonement may be. If the text be right, to satisfy means, by way of satisfaction.—MALONE.

You rather mine, being yours : And so, great powers,  
 If you will take this audit, take this life,  
 And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!  
 I'll speak to thee in silence. [He sleeps.]

*Solemn Musick.*<sup>d</sup> *Enter, as an Apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, Father to POSTHUMUS, an old Man, attired like a Warrior; leading in his hand an ancient Matron, his Wife, and Mother to POSTHUMUS, with Musick before them. Then, after other Musick, follow the Two young Leonati, Brothers to POSTHUMUS, with wounds, as they died in the wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.*

*Sici.* No more, thou thunder-master, show  
 Thy spite on mortal flies :  
 With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,  
 That thy adulteries  
 Rates and revenges.  
 Hath my poor boy done aught but well,  
 Whose face I never saw ?  
 I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd  
 Attending Nature's law.  
 Whose father then (as men report,  
 Thou orphans' father art,)  
 Thou should'st have been, and shielded him  
 From this earth-vexing smart.

*Moth.* Lucina lent not me her aid,  
 But took me in my throes ;  
 That from me was Posthumus ript,  
 Came crying 'mongst his foes,  
 A thing of pity !

*Sici.* Great nature, like his ancestry,  
 Moulded the stuff so fair,  
 That he deserv'd the praise o'the world,  
 As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,  
 In Britain where was he

<sup>d</sup> *Solemn musick, &c.*] It is conjectured by Pope and maintained by Steevens, that the following vision, masque, and prophecy, were the interpolation of the players.



That could stand up his parallel ;  
 Or fruitful object be  
 In eye of Imogen, that best  
 Could deem his dignity ?

*Moth.* With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,  
 To be exil'd, and thrown  
 From Leonati' seat, and cast  
 From her his dearest one,  
 Sweet Imogen ?

*Sici.* Why did you suffer Iachimo,  
 Slight thing of Italy,  
 To taint his nobler heart and brain  
 With needless jealousy ;  
 And to become the geck\* and scorn  
 O'the other's villainy ?

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,  
 Our parents, and us twain,  
 That, striking in our country's cause,  
 Fell bravely, and were slain ;  
 Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,  
 With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath  
 To Cymbeline perform'd :  
 Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,  
 Why hast thou thus adjourn'd  
 The graces for his merits due ;  
 Being all to dolours turn'd ?

*Sici.* Thy crystal window ope ; look out ;  
 No longer exercise,  
 Upon a valiant race, thy harsh  
 And potent injuries :

*Moth.* Since, Jupiter, our son is good,  
 Take off his miseries.

*Sici.* Peep through thy marble mansion ; help !  
 Or we poor ghosts will cry  
 To the shining synod of the rest,  
 Against thy deity.

\* — geck—] i. e. Fool.

2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter ; or we appeal,  
And from thy justice fly.

*JUPITER descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle: he throws a Thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.*

*Jup.* No more, you petty spirits of region low,  
Offend our hearing ; hush !—How dare you ghosts,  
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,  
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts ?  
Poor shadows of Elysium, hence ; and rest  
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers :

Be not with mortal accidents oppress ;  
No care of yours it is ; you know, 'tis ours.  
Whom best I love, I cross to make my gift,  
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content ;  
Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift :  
His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.  
Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in  
Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade !—  
He shall be lord of lady Imogen,

And happier much by his affliction made.  
This tablet lay upon his breast ; wherein  
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine ;  
And so, away : no further with your din  
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—

Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends.*]

*Sici.* He came in thunder ; his celestial breath  
Was sulphurous to smell : the holy eagle  
Stoop'd, as to foot us :<sup>f</sup> his ascension is  
More sweet than our bless'd fields : his royal bird  
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his beak,  
As when his god is pleas'd.

*All.* Thanks, Jupiter !

*Sici.* The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd  
His radiant roof :—Away ! and, to be blest,  
Let us with care perform his great behest, [*Ghosts vanish.*]

*Post.* [*waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire, and  
begot

— to foot us:] i. e. To grasp us in his pounces.—STEEVENS.

A father to me : and thou hast created  
 A mother, and two brothers. : But (O scorn !)  
 Gone ! they went hence so soon as they were born.  
 And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend  
 On greatness' favour, dream as I have done ;  
 Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas ! I swerve :  
 Many dream not to find, neither deserve,  
 And yet are steep'd in favours : so am I,  
 That have this golden chance, and know not why.  
 What fairies haunt this ground ? A book ? O, rare one !  
 Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment  
 Nobler than that it covers : let thy effects  
 So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,  
 As good as promise.

[Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself known,  
 without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender  
 air ; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches,  
 which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed  
 to the old stock, and freshly grow ; then shall Posthumus  
 end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace  
 and plenty.*

'Tis still a dream ; or else such stuff as madmen  
 Tongue, and brain not : either both, or nothing :  
 Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such  
 As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,  
 The action of my life is like it, which  
 I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

*Re-enter Gaolers.*

*Gaol.* Come, sir, are you ready for death ?

*Post.* Over-roasted rather : ready long ago.

*Gaol.* Hanging is the word, sir ; if you be ready for  
 that, you are well cooked.

*Post.* So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators,  
 the dish pays the shot.

*Gaol.* A heavy reckoning for you, sir : But the comfort  
 is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more  
 tavern bills ; which are often the sadness of parting, as  
 the procuring of mirth : you come in faint for want of

meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much;<sup>a</sup> purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn<sup>b</sup> of heaviness: O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O, the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

*Post.* I am merrier to die, that thou art to live.

*Gaol.* Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the toothache: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

*Post.* Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

*Gaol.* Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure you do not know; or jump the after-enquiry<sup>c</sup> on your own petil: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

*Post.* I tell thee, fellow; there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

*Gaol.* What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

*Post.* Thou bringest good news;—I am called to be made free.

<sup>a</sup> — sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much;] i. e. Sorry that you have paid too much out of your pocket, and sorry that you are paid, or subdued, too much by the liquor.—STEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> — being drawn—] i. e. Embowelled, exenterated.—So in common language a fowl is said to be drawn, when its intestines are taken out.—STEVENS.

<sup>c</sup> — jump the after-enquiry—] That is, venture at it without thought.—JOHNSON.

*Gaol.* I'll be hang'd, then.

*Post.* Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt* *POSTHUMUS* and *Messenger*.]

*Gaol.* Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone.<sup>k</sup> Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't.

[*Exeunt*.]

## SCENE V.

### *Cymbeline's Tent.*

*Enter* *CYMBELINE*, *BELARIUS*, *GUIDERIUS*, *ARVIRAGUS*, *PISANIO*, *Lords*, *Officers*, and *Attendants*.

*Cym.* Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,  
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,  
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast  
Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found:  
He shall be happy that can find him, if  
Our grace can make him so.

*Bel.* I never saw  
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;  
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought  
But beggary and poor looks.

*Cym.* No tidings of him?

*Pis.* He hath been search'd among the dead and living,  
But no trace of him.

*Cym.* To my grief I am  
The heir of his reward; which I will add  
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,  
[*To* *BELARIUS*, *GUIDERIUS*, and *ARVIRAGUS*.]  
By whom, I grant, she lives: 'Tis now the time  
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

<sup>k</sup> — prone.] i. e. Forward.

*Bel.* Sir,  
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:  
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,  
Unless I add, we are honest.

*Cym.* Bow your knees:  
Arise, my knights o'the battle; I create you  
Companions to our person, and will fit you  
With dignities becoming your estates.

*Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.*

There's business in these faces :—Why so sadly  
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,  
And not o'the court of Britain.

*Cor.* Hail, great king!  
To sour your happiness, I must report  
The queen is dead.

*Cym.* Whom worse than a physician  
Would this report become? But I consider,  
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death  
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

*Cor.* With horror, madly dying, like her life;  
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded  
Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,  
I will report, so please you : These her women  
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,  
Were present when she finish'd.

*Cym.* Pr'ythee, say.  
*Cor.* First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only  
Affected greatness got by you, not you :  
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;  
Abhor'd your person.

*Cym.* She alone knew this :  
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not  
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

*Cor.* Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love<sup>1</sup>  
With such integrity, she did confess  
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,

<sup>1</sup> — bore in hand to love—] i. e. Insidiously taught to depend on her love.  
—STEEVENS.

But that her flight prevented it, she had  
Ta'en off by poison.

*Cym.* O, most delicate fiend!  
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

*Cor.* More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had  
For you a mortal mineral : which, being took,  
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,  
By inches waste you : In which time she purpos'd,  
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to  
O'ercome you with her show : yes, and in time,  
(When she had fitted you with her craft,) to work  
Her son into the adoption of the crown.  
But failing of her end by his strange absence,  
Grew shameless-desperate ; open'd, in despite  
Of heaven and men, her purposes ; repented  
The evils she hatch'd were not effected ; so,  
Despairing, died.

*Cym.* Heard you all this, her women?

*Lady.* We did so, please your highness.

*Cym.* Mine eyes  
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful ;  
Mine ears, that heard her flattery ; nor my heart,  
That thought her like her seeming : it had been vicious,  
To have mistrusted her : yet, O my daughter !  
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,  
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all !

*Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, the Soothsayer, and other Roman  
Prisoners, guarded ; POSTHUMUS behind, and IMOGEN.*

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute ; that  
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss  
Of many a bold one ; whose kinsmen have made suit,  
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter  
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted :  
So, think of your estate.

*Luc.* Consider, sir, the chance of war : the day  
Was yours by accident ; had it gone with us,  
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd  
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods

Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives  
May be call'd ransome, let it come: sufficeth,  
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:  
Augustus lives to think on't: and so much  
For my peculiar care. This one thing only  
I will entreat; My boy, a Briton born,  
Let him be ransom'd: never master had  
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,  
So tender over his occasions, true,  
So feat,<sup>a</sup> so nurse-like: let him his virtue join  
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness  
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,  
Though he hath serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,  
And spare no blood beside.

*Cym.* I have surely seen him:  
His favour is familiar<sup>a</sup> to me.—  
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,  
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore,  
To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:  
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,  
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;  
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,  
The noblest ta'en.

*Imo.* I humbly thank your highness.

*Luc.* I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;  
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

*Imo.* No, no: alack,  
There's other work in hand; I see a thing  
Bitter to me as death; your life, good master,  
Must shuffle for itself.

*Luc.* The boy disdains me,  
He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly die their joys,  
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—  
Why stands he so perplex'd?

*Cym.* What would'st thou, boy?

<sup>a</sup> So feat,] So ready; so dexterous in waiting.—JONNSON.

<sup>a</sup> His favour is familiar.—] I am acquainted with his countenance.—JONNSON.

<sup>o</sup> — I know not why, nor wherefore,

To say, live, boy:] I know not what should induce me to say, live, boy.—MALONE.



I love thee more and more; think more and more  
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,  
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

*Imo.* He is a Roman; no more kin to me,  
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,  
Am something nearer.

*Cym.* Wherefore ey'st him so?

*Imo.* I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please  
To give me hearing.

*Cym.* Ay, with all my heart,  
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

*Imo.* Fidele, sir.

*Cym.* Thou art, my good youth, my page;  
I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.]

*Bel.* Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

*Arv.* One sand another  
Not more resembles: That sweet rosy lad,  
Who died, and was Fidele:—What think you?

*Gui.* The same dead thing alive.

*Bel.* Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not; forbear;  
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure  
He would have spoke to us.

*Gui.* But we saw him dead.

*Bel.* Be silent; let's see further.

*Pis.* It is my mistress:

[*Aside.*]

Since she is living, let the time run on,  
To good or bad. [CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.]

*Cym.* Come, stand thou by our side;  
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [to IACH.] step you forth;  
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;  
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,  
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall  
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to him.

*Imo.* My boon is, that this gentleman may render  
Of whom he had this ring.

*Post.* What's that to him? [*Aside.*]

*Cym.* That diamond upon your finger, say,  
How came it yours?

*Iach.* Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that  
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

*Cym.* How! me?

*Iach.* I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which  
Torments me to conceal. By villainy  
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel :  
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more, may grieve  
As it doth me,) a nobler sir ne'er liv'd [thee,  
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?

*Cym.* All that belongs to this.

*Iach.* That paragon, thy daughter,—  
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits  
Quail<sup>p</sup> to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

*Cym.* My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength :  
I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,  
Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

*Iach.* Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock  
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd  
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O 'would  
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,  
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthúmus,  
(What should I say? he was too good, to be  
Where ill men were; and was the best of all  
Among'st the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,  
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy  
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast  
Of him that best could speak: for feature,<sup>q</sup> laming  
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,  
Postures beyond brief nature;<sup>r</sup> for condition,  
A shop of all the qualities that man  
Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,  
Fairness, which strikes the eye:—

*Cym.* I stand on fire :  
Come to the matter.

*Iach.* All too soon I shall,  
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This Posthúmus,  
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one

<sup>p</sup> Quail—] i. e. Sink into dejection.

<sup>q</sup> — feature,] i. e. Proportion of parts.

<sup>r</sup> — brief nature;] i. e. Hasty, unelaborate nature.—WARRBURTON.

That had a royal lover,) took his hint;  
 And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein  
 He was as calm as virtue) he began  
 His mistress' picture; which by his tongue being made,  
 And then a mind put in't, either our brags  
 Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description  
 Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

*Cym.*

Nay, nay, to the purpose.

*Iach.* Your daughter's chastity—There it begins.

He spake of her, as Dian<sup>a</sup> had hot dreams,  
 And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!  
 Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him  
 Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore  
 Upon his honour'd finger, to attain  
 In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring  
 By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,  
 No lesser of her honour confident  
 Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;  
 And would so, had it been a carbuncle  
 Of Phœbus' wheel; and might so safely, had it  
 Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain  
 Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,  
 Remember me at court, where I was taught  
 Of your chaste daughter the wide difference  
 'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd  
 Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain  
 'Gan in your duller Britain operate  
 Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;  
 And to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,  
 That I return'd with simular proof enough  
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,  
 By wounding his belief in her renown  
 With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes<sup>b</sup>  
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,  
 (O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks  
 Of secret on her person, that he could not  
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,

<sup>a</sup> — as Dian—] i. e. As if Dian.

<sup>b</sup> — averring notes—] Such marks of the chamber and pictures, as averred or confirmed my report.—JONSON.

I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—  
Methinks, I see him now,—

*Post.*

Ay, so thou dost,

[*Coming forward.*]

Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,  
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing  
That's due to all the villains past, in being,  
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,  
Some upright justicer!<sup>u</sup> Thou, king, send out  
For torturers ingenious: it is I  
That all the abhorred things o'the earth amend,  
By being worse than they. I am Posthúmus,  
That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;  
That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,  
A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple  
Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.<sup>v</sup>  
Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set  
The dogs o'the street to bay me: every villain  
Be call'd, Posthúmus Leonatus; and  
Be villainy less than 'twas!—O Imogen!  
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,  
Imogen, Imogen!

*Imo.*

Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

*Post.* Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,  
There lie thy part. [Striking her; she falls.]

*Pis.*

O, gentlemen, help, help

Mine, and your mistress:—O, my lord Posthúmus!  
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—  
Mine honour'd lady!

*Cym.*

Does the world go round?

*Post.* How come these staggers<sup>w</sup> on me?

*Pis.*

Wake, my mistress!

*Cym.* If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me  
To death with mortal joy.

*Pis.*

How fares my mistress?

<sup>u</sup> Some upright justicer! The most ancient law books have justicers of the peace, as frequently as justices of the peace.—REED.

<sup>v</sup> — and she herself.] That is,—she was not only the temple of virtue, but virtue herself.—JOHNSON.

<sup>w</sup> — these staggers—] This wild and delirious perturbation. Staggers is the horse's apoplexy.—JOHNSON.

*Imo.* O, get thee from my sight ;  
Thou gav'st me poison : dangerous fellow, hence !  
Breathe not where princes are.

*Cym.*

The tune of Imogen !

*Pis.* Lady,

The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if  
That box I gave you was not thought by me  
A precious thing ; I had it from the queen.

*Cym.* New matter still ?

*Imo.*

It poison'd me.

*Cor.*

O Gods !—

I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,  
Which must approve thee honest : If Pisanio  
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection  
Which I gave him for cordial, she is serv'd  
As I would serve a rat.

*Cym.*

What's this, Cornelius ?

*Cor.* The queen, sir, very oft importuned me  
To temper poisons for her ; still pretending  
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only  
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs  
Of no esteem : I, dreading that her purpose  
Was of more danger, did compound for her  
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease  
The present power of life ; but, in short time,  
All offices of nature should again  
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it ?

*Imo.* Most like I did, for I was dead.

*Bel.*

My boys,

There was our error.

*Gui.*

This is sure, Fidele.

*Imo.* Why did you throw your wedded lady from you ?  
Think, that you are upon a rock ;\* and now  
Throw me again. *[Embracing him.]*

*Post.*

Hang there like fruit, my soul,

Till the tree die !

*Cym.*

How now, my flesh, my child ?

\* *Think, that you are upon a rock ;*] i e. Consider such another act as equally fatal to me with precipitation from a rock, and now let me see whether you will repeat it.—JOHNSON.

What, mak'st thou me a dullard<sup>1</sup> in this act?  
Wilt thou not speak to me?

*Imo.*

Your blessing, sir.

[*Kneeling.*

*Bel.* Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;  
You had a motive for't. [*To GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*

*Cym.*

My tears, that fall,

Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,  
Thy mother's dead.

*Imo.*

I am sorry for't, my lord.

*Cym.* O, she was naught; and 'long of her it was,  
That we meet here so strangely: But her son  
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

*Pis.*

My lord,

Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,  
Upon my lady's missing, came to me  
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore,  
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,  
It was my instant death: By accident,  
I had a feigned letter of my master's  
Then in my pocket; which directed him<sup>2</sup>  
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;  
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,  
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts  
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate  
My lady's honour: what became of him,  
I further know not.

*Gui.*

Let me end the story:

I slew him there.

*Cym.*

Marry, the gods forefend!

I would not thy good deeds should from my lips  
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,  
Deny't again.

*Gui.*

I have spoke it, and I did it.

*Cym.* He was a prince.

*Gui.* A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did me  
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me

<sup>1</sup> — a dullard—] In this place means a person stupidly unconcerned.—  
STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> — directed him—] i. e. Induced him.

With language that would make me spurn the sea,  
 If it could so roar to me : I cut off's head ;  
 And am right glad, he is not standing here  
 To tell this tale of mine.

*Cym.* I am sorry for thee :  
 By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must  
 Endure our law : Thou art dead.

*Imo.* That headless man  
 I thought had been my lord.

*Cym.* Bind the offender,  
 And take him from our presence.

*Bel.* Stay, sir king :  
 This man is better than the man he slew,  
 As well descended as thyself ; and hath  
 More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens  
 Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone ; [*To the Guard.*]  
 They were not born for bondage.

*Cym.* Why, old soldier,  
 Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,  
 By tasting of our wrath ?<sup>a</sup> How of descent  
 As good as we ?

*Arv.* In that he spake too far.

*Cym.* And thou shalt die for't.

*Bel.* We will die all three :  
 But I will prove, that two of us are as good  
 As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,  
 For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,  
 Though, haply, well for you.

*Arv.* Your danger is  
 Ours.

*Gui.* And our good his.

*Bel.* Have at it then.—  
 By leave ;—Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who  
 Was call'd Belarius.

*Cym.* What of him ? he is  
 A banish'd traitor.

*Bel.* He it is, that hath

<sup>a</sup> *By tasting of our wrath ?*] i. e. *By forcing us to make thee to taste our wrath.*  
*The consequence is taken for the whole action.*—JOHNSON.

Assum'd this age:<sup>b</sup> indeed, a banish'd man ;  
I know not how, a traitor.

*Cym.* Take him hence ;  
The whole world shall not save him.

*Bel.* Not too hot ;  
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons :  
And let it be confiscate all, so soon  
As I have receiv'd it.

*Cym.* Nursing of my sons ?

*Bel.* I am too blunt, and saucy : Here's my knee ;  
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons ;  
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,  
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,  
And think they are my sons, are none of mine ;  
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,  
And blood of your begetting.

*Cym.* How ! my issue ?

*Bel.* So sure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,  
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd :  
Your pleasure was my mere offence,<sup>c</sup> my punishment  
Itself, and all my treason ; that I suffer'd,  
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes  
(For such, and so they are,) these twenty years  
Have I train'd up : those arts they have, as I  
Could put into them ; my breeding was, sir, as  
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,  
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children  
Upon my banishment : I mov'd her to't :  
Having receiv'd the punishment before,  
For that which I did then : Beaten for loyalty,  
Excited me to treason : Their dear loss,  
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd  
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,  
Here are your sons again ; and I must lose  
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world :—  
The benediction of these covering heavens

<sup>b</sup> *Assum'd this age:*] He refers to the different appearance which Belarius now makes, in comparison with that when Cymbeline last saw him.—HENLEY.

<sup>c</sup> *Your pleasure was my mere offence, &c.*] My crime, my punishment, and all the treason that I committed, originated in, and were founded on, your caprice only.—MALONE.



Fall on their heads like dew ! for they are worthy  
To inlay heaven with stars.

*Cym.* Thou weep'st, and speak'st.<sup>d</sup>  
The service, that you three have done, is more  
Unlike than this thou tell'st : I lost my children ;  
If these be they, I know not how to wish  
A pair of worthier sons.

*Bel.* Be pleas'd a while.—  
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,  
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true Guiderius :  
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arvirágus,  
Your younger princely son ; he, sir, was lapp'd  
In a most curious mantle, wrought by the hand  
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,  
I can with ease produce.

*Cym.* Guiderius had  
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star ;  
It was a mark of wonder.

*Bel.* This is he ;  
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp :  
It was wise nature's end in the donation,  
To be his evidence now.

*Cym.* O, what am I  
A mother to the birth of three ? Ne'er mother  
Rejoic'd deliverance more :—Bless'd may you be,  
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,  
You may reign in them now !—O Imogen,  
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

*Imo.* No, my lord ;  
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brothers,  
Have we thus met ? O never say hereafter,  
But I am truest speaker : you call'd me brother,  
When I was but your sister ; I you brothers,  
When you were so indeed.

*Cym.* Did you e'er meet ?  
*Arv.* Ay, my good lord.

<sup>d</sup> *Thou weep'st and speak'st.*] " Thy tears give testimony to the sincerity of thy relation ; and I have the less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the story which you relate." The king reasons very justly.—JOHNSON.

*Gui.* And at first meeting lov'd ;  
Continued so, until we thought he died.

*Cor.* By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

*Cym.* O rare instinct !  
When shall I hear all through ? This fierce<sup>a</sup> abridgement,  
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which  
Distinction should be rich in.<sup>f</sup>—Where ? how liv'd you ?  
And when came you to serve our Roman captive ?  
How parted with your brothers ? how first met them ?  
Why fled you from the court ? and whither ? These,  
And your three motives to the battle,<sup>g</sup> with  
I know not how much more, should be demanded ;  
And all the other by-dependancies,  
From chance to chance ; but nor the time, nor place,  
Will serve our long intergatories.<sup>h</sup> See,  
Posthúmus anchors upon Imogen ;  
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye  
On him, her brothers, me, her master ; hitting  
Each object with a joy ; the counterchange  
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,  
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—  
Thou art my brother ; So we'll hold thee ever.

[To BELARIUS.

*Imo.* You are my father, too ; and did relieve me,  
To see this gracious season.

*Cym.* All o'erjoy'd,  
Save these in bonds ; let them be joyful too,  
For they shall taste our comfort.

*Imo.* My good master,  
I will yet do you service.

*Luc.* Happy be you !

*Cym.* The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,  
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd  
The thankings of a king.

*Post.* I am, sir,

<sup>a</sup> — *fierce*—] i. e. *Vehement, rapid.*

<sup>f</sup> — *which*

*Distinction should be rich in.] i. e. Which ought to be rendered distinct by a liberal amplitude of narrative.—STEEVENS.*

<sup>g</sup> *And your three motives to the battle,]* That is, though strangely expressed, the motives of you three for engaging in the battle.—M. MASON.

<sup>h</sup> — *intergatories.] i. e. Interrogatories.*

The soldier that did company these three  
In poor beseeching; 'twas a fitment for  
The purpose I then follow'd;—That I was he,  
Speak, Iachimo: I had you down, and might  
Have made you finish.

*Iach.* I am down again: [*kneeling.*  
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,  
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,  
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;  
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,  
That ever swore her faith.

*Post.* Kneel not to me;  
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;  
The malice toward you, to forgive you: Live,  
And deal with others better.

*Cym.* Nobly doom'd;  
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;  
Pardon's the word to all.

*Arv.* You help us, sir,  
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;  
Joy'd are we, that you are.

*Post.* Your servant, princes.—Good, my lord of Rome,  
Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, methought,  
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,  
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows<sup>1</sup>  
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found  
This label on my bosom; whose containing<sup>2</sup>  
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can  
Make no collection<sup>3</sup> of it; let him show  
His skill in the construction.

*Luc.* Philarmonus,——

*Sooth.* Here, my good lord.

*Luc.* Read, and declare the meaning.

*Sooth.* [*reads.*] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be*

—— *spritely shows*—] i. e. Groups of sprites.—STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —— *whose containing*—] i. e. The contents of which.—M. MASON.

<sup>3</sup> —— *collection*—] i. e. Corollary; a consequence deduced from premises.—STEEVENS.

*jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Pos-  
thumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in  
peace and plenty.*

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;  
The fit and apt construction of thy name,  
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:  
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[To CYMBELINE.]

Which we call *mollis aer*: and *mollis aer*  
We term it *mulier*: which *mulier* I divine,  
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,  
Answering the letter of the oracle,  
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about  
With this most tender air.

*Cym.*

This hath some seeming.

*Sooth.* The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,  
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point  
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,  
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,  
To the majestick cedar join'd; whose issue  
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

*Cym.*

Well,

My peace we will begin:—And, Caius Lucius,  
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,  
And to the Roman empire; promising  
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which  
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen:  
Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her, and hers,)  
Have laid most heavy hand.

*Sooth.* The fingers of the powers above do tune  
The harmony of this peace. The vision  
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke  
Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant  
Is full accomplish'd: For the Roman eagle,  
From south to west on wing soaring aloft,  
Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o'the sun  
So vanish'd: which fore-show'd our princely eagle,  
The imperial Cæsar, should again unite  
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,  
Which shines here in the west.

*Cym.*

Laud we the gods;  
 And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils  
 From our bless'd altars! Publish we this peace  
 To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let  
 A Roman and a British ensign wave  
 Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:  
 And in the temple of great Jupiter  
 Our peace we'll ratify: seal it with feasts.—  
 Set on there:—Never was a war did cease,  
 Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup>This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expense of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names, and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation.—JOHNSON.

Of the enormous injustice of the above sentence, nearly every page of *Cymbeline* will, to a reader of any taste or discrimination, bring the most decisive evidence. That it possesses many of the too common inattentions of Shakspeare, that it exhibits a frequent violation to costume, and a singular confusion of nomenclature, cannot be denied; but these are trifles light as air, when contrasted with its merits, which are of the very essence of dramatic worth, rich and full in all that breathes of vigour, animation, and intellect; in all that elevates the fancy, and improves the heart. In possession of excellencies, vital as those must be deemed, cold and fastidious is the criticism, that, on account of irregularities in mere technical detail, would shut its eyes upon their splendour. Nor are there wanting critics of equal learning with, and superior taste to, Johnson, who have considered what he has branded with the unqualified charge of "confusion of manners," as forming in a certain point of view, one of the most pleasing recommendations of the piece. Thus Schlegel, after characterising *Cymbeline*, as one of Shakspeare's most wonderful compositions, adds, "He has here connected a novel of Boccaccio with traditionary tales of the ancient Britons, reaching back to the times of the first Roman emperors; and he has contrived by the most gentle transitions, to blend together into a harmonious whole, the social manners of the latest times, with the heroic deeds, and even with the appearances, of the gods." (*Essay on Dram. Lit.* vol. ii. p. 183.) It may also be remarked, that if the unities of time and place be as little observed in this play, as in many others of the same poet, unity of character and feeling, the test of genius, and without which the utmost efforts of art will be unavailing, is uniformly and happily supported.

In this drama, poetical justice has been strictly observed, the vicious characters meet the punishment due to their crimes, while virtue in all its various degrees is proportionably rewarded. The scene of retribution, which is the closing one of the play, is a masterpiece of skill; the development of the plot, for its fulness, completeness, and ingenuity, surpassing any effort of the kind among our author's contemporaries, and atoning for any partial incongruity which the structure or conduct of the story may have displayed.—DR. DRAKE.

## A SONG,

SUNG BY GUIDERIUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE,  
SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.\*

BY MR. WILLIAM COLLINS.

*To fair Fidele's grassy tomb,  
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring  
Each opening sweet, of earliest bloom,  
And rifle all the breathing spring.*

*No wailing ghost shall dare appear  
To vex with shrieks this quiet grove;  
But shepherd lads assemble here,  
And melting virgins own their love.*

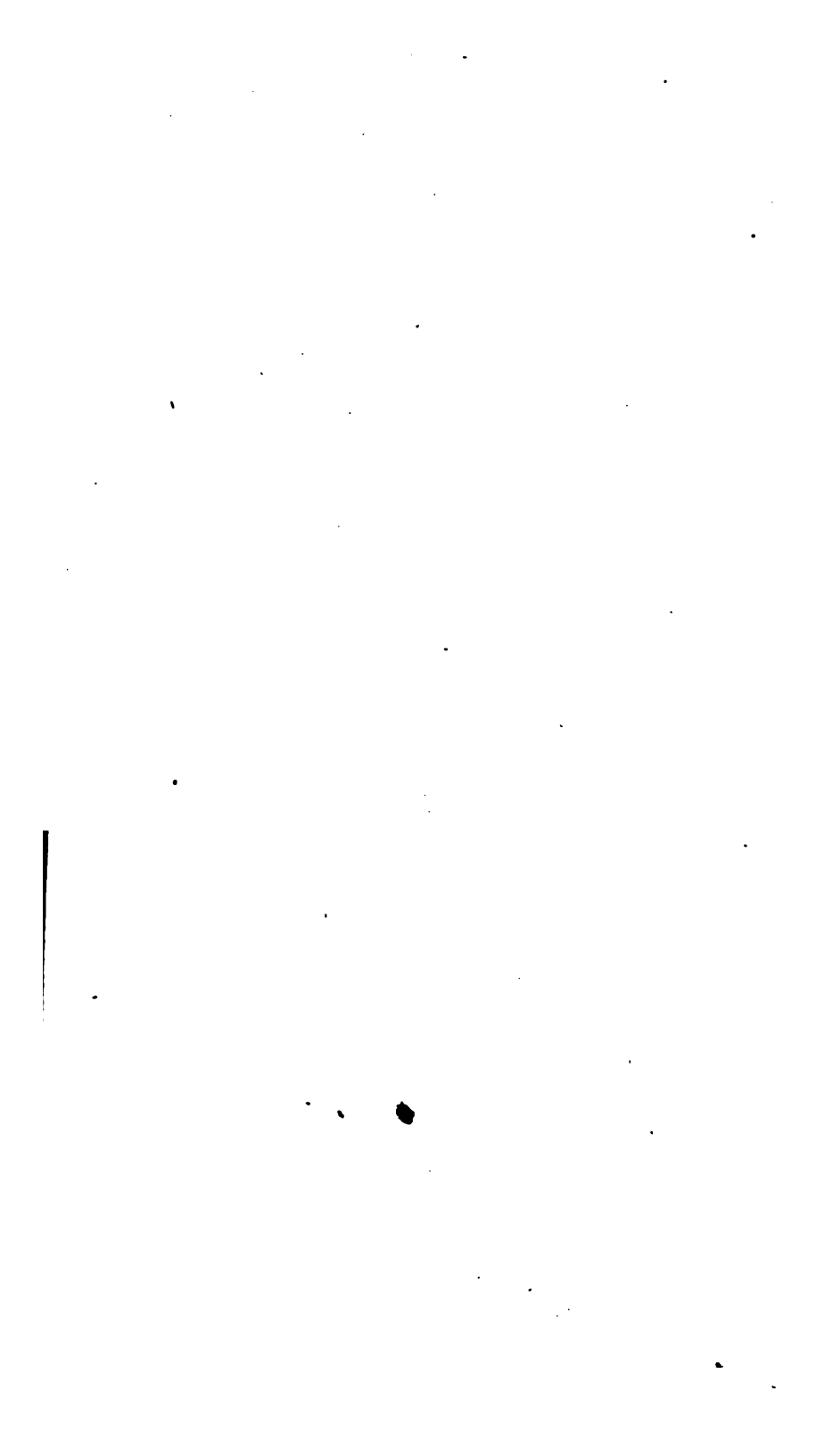
*No wither'd witch shall here be seen,  
No goblins lead their nightly crew;  
The female fays shall haunt the green,  
And dress thy grave with pearly dew.*

*The red-breast oft at evening hours  
Shall kindly lend his little aid,  
With hoary moss, and gather'd flowers,  
To deck the ground where thou art laid.*

*When howling winds, and beating rain,  
In tempests shake the sylvan cell;  
Or midst the chace on every plain,  
The tender thought on thee shall dwell.*

*Each lonely scene shall thee restore;  
For thee the tear be duly shed;  
Belov'd, till life could charm no more;  
And mourn'd till pity's self be dead.*

\* See Page 280, note u.



## TITUS ANDRONICUS.

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THIS play was entered at Stationers' Hall, Feb. 6, 1593—4; in which year (according to Langbaine, who alone appears to have seen the first edition) it was also printed. There were two editions in quarto, one in 1600, and another in 1611; but neither of these have the author's name on the title page. The tragedy however was written several years before; as it is mentioned in the induction to Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* in 1614, as one that had been exhibited five-and-twenty or thirty years: "which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakspeare was but twenty-five. It was most probably written two or three years earlier, and was the first production of our author.

That it is his, there is not only the testimony of its having been printed in the players' edition; but the authority of *Meres*, a contemporary author, who in a little book called *Palladis Tamia*, printed in 1598, enumerates this tragedy among the works of Shakspeare.

The commentators have shown themselves very desirous of discrediting the authenticity of this play; but they have nothing to oppose to the above strong evidence in its favour; but such inconclusive arguments as may be derived from the dissimilarity of its style, and the inferiority of its merit to the other works of our author. To which may be answered, that it was a boyish production; that it is, perhaps, superior to any of the plays which were most popular at the period of its composition, and which a young writer would naturally be led to imitate in the first timid experiment of his powers; and that however displeasing its horrors and its turgid declamation may be to us, they were particularly admired by our author's contemporaries.

Much stress has been laid by Malone on the tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft; in his preface to the alteration of this play, published in 1687, he says, "I have been told by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally Shakspeare's; but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master touches to one or two of the principal parts or characters." This tradition, from whosoever Ravenscroft received it, is overthrown by the slightest reference to dates. The play was produced, as we have already seen, certainly in 1589, probably as early as 1584; at this time Shakspeare was as yet unknown; a young man little more than twenty, without either literary reputation or theatrical influence, and the very last person to whom a play would be entrusted for the benefit of revision and correction.

The plot, names, and characters of the play are from an old ballad, which the reader will find in the first volume of *Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*.



## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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**SATURNINUS**, *son to the late emperor of Rome, and afterwards declared emperor himself.*

**BASSIANUS**, *brother to Saturninus; in love with Lavinia.*

**TITUS ANDRONICUS**, *a noble Roman, general against the Goths.*

**MARCUS ANDRONICUS**, *tribune of the people; and brother to Titus.*

**LUCIUS**,

**QUINTUS**,

**MARTIUS**,

**MUTIUS**,

*Young LUCIUS, a boy, son to Lucius.*

**PUBLIUS**, *son to Marcus the tribune.*

**ÆMILIUS**, *a noble Roman.*

**ALARBUS**,

**CHIRON**,

**DEMETRIUS**,

*AARON, a Moor, beloved by Tamora.*

*A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown; Romans.*

*Goths and Romans.*

**TAMORA**, *queen of the Goths.*

**LAVINIA**, *daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

*A Nurse, and a black Child.*

*Kinsmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*

**SCENE**, *Rome, and the Country near it.*

# TITUS ANDRONICUS.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *Before the Capitol.*

*The Tomb of the Andronici appearing ; the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate. Enter, below, SATURNINUS and his Followers, on one side ; and BASSIANUS and his Followers, on the other ; with Drum and Colours.*

Sat. NOBLE patricians, patrons of my right,  
Defend the justice of my cause with arms ;  
And, countrymen, my loving followers,  
Plead my successive title<sup>a</sup> with your swords :  
I am his first-born son, that was the last  
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome ;  
Then let my father's honours live in me,  
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bas. Romans,—friends, followers, favourers of my  
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son, [right—  
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,  
Keep then this passage to the Capitol ;  
And suffer not dishonour to approach  
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,  
To justice, continence, and nobility :  
But let desert in pure election shine ;  
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

*Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the Crown.*

Mar. Princes—that strive by factions, and by friends,  
Ambitiously for rule and empery,—  
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom we stand  
A special party, have, by common voice,

<sup>a</sup> — my successive title—] i. e. My title to the succession.—MALONE.

In election for the Roman empery,  
 Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,  
 For many good and great deserts to Rome;  
 A nobler man, a braver warrior,  
 Lives not this day within the city walls:  
 He by the senate is accited home,  
 From weary wars against the barbarous Goths;  
 That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,  
 Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.  
 Ten years are spent, since first he undertook  
 This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms  
 Our enemies' pride: Five times he hath return'd  
 Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons  
 In coffins from the field;  
 And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,  
 Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,  
 Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.  
 Let us entreat.—By honour of his name,  
 Whom, worthily, you would have now succeed,  
 And in the Capitol and senate's right,  
 Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—  
 That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;  
 Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,  
 Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

*Sat.* How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

*Bas.* Marcus Andronicus, so do I affy  
 In thy uprightness and integrity,  
 And so I love and honour thee and thine,  
 Thy nobler brother Titus, and his sons,  
 And her, to whom my thoughts are humbled all,  
 Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,  
 That I will here dismiss my loving friends;  
 And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,  
 Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt the Followers of BASSIANUS*]

*Sat.* Friends, that have been thus forward in my right  
 I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;  
 And to the love and favour of my country  
 Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt the Followers of SATURNINUS*]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,  
As I am confident and kind to thee.—  
Open the gates, and let me in.

*Bas.* Tribunes! and me, a poor competitor.

[*SAT. and BAS. go into the Capitol, and exeunt  
with Senators, MARCUS, &c.*]

SCENE II.

*The same.*

*Enter a Captain and others.*

*Cap.* Romans, make way; The good Andronicus,  
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,  
Successful in the battles that he fights,  
With honour and with fortune is return'd,  
From where he circumscribed with his sword,  
And brought to yoke the enemies of Rome.

*Flourish of Trumpets, &c. enter MUTIUS and MARTIUS:  
after them, two Men bearing a Coffin covered with black;  
then QUINTUS and LUCIUS. After them, TITUS AN-  
DRONICUS; and then TAMORA, with ALARBUS, CHI-  
RON, DEMETRIUS, AARON, and other Goths, prisoners;  
Soldiers and People following. The Bearers set down the  
Coffin, and TITUS speaks.*

*Tit.* Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!<sup>b</sup>  
Lo, as the bark, that hath discharg'd her freight,  
Returns with precious lading to the bay,  
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,  
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,  
To re-salute his country with his tears;  
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.—  
Thou great defender of this Capitol,<sup>c</sup>  
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!—

<sup>b</sup> *Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!* We may suppose the Ro-  
mans in a grateful ceremony, meeting the dead sons of Andronicus with  
mournful habits.—JOHNSON. Or that they were in mourning for their emperor  
who was just dead.—STEEVENS.

<sup>c</sup> *Thou great defender of this Capitol,* Jupiter, to whom the Capitol was sa-  
cred.—JOHNSON.

Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,  
 Half of the number that king Priam had,  
 Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead !  
 These, that survive, let Rome reward with love ;  
 These, that I bring unto their latest home,  
 With burial amongst their ancestors :  
 Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.  
 Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,  
 Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,  
 To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx !<sup>d</sup>—  
 Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*The Tomb is opened.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,  
 And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars !  
 O sacred receptacle of my joys,  
 Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,  
 How many sons of mine hast thou in store,  
 That thou wilt never render to me more ?

*Luc.* Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,  
 That we may hew his limbs, and, on a pile,  
*Ad manes fratrum* sacrifice his flesh,  
 Before this earthly prison of their bones ;  
 That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,  
 Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.\*

*Tit.* I give him you ; the noblest that survives,  
 The eldest son of this distressed queen.

*Tam.* Stay, Roman brethren ;—Gracious conqueror,  
 Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,  
 A mother's tears in passion for her son :  
 And, if thy sons were ever dear to thee,  
 O, think my son to be as dear to me.  
 Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,  
 To beautify thy triumphs, and return,  
 Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke ;  
 But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,

<sup>d</sup> *To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx !*] Here we have one of the numerous classical notions that are scattered with a pedantick profusion through this piece.—MALONE.

\* *Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.*] It was supposed by the ancients, that the ghosts of unburied people appeared to their friends and relations, to solicit the rites of funeral.—STEVENS.

For valiant doings in their country's cause ?  
 O ! if to fight for king and common weal  
 Were piety in thine, it is in these.  
 Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood :  
 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods ?  
 Draw near them then in being merciful :  
 Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge :  
 Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

*Tit.* Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.  
 These are their brethren, whom you Goths beheld  
 Alive and dead ; and for their brethren slain,  
 Religiously they ask a sacrifice :  
 To this your son is mark'd ; and die he must,  
 To appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

*Luc.* Away with him ; and make a fire straight ;  
 And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,  
 Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and  
 MUTIUS, *with* ALARBUS.

*Tam.* O cruel, irreligious piety !

*Chi.* Was ever Scythia half so barbarous ?

*Dem.* Oppose not Scythia to ambitious Rome.  
 Alarbus goes to rest ; and we survive  
 To tremble under Titus' threatening look.  
 Then, madam, stand resolv'd ; but hope withal,  
 The self-same gods, that arm'd the queen of Troy  
 With opportunity of sharp revenge  
 Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,  
 May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,  
 (When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen,)  
 To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

*Re-enter* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS *and* MUTIUS, *with*  
*their swords bloody.*

*Luc.* See, lord and father, how we have perform'd  
 Our Roman rites : Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,  
 And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,  
 Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.  
 Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,  
 And with loud 'larums welcome them to Rome.

*Tit.* Let it be so, and let Andronicus  
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the Coffin laid in the Tomb.*]

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons ;  
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,  
Secure from worldly chances and mishaps !  
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,  
Here grow no damned grudges : here, are no storms,  
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep :

*Enter LAVINIA.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons !

*Lav.* In peace and honour live lord Titus long !  
My noble lord and father, live in fame !  
Lo ! at this tomb my tributary tears  
I render, for my brethren's obsequies ;  
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy  
Shed on the earth, for thy return to Rome :  
O, bless me here with thy victorious hand,  
Whose fortunes Rome's best citizens applaud.

*Tit.* Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly reserv'd  
The cordial of mine age to glad my heart !—  
Lavinia, live ; outlive thy father's days,  
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise !<sup>f</sup>

*Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS, BASSIANUS,  
and others.*

*Mar.* Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,  
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome !

*Tit.* Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

*Mar.* And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,  
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.  
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,  
That in your country's service drew your swords :  
But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,  
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,<sup>g</sup>

<sup>f</sup> *And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise !*] To outlive an eternal date is, though not philosophical, yet poetical sense. He wishes that her life may be longer than his, and her praise longer than fame.—JOHNSON.

<sup>g</sup> *That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,*] The maxim of Solon here alluded to is, that no man can be pronounced to be happy before his death.—MALONE.

And triumphs over chance, in honour's bed.—  
 Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,  
 Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,  
 Send thee by me, their tribune, and their trust,  
 This palliament of white and spotless hue;  
 And name thee in election for the empire,  
 With these our late deceased emperor's sons :  
 Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,  
 And help to set a head on headless Rome.

*Tit.* A better head her glorious body fits,  
 Than his, that shakes for age and feebleness :  
 What! should I don<sup>b</sup> this robe, and trouble you?  
 Be chosen with proclamations to-day;  
 To-morrow, yield up rule, resign my life,  
 And set abroad new business for you all?  
 Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,  
 And buried one and twenty valiant sons,  
 Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,  
 In right and service of their noble country;  
 Give me a staff of honour for mine age,  
 But not a sceptre to control the world :  
 Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

*Mar.* Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.<sup>c</sup>

*Sat.* Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou tell?

*Tit.* Patience, prince Saturnine.

*Sat.* Romans, do me right;—  
 Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not  
 Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor :—  
 Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipp'd to hell,  
 Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

*Luc.* Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good  
 That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

*Tit.* Content thee, prince; I will restore to thee  
 The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

*Bas.* Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,  
 But honour thee, and wilt do till I die;  
 My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,

<sup>b</sup> — don—] i. e. Put on, do on.

<sup>c</sup> Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the empery.] Here is rather too much of the  
*ὀργάνον ὑπερίσταν*.—STEVENS.



I will most thankful be : and thanks, to men  
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

*Tit.* People of Rome, and people's tribunes here,  
I ask your voices, and your suffrages ;  
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus ?

*Trib.* To gratify the good Andronicus,  
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,  
The people will accept whom he admits.

*Tit.* Tribunes, I thank you : and this suit I make,  
That you create your emperor's eldest son,  
Lord Saturnine ; whose virtues will, I hope,  
Reflect on Rome, as Titan's rays on earth,  
And ripen justice in this common-weal :  
Then if you will elect by my advice,  
Crown him, and say,—*Long live our emperor !*

*Mar.* With voices and applause of every sort,  
Patricians, and plebeians, we create  
Lord Saturninus, Rome's great emperor ;  
And say,—*Long live our emperor Saturnine !*

[*A long Flourish.*]

*Sat.* Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done  
To us in our election this day,  
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,  
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness :  
And, for an onset, Titus, to advance  
Thy name, and honourable family,  
Lavinia will I make my emperess,  
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,  
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse :  
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please thee ?

*Tit.* It doth, my worthy lord ; and, in this match,  
I hold me highly honour'd of your grace :  
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,—  
King and commander of our common-weal,  
The wide world's emperor,—do I consecrate  
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners ;  
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord :  
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,  
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

*Sat.* Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life !

How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,  
Rome shall record; and when I do forget  
The least of these unspeakable deserts,  
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

*Tit.* Now, madam, are you prisoner to an emperor;

[*To TAMORA.*

To him, that for your honour and your state,  
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

*Sat.* A goodly lady, trust me; of the hue  
That I would choose, were I to choose anew.—  
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance;  
Though chance of war hath wrought this change of  
cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:  
Princely shall be thy usage every way.  
Rest on my word, and let not discontent  
Daunt all your hopes; Madam, he comforts you,  
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths.—  
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

*Lav.* Not I, my lord; sith true nobility  
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

*Sat.* Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let us go:  
Ransomeless here we set our prisoners free:  
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and drum.

*Bas.* Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is mine.

[*Seizing LAVINIA.*

*Tit.* How, sir? Are you in earnest then, my lord?

*Bas.* Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd withal,  
To do myself this reason and this right.

[*The Emperor courts TAMORA in dumb show.*

*Mar.* *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:  
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

*Luc.* And that he will, and shall, if Lucius live.

*Tit.* Traitors, avaunt! Where is the emperor's guard?  
Treason, my lord; Lavinia is surpriz'd.

*Sat.* Surpriz'd! By whom?

*Bas.* By him that justly may  
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with  
LAVINIA.*

*Mut.* Brothers, help to convey her hence away,  
And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

*Tit.* Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

*Mut.* My lord, you pass not here.

*Tit.*

What, villain boy!

Barr'st me my way in Rome?

[*TITUS kills* MUTIUS.

*Mut.*

Help, Lucius, help!

*Re-enter* LUCIUS.

*Luc.* My lord, you are unjust; and, more than so,  
In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

*Tit.* Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine :  
My sons would never so dishonour me :  
Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

*Luc.* Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,  
That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*

*Sat.* No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,  
Not her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock :  
I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;  
Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons,  
Confederates all thus to dishonour me.  
Was there none else in Rome to make a state of,  
But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus,  
Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,  
That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

*Tit.* O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

*Sat.* But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece  
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword :  
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy ;  
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,  
To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.<sup>k</sup>

*Tit.* These words are razors to my wounded heart.

*Sat.* And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,—  
That like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,  
Dost overshadow the gallant'st dames of Rome,—

<sup>k</sup> — To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.] A ruffler was a kind of cheating bully; and is so called in a statute made for the punishment of vagabonds in the 27th year of King Henry VIII. See Greene's *Groundwork of Coneycatching*, 1592. Hence, I suppose, this sense of the verb, to ruffle. Rufflers are likewise enumerated among other vagabonds, by Holinshed, Vol. I. p. 183.—STEVENS.

If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choiçe,  
Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,  
And will create thee emperess of Rome.  
Speak, queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?  
And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—  
Sith priest and holy water are so near,  
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing  
In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—  
I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,  
Or climb my palace, till from forth this place  
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

*Tam.* And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,  
If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths,  
She will a handmaid be to his desires,  
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

*Sat.* Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon:—Lords, accompany  
Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,  
Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine,  
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:  
There shall we cónsummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt SATURNINUS, and his Followers; TAMORA,  
and her Sons; AARON and Goths.*]

*Tit.* I am not bid<sup>1</sup> to wait upon this bride;—  
Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,  
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

*Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.*

*Mar.* O, Titus, see, O, see, what thou hast done!  
In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

*Tit.* No, foolish tribune, no; no son of mine,—  
Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed  
That hath dishonour'd all our family;  
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

*Luc.* But let us give him burial, as becomes;  
Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

*Tit.* Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.  
This monument five hundred years hath stood,  
Which I have sumptuously re-edified:  
Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,

<sup>1</sup> — *bid*—] i. e. *Invited*.

Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls :—  
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

*Mar.* My lord, this is impiety in you :  
My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him ;  
He must be buried with his brethren.

*Quin. Mart.* And shall, or him we will accompany.

*Tit.* And shall ? What villain was it spoke that word ?

*Quin.* He that would vouch't in any place but here.

*Tit.* What, would you bury him in my despite ?

*Mar.* No, noble Titus ; but entreat of thee  
To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

*Tit.* Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,  
And, with these boys, mine honour thou hast wounded :  
My foes I do repute you every one ;  
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

*Mart.* He is not with himself ; let us withdraw.

*Quin.* Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*MARCUS and the Sons of TITUS kneel.*]

*Mar.* Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

*Quin.* Father, for in that name doth nature speak.

*Tit.* Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

*Mar.* Renowned Titus, more than half my soul,—

*Luc.* Dear father, soul and substance of us all,—

*Mar.* Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter  
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,  
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.  
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous.  
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax  
That slew himself ; and wise Laertes' son  
Did graciously plead for his funerals.  
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,  
Be barr'd his entrance here.

*Tit.* Rise, Marcus, rise :—  
The dismall'st day is this, that e'er I saw,  
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome !—  
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*MUTIUS is put into the Tomb.*]

*Luc.* There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with thy  
friends,  
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb !—

*All.* No man shed tears for noble Mutius;  
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

*Mar.* My lord,—to step out of these dreary dumps,—  
How comes it, that the subtle queen of Goths  
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

*Tit.* I know not, Marcus; but, I know, it is;  
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell:  
Is she not then beholden to the man  
That brought her for this high good turn so far?  
Yes, and will nobly him remunerate.

*Flourish.* *Re-enter, at one side, SATURNINUS, attended;  
TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and AARON: at the  
other, BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, and others.*

*Sat.* So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize;<sup>a</sup>  
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride.

*Bas.* And you of yours, my lord: I say no more,  
Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

*Sat.* Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have power,  
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

*Bas.* Rape, call you it, my lord, to seize my own,  
My true-betrothed love, and now my wife?  
But let the laws of Rome determine all;  
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

*Sat.* 'Tis good sir: You are very short with us;  
But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

*Bas.* My lord, what I have done, as best I may,  
Answer I must, and shall do with my life.  
Only thus much I give your grace to know,  
By all the duties that I owe to Rome,  
This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,  
Is in opinion, and in honour, wrong'd;  
That, in the rescue of Lavinia,  
With his own hand did slay his youngest son,  
In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath  
To be controll'd in that he frankly gave:  
Receive him then to favour, Saturnine;

<sup>a</sup> ——— *play'd your prize;*] A technical term in the ancient fencing-school.—  
STEEVENS.

That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,  
A father, and a friend, to thee, and Rome.

*Tit.* Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my deeds ;  
'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me :  
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,  
How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine !

*Tam.* My worthy lord, if ever Tamora  
Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,  
Then hear me speak indifferently for all ;  
And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

*Sat.* What! madam! be dishonour'd openly,  
And basely put it up without revenge ?

*Tam.* Not so, my lord ; The gods of Rome forefend,  
I should be author to dishonour you !  
But, on mine honour, dare I undertake  
For good lord Titus' innocence in all,  
Whose fury, not dissembled, speaks his griefs :  
Then, at my suit, look graciously on him ;  
Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,  
Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.—  
My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,  
Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :  
You are but newly planted in your throne ;  
Lest then the people, and patricians too,  
Upon a just survey, take Titus' part,  
And so supplant us for ingratitude,  
(Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,)  
Yield at entreats, and then let me alone ;  
I'll find a day to massacre them all,  
And raze their faction, and their family,  
The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,  
To whom I sued for my dear son's life ;  
And make them know, what 'tis to let a queen  
Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.—  
Come, come, sweet emperor,—come, Andronicus,  
Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart  
That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

*Aside.*

*Sat.* Rise, Titus, rise ; my empress hath prevail'd.

*Tit.* I thank your majesty, and her, my lord :  
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

*Tam.* Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,  
A Roman now adopted happily,  
And must advise the emperor for his good.  
This day all quarrels die, Andronicus;—  
And let it be mine honour, good my lord,  
That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.—  
For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd  
My word and promise to the emperor,  
That you will be more mild and tractable.—  
And fear not, lords,—and you, Lavinia;—  
By my advice, all humbled on your knees,  
You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

*Luc.* We do; and vow to heaven, and to his highness,  
That, what we did, was mildly, as we might,  
Tend'ring our sister's honour, and our own.

*Mar.* That on mine honour here I do protest.

*Sat.* Away, and talk not; trouble us no more.—

*Tam.* Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all be friends:  
The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace;  
I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

*Sat.* Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's here,  
And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,  
I do remit these young men's heinous faults.  
Stand up.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,  
I found a friend: and sure as death I swore,  
I would not part a bachelor from the priest.  
Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,  
You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends:  
This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

*Tit.* To-morrow, an it please your majesty,  
To hunt the panther and the hart with me,  
With horn and hound, we'll give your grace *bon-jour*.

*Sat.* Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too. [Exit.]



## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before the Palace.**Enter AARON.*

*Aar.* Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,  
Safe out of fortune's shot; and sits aloft,  
Secure of thunder's crack, or lightning's flash;  
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach.  
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,  
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,  
Gallops the zodiack in his glistening coach,  
And overlooks the highest-peering hills;  
So Tamora.—

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,  
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.  
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,  
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,  
And mount her pitch; whom thou in triumph long  
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;  
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes,  
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.  
Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts!  
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,  
To wait upon this new made empress.  
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,  
This goddess, this Semiramis;—this queen,  
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,  
And see his shipwreck, and his commonweal's.  
Holla! what storm is this?

*Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.*

*Dem.* Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge.  
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd:  
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.

*Chi.* Demetrius, thou dost over-ween in all;  
And so in this to bear me down with braves.  
'Tis not the difference of a year, or two,  
Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate:

I am as able, and as fit, as thou,  
To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;  
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,  
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

*Aar.* Clubs, clubs!<sup>a</sup> these lovers will not keep the peace

*Dem.* Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,  
Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,  
Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends?  
Go to: have your lath glued within your sheath,  
Till you know better how to handle it.

*Chi.* Mean while, sir, with the little skill I have,  
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

*Dem.* Ay, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*]

*Aar.* Why, how now, lords?

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,  
And maintain such a quarrel openly?  
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;  
I would not for a million of gold,  
The cause were known to them it most concerns:  
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,  
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.  
For shame, put up.

*Dem.* Not I; till I have sheath'd  
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,  
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,  
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

*Chi.* For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,—  
Foul-spoken coward! that thunder'st with thy tongue,  
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

*Aar.* Away, I say.—  
Now by the gods, that warlike Goths adore,  
This petty brabble will undo us all.—  
Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous  
It is to jut upon a prince's right?  
What, is Lavinia then become so loose,  
Or Bassianus so degenerate,  
That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,  
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?

<sup>a</sup> *Clubs, clubs!*] This was the usual outcry for assistance, when any riot in the street happened.—STEEVENS.

Young lords, beware! an should the empress know  
This discord's ground, the musick would not please.

*Chi.* I care not, I, knew she and all the world;  
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

*Dem.* Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner  
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope. [choice:

*Aar.* Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome  
How furious and impatient they be.  
And cannot brook competitors in love?  
I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths  
By this device.

*Chi.* Aaron, a thousand deaths  
Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

*Aar.* To achieve her!—How?

*Dem.* Why mak'st thou it so strange?  
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;  
She is a woman, therefore may be won:  
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.  
What, man! more water glideth by the mill  
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is  
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive,\* we know:  
Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,  
Better than he have yet worn Vulcan's badge.

*Aar.* Ay, and as good as Saturninus may. [Aside.

*Dem.* Then why should he despair, that knows to court it  
With words, fair looks, and liberality?  
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,  
And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

*Aar.* Why then, it seems, some certain snatch or so  
Would serve your turns.

*Chi.* Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

*Dem.* Aaron, thou hast hit it.

*Aar.* 'Would you had hit it too;  
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.  
Why, hark ye, hark ye,—And are you such fools,  
To square<sup>p</sup> for this? Would it offend you then  
That both should speed?

*Chi.* I'faith, not me.

\* — a shive,] i. e. A slice.

<sup>p</sup> To square—] i. e. To quarrel.

*Dem.*

Nor me,

So I were one.

*Aar.* For shame, be friends; and join for that you jar.  
Tis policy and stratagem must do  
That you affect; and so must you resolve;  
That what you cannot, as you would, achieve,  
You must perforce accomplish as you may.  
Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste  
Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.  
A speedier course than lingering languishment  
Must we pursue, and I have found the path.  
My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;  
There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:  
The forest walks are wide and spacious;  
And many unfrequented plots there are,  
Fitted by kind<sup>a</sup> for rape and villainy:  
Single you thither then this dainty doe,  
And strike her home by force, if not by words;  
This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.  
Come, come, our empress, with her sacred<sup>r</sup> wit,  
To villainy and vengeance consecrate,  
Will we acquaint with all that we intend;  
And she shall file our engines with advice,<sup>s</sup>  
That will not suffer you to square yourselves,  
But to your wishes' height advance you both.  
The emperor's court is like the house of fame,  
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:  
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull;  
There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns:  
There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's eye,  
And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

*Chi.* Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

*Dem.* *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream  
To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,

*Per Styga, per manes vehor.*

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> — by kind—] That is, by nature, which is the old signification of kind.  
—JOHNSON.

<sup>r</sup> — sacred—] i. e. *Accursed*; a Latinism.—MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> — file our engines with advice,] i. e. Remove all impediments from our designs by advice. The allusion is to the operation of the file, which, by conferring smoothness, facilitates the motion of the wheels which compose an engine or piece of machinery.—STEVENS.

SCENE II.<sup>1</sup>

*A Forest near Rome. A Lodge seen at a distance.  
Horns, and cry of Hounds heard.*

*Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with Hunters, &c. MARCUS,  
LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.*

*Tit.* The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,  
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green :  
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,  
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,  
And rouse the prince ; and ring a hunter's peal,  
That all the court may echo with the noise.  
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,  
To tend the emperor's person carefully :  
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,  
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*Horns wind a Peal. Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA,  
BASSIANUS, LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and At-  
tendants.*

*Tit.* Many good morrows to your majesty ;—  
Madam, to you as many and as good !—  
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

*Sat.* And you have rung it lustily, my lords,  
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

*Bas.* Lavinia, how say you ?

*Lav.* I say, no ;  
I have been broad awake two hours and more.

*Sat.* Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,  
And to our sport :—Madam, now shall ye see  
Our Roman hunting. [To TAMORA.]

*Mar.* I have dogs, my lord,  
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,  
And climb the highest promontory top.

*Tit.* And I have horse will follow where the game  
Makes way, and run like swallow on the plain.

<sup>1</sup> The division of this play into acts, which was made by the editors in 1623, is improper. There is here an intermission, and here the second act ought to have begun.—JOHNSON.

*Dem.* Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,  
But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

*A desert part of the Forest.*

*Enter AARON, with a Bag of Gold.*

*Aar.* He that had wit, would think that I had none,  
To bury so much gold under a tree,  
And never after to inherit<sup>a</sup> it.  
Let him, that thinks of me so abjectly,  
Know, that this gold must coin a stratagem;  
Which, cunningly effected, will beget  
A very excellent piece of villainy:  
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,<sup>b</sup>  
[*Hides the Gold.*]  
That have their alms out of the empress' chest.<sup>c</sup>

*Enter TAMORA.*

*Tam.*<sup>d</sup> My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,  
When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?  
The birds chaunt melody on every bush;  
The snake lies roll'd in the cheerful sun;  
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,  
And make a checquer'd shadow on the ground:  
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,  
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,  
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,  
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—  
Let us sit down, and mark their yelling noise:  
And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd  
The wandering prince of Dido once enjoy'd,  
When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,

<sup>a</sup> — to inherit]—formerly signified to possess.—MALONE.

<sup>b</sup> — unrest,] i. e. *Disquiet*; a word frequently used by the old writers.—

STEEVENS.

<sup>c</sup> That I— their alms, &c.]

they — come at this

poetical

one is

cure. It seems to mean only, that

empress' are to suffer by it.—JOHNSON.

speech of Tamora. It appears to

in the style of Shakspeare.—M.

And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,—  
 We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,  
 Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber;  
 Whiles hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious birds,  
 Be unto us, as is a nurse's song  
 Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

*Aar.* Madam, though Venus govern your desires,  
 Saturn is dominator over mine:

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,  
 My silence, and my cloudy melancholy?  
 My fleece of woolly hair that now uncurls,  
 Even as an adder, when she doth unroll  
 To do some fatal execution?

No, madam, these are no venereal signs;  
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,  
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.  
 Hark, Tamora,—the empress of my soul,  
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,—  
 This is the day of doom for Bassianus;  
 His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day:  
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,  
 And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.  
 Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,  
 And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll;—  
 Now question me no more, we are espied;  
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,  
 Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

*Tam.* Ah, my sweet Moor! sweeter to me than life!

*Aar.* No more, great empress, Bassianus comes:  
 Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons  
 To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be. [Exit.]

*Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.*

*Bas.* Who have we here? Rome's royal emperess,  
 Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?  
 Or is it Dian, habited like her;  
 Who hath abandoned her holy groves,  
 To see the general hunting in this forest?

*Tam.* Saucy controller of our private steps!  
 Had I the power, that, some say, Dian had,

Thy temples should be planted presently  
With horns, as was Actæon's; and the hounds  
Should drive' upon thy new-transformed limbs,  
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

*Lav.* Under your patience, gentle emperess,  
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;  
And to be doubted, that your Moor and you  
Are singled forth to try experiments:  
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!  
'Tis pity, they should take him for a stag.

*Bas.* Believe me, queen, your swarth Cimmerian<sup>a</sup>  
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,  
Spotted, detested, and abominable.  
Why are you sequester'd from all your train?  
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,  
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,  
Accompanied with a barbarous Moor,  
If foul desire had not conducted you?

*Lav.* And, being intercepted in your sport,  
Great reason that my noble lord be rated  
For sauciness.—I pray you, let us hence,  
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;  
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

*Bas.* The king, my brother, shall have note of this.

*Lav.* Ay, for these slips have made him noted long:<sup>b</sup>  
Good king! to be so mightily abus'd!

*Tam.* Why have I patience to endure all this?

*Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.*

*Dem.* How now, dear sovereign, and our gracious  
mother,

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

*Tam.* Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?  
These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,  
A barren detested vale, you see, it is:  
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,

<sup>a</sup> —drive—] i. e. Rush with violence.

<sup>b</sup> — swarth Cimmerian—] Swarth is black. The Moor is called Cimmerian, from the affinity of blackness to darkness.—JOHNSON.

<sup>c</sup> — made him noted long:] He had yet been married but one night.—JOHNSON.



O'ercome with moss, and baleful misletoe.  
 Here never shines the sun ; here nothing breeds,  
 Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.  
 And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,  
 They told me, here, at dead time of the night,  
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,  
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,<sup>b</sup>  
 Would make such fearful and confused cries,  
 As any mortal body, hearing it,  
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.<sup>c</sup>  
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,  
 But straight they told me, they would bind me here  
 Unto the body of a dismal yew ;  
 And leave me to this miserable death.  
 And then they call'd me, foul adulteress,  
 Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms  
 That ever ear did hear to such effect.  
 And, had you not by wond'rous fortune come,  
 This vengeance on me had they executed :  
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,  
 Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

*Dem.* This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs* **BASSIANUS**.

*Chi.* And this for me, struck home to show my strength.

[*Stabbing him likewise*.

*Lav.* Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous Tamora !  
 For no name fits thy nature but thy own !

*Tam.* Give me thy poniard ; you shall know, my  
 boys,

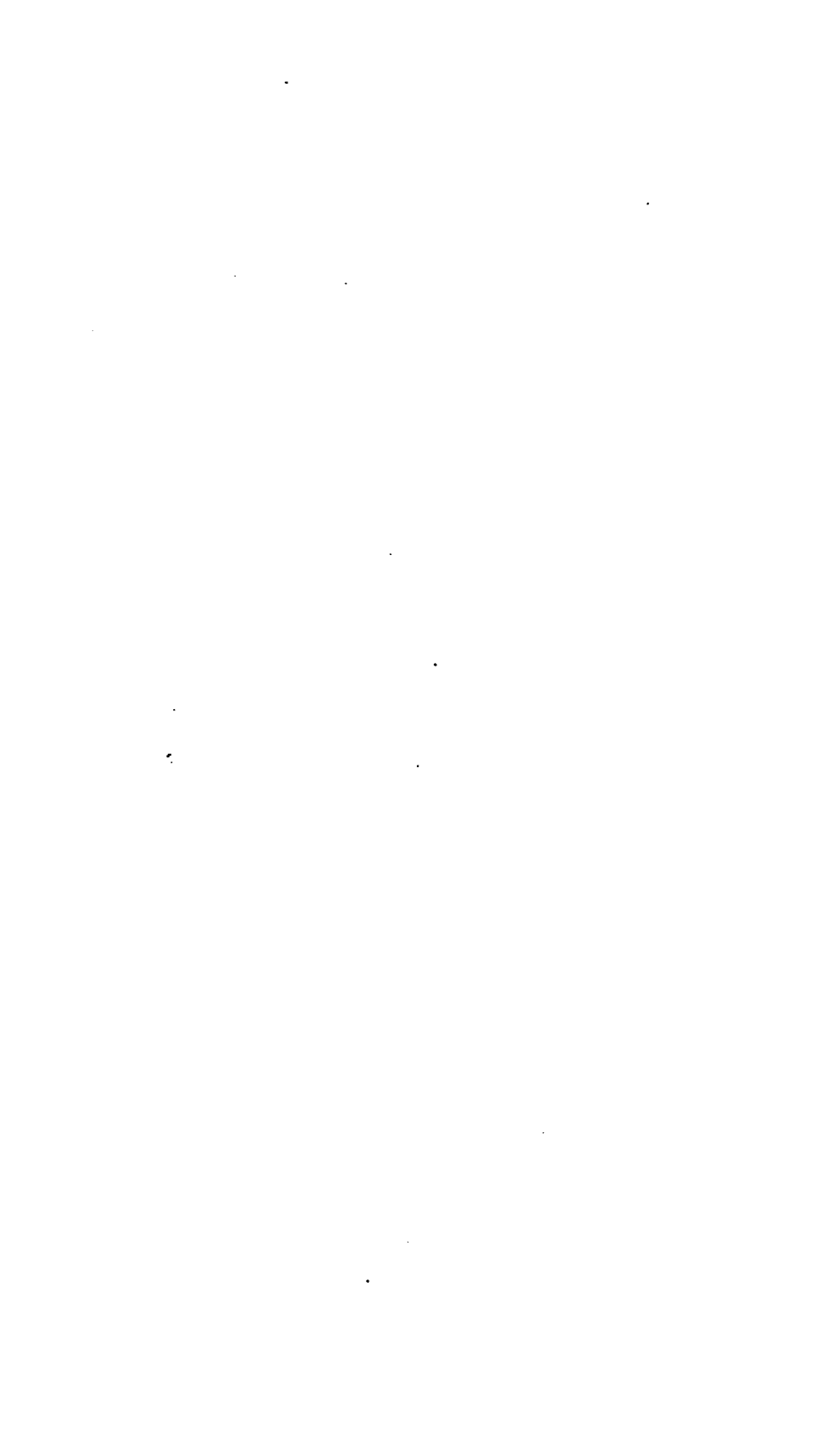
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

*Dem.* Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her ;  
 First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw :  
 This minion stood upon her chastity,  
 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,  
 And with that painted hope<sup>d</sup> braves your mightiness :  
 And shall she carry this unto her grave ?

<sup>b</sup> — urchins,] i. e. *Hedgehogs*.

<sup>c</sup> *Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.*] This is said in fabulous physiology, of those that hear the groan of the mandrake torn up.—**JOHNSON**.

<sup>d</sup> — painted hope—] i. e. *Specious hope*, or ground of confidence more plausible than solid.—**JOHNSON**.





*Chi.* An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.  
 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,  
 And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

*Tam.* But when you have the honey you desire,  
 Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

*Chi.* I warrant you, madam; we will make that sure.—  
 Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy  
 That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

*Lav.* O Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

*Tam.* I will not hear her speak; away with her.

*Lav.* Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

*Dem.* Listen, fair madam: Let it be your glory  
 To see her tears; but be your heart to them,  
 As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

*Lav.* When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam?  
 O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee:  
 The milk, thou suck'dst from her, did turn to marble:  
 Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.—  
 Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;  
 Do thou entreat her show a woman pity. [To CHIRON.

*Chi.* What! would'st thou have me prove myself a  
 bastard?

*Lav.* 'Tis true; the raven doth not hatch a lark:  
 Yet I have heard, (O could I find it now!)  
 The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure  
 To have his princely paws par'd all away.  
 Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,  
 The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:  
 O, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,  
 Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

*Tam.* I know not what it means; away with her.

*Lav.* O, let me teach thee: for my father's sake,  
 That gave thee life, when well he might have slain  
 thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

*Tam.* Had thou in person ne'er offended me,  
 Even for his sake am I pitiless:—  
 Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,  
 To save your brother from the sacrifice;  
 But fierce Andronicus would not relent.

Therefore away with her, and use her as you will;  
The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

*Lav.* O Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,  
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:  
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long;  
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

*Tam.* What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

*Lav.* 'Tis ~~present~~ death I beg; and one thing more,  
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:  
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,  
And tumble me into some loathsome pit;  
Where never man's eye may behold my body:  
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

*Tam.* So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee:  
No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

*Dem.* Away, for thou hast staid us here too long.

*Lav.* No grace? no womanhood? Ah, beastly creature!  
The blot and enemy to our general name!  
Confusion fall——

*Chi.* Nay, then I'll stop your mouth:—Bring thou her  
husband; [*Dragging off LAVINIA,*  
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*

*Tam.* Farewell, my sons: see, that you make her sure:  
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,  
Till all the Andronici be made away.  
Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,  
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour. [*Erit.*

#### SCENE IV.

*The same.*

*Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.*

*Aar.* Come on, my lords; the better foot before:  
Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,  
Where I espy'd the panther fast asleep.

*Quin.* My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

*Mart.* And mine, I promise you; wer't not for shame,  
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*MARTIUS falls into the pit.*

**Quin.** What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,  
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars;  
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,  
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?  
A very fatal place it seems to me:—  
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

**Mart.** O, brother, with the dismallest object  
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

**Aar.** [*aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them  
here;  
That he thereby may give a likely guess,  
How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit AARON.*]

**Mart.** Why dost not comfort me, and help me out  
From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

**Quin.** I am surprized with an uncouth fear:  
A chilling sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;  
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

**Mart.** To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,  
Aaron and thou look down into this den,  
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

**Quin.** Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart  
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold  
The thing, whereat it trembles by surmise:  
O, tell me how it is; for ne'er till now  
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

**Mart.** Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,  
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,  
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

**Quin.** If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

**Mart.** Upon his bloody finger he doth wear  
A precious ring,\* that lightens all the hole,  
Which, like a taper in some monument,  
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,  
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:  
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,  
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.  
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—

\* *A precious ring.*] There is supposed to be a gem called a carbuncle, which emits not reflected but native light. Mr. Boyle believes the reality of its existence.—*JOHNSON.*

If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—  
 Out of this fell devouring receptacle,  
 As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

*Quin.* Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;  
 Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,  
 I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb  
 Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.  
 I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

*Mart.* Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

*Quin.* Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,  
 Till thou art here aloft, or I below :  
 Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. [*Falls in.*]

*Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.*

*Sat.* Along with me :—I'll see what hole is here,  
 And what he is, that now is leap'd into it.  
 Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend  
 Into this gaping hollow of the earth ?

*Mart.* The unhappy son of old Andronicus;  
 Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,  
 To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

*Sat.* My brother dead ? I know, thou dost but jest :  
 He and his lady both are at the lodge,  
 Upon the north side of this pleasant chase ;  
 'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

*Mart.* We know not where you left him all alive,  
 But, out alas ! here have we found him dead.

*Enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TITUS ANDRONICUS,  
 and LUCIUS.*

*Tam.* Where is my lord, the king ?

*Sat.* Here, Tamora ; though griev'd with killing  
 grief.

*Tam.* Where is thy brother Bassianus ?

*Sat.* Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound ;  
 Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

*Tam.* Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,  
 [*Giving a Letter.*]

The complot of this timeless' tragedy ;

' — timeless—] i. e. *Untimely.*

And wonder greatly, that man's face can fold  
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

*Sat.* [reads.] *An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—*

*Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—*

*Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;*

*Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward*

*Among the nettles at the elder tree,*

*Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,*

*Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.*

*Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

O, Tamora! was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:

Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,

That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

*Aar.* My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[*Showing it.*]

*Sat.* Two of thy whelps, [to *TIT.*] fell curs of bloody  
kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life:—

Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;

There let them bide, until we have devis'd

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

*Tam.* What, are they in this pit? O wond'rous thing!  
How easily murder is discover'd!

*Tit.* High emperor, upon my feeble knee

I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,

That this fell fault of my accursed sons,

Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

*Sat.* If it be prov'd! you see, it is apparent.—

Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

*Tam.* Andronicus himself did take it up.

*Tit.* I did, my lord: yet let me be their bail:

For by my father's reverend tomb, I vow,

They shall be ready at your highness' will,

To answer their suspicion with their lives.

*Sat.* Thou shalt not bail them; see, thou follow me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the murderers:

Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;

For by my soul, were there worse end than death,

That end upon them should be executed.



*Tam.* Andronicus, I will entreat the king ;  
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

*Tit.* Come, Lucius, come ; stay not to talk with them.  
[*Exeunt severally.*]

## SCENE V.

*The same.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA, ravished ;  
her Hands cut off, and her Tongue cut out.*

*Dem.* So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can speak,  
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

*Chi.* Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so ;  
And, if thy stumps will let thee, play the scribe.

*Dem.* See, how with signs and tokens she can scowl.

*Chi.* Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

*Dem.* She hath no tongue to call, nor hands to wash ;  
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

*Chi.* An 'twere my case, I should go hang myself.

*Dem.* If thou hadst hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*]

*Enter MARCUS.*

*Mar.* Who's this,—my niece, that flies away so fast ?  
Cousin, a word ; Where is your husband ?—

If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me !\*

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep !—

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands

Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare

Of her two branches ? those sweet ornaments,

Whose circling shadows kings have sought to sleep in ;

And might not gain so great a happiness,

As half thy love ? Why dost not speak to me ?—

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,

Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,

\* If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would wake me !] If this be a dream, I would give all my possessions to be delivered from it by waking.—JOHNSON.

Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,  
Coming and going with thy honey breath.  
But, sure, some Tereus hath deflowered thee;  
And, lest thou should'st detect him, cut thy tongue.  
Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!  
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,—  
As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,—  
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,  
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.  
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?  
O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the beast,  
That I might rail at him to ease my mind!  
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,  
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.  
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,  
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:  
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;  
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,  
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,  
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.  
O, had the monster seen those lily hands  
Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,  
And make the silken strings delight to kiss them;  
He would not then have touch'd them for his life:  
Or, had he heard the heavenly harmony,  
Which that sweet tongue hath made,  
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep.  
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's<sup>b</sup> feet.  
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind:  
For such a sight will blind a father's eye:  
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;  
What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?  
Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;  
O, could our mourning ease thy misery! [Exeunt.

<sup>b</sup> ——— Thracian poet's—] Orpheus.



The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,  
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

*Tit.* Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me plead:  
Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you.

*Luc.* My gracious lord, no tribune hears you speak.

*Tit.* Why, 'tis no matter, man: if they did hear,  
They would not mark me; or, if they did mark,  
All bootless to them, they'd not pity me.  
Therefore I'll tell my sorrows to the stones;  
Who, though they cannot answer my distress,  
Yet in some sort they're better than the tribunes,  
For that they will not intercept my tale:  
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet  
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;  
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,  
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.  
A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard than stones:  
A stone is silent, and offendeth not;  
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.  
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn?

*Luc.* To rescue my two brothers from their death:  
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd  
My everlasting doom of banishment.

*Tit.* O happy man! they have befriended thee.  
Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,  
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?  
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,  
But me and mine: How happy art thou then,  
From these devourers to be banished?  
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

*Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.*

*Mar.* Titus, prepare thy noble eyes to weep;  
Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break;  
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

*Tit.* Will it consume me? let me see it then.

*Mar.* This was thy daughter.

*Tit.* Why, Marcus, so she is.

*Luc.* Ah me! this object kills me!

*Tit.* Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her:—

Speak, my Lavinia, what accursed hand  
 Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?  
 What fool hath added water to the sea?  
 Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?  
 My grief was at the height, before thou cam'st,  
 And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.  
 Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;  
 For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;  
 And they have nurs'd this woe in feeding life;  
 In bootless prayer have they been held up,  
 And they have serv'd me to effectless use:  
 Now, all the service I require of them  
 Is, that the one will help to cut the other.—  
 'Tis well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;  
 For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

*Luc.* Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

*Mar.* O, that delightful engine of her thoughts,  
 That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,  
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage;  
 Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung  
 Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear!

*Luc.* O, say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

*Mar.* O, thus I found her, straying in the park,  
 Seeking to hide herself; as doth the deer,  
 That hath receiv'd some unrecuring<sup>1</sup> wound.

*Tit.* It was my deer; and he that wounded her,  
 Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead:  
 For now I stand as one upon a rock,  
 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;  
 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,  
 Expecting ever when some envious surge  
 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.  
 This way to death my wretched sons are gone;  
 Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;  
 And here my brother weeping at my woes;  
 But that, which gives my soul the greatest spurn,  
 Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—  
 Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,  
 It would have madded me; What shall I do

<sup>1</sup> — unrecuring—] i. e. Irremediable.

Now I behold thy lively body so?  
Thou hast no hands, to wipe away thy tears;  
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:  
Thy husband he is dead; and, for his death,  
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this:  
Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!  
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears  
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew  
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

*Mar.* Perchance, she weeps because they kill'd her husband;  
Perchance, because she knows them innocent. [band:

*Tit.* If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,  
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—  
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;  
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—  
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;  
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:  
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,  
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain;  
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks  
How they are stain'd; like meadows, yet not dry  
With miry slime left on them by a flood?  
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,  
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,  
And make a brine-pit with our bitter tears?  
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?  
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows  
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?  
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,  
Plot some device of further misery,  
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

*Luc.* Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,  
See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

*Mar.* Patience, dear niece:—good Titus, dry thine eyes.

*Tit.* Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I wot,  
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,  
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

*Luc.* Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

*Tit.* Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her signs:

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say  
 That to her brother which I said to thee;  
 His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,  
 Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.  
 O, what a sympathy of woe is this?  
 As far from help as limbo<sup>j</sup> is from bliss!

*Enter AARON.*

*Aar.* Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor  
 Sends thee this word,—That, if thou love thy sons,  
 Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,  
 Or any one of you, chop off your hand,  
 And send it to the king: he, for the same,  
 Will send thee hither both thy sons alive;  
 And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

*Tit.* O, gracious emperor! O, gentle Aaron;  
 Did ever raven sing so like a lark,  
 That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?  
 With all my heart, I'll send the emperor  
 My hand;  
 Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

*Luc.* Stay, father: for that noble hand of thine,  
 That hath thrown down so many enemies,  
 Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:  
 My youth can better spare my blood than you:  
 And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

*Mar.* Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,  
 And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,  
 Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?<sup>k</sup>  
 O, none of both but are of high desert:  
 My hand hath been but idle; let it serve  
 To ransom my two nephews from their death;  
 Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

<sup>j</sup> — *limbo*—] The *Limbus patrum*, as it was called, is a place that the schoolmen supposed to be in the neighbourhood of hell, where the souls of the patriarchs were detained, and those good men who died before our Saviour's resurrection. Milton gives the name of *Limbo* to his Paradise of Fools.—  
 R. E. D.

<sup>k</sup> — *castle*?] A close helmet. See Grose's *Treatise of Ancient Armour*, p. 12, from whence it appears, that *castle* may only be a corruption of the old French word—*casquetel*.—STEEVENS.

*Aar.* Nay, come agree, whose hand shall go along,  
For fear they die before their pardon come.

*Mar.* My hand shall go.

*Luc.* By heaven, it shall not go.

*Tit.* Sirs, strive no more ; such wither'd herbs as these  
Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

*Luc.* Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,  
Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

*Mar.* And, for our father's sake, and mother's care,  
Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

*Tit.* Agree between you ; I will spare my hand.

*Luc.* Then I'll go fetch an axe.

*Mar.* But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS and MARCUS.]

*Tit.* Come hither, Aaron ; I'll deceive them both ;  
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

*Aar.* If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,  
And never, whilst I live, deceive men so :—  
But I'll deceive you in another sort,  
And that you'll say, ere half an hour can pass. [*Aside.*  
[*He cuts off* TITUS's *Hand.*

*Enter* LUCIUS and MARCUS.

*Tit.* Now, stay your strife ; what shall be, is despatch'd.—  
Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand :  
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him  
From thousand dangers ; bid him bury it ;  
More hath it merited, that let it have.  
As for my sons, say, I account of them  
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price ;  
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

*Aar.* I go, Andronicus : and for thy hand,  
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee :—  
Their heads I mean.—O, how this villainy [*Aside.*  
Doth fat me with the thoughts of it !  
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,  
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*

*Tit.* O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,  
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth :  
If any power pities wretched tears,



To that I call :—What, wilt thou kneel with me?

[To LAVANIA.

Do then, dear heart ; for heaven shall hear our prayers :  
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,  
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,  
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

*Mar.* O ! brother, speak with possibilities,  
And do not break into these deep extremes.

*Tit.* Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom ?  
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

*Mar.* But yet let reason govern thy lament.

*Tit.* If there were reason for these miseries,  
Then into limits could I bind my woes :  
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow ?  
If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,  
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln face ?  
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil ?  
I am the sea ; hark, how her sighs do blow !  
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth :  
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs ;  
Then must my earth with her continual tears  
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd :  
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,  
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.  
Then give me leave ; for losers will have leave  
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

*Enter a Messenger, with Two Heads and a Hand.*

*Mess.* Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid  
For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.  
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons ;  
And here's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent back ;  
Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution mock'd :  
That woe is me to think upon thy woe,  
More than remembrance of my father's death. [Exit.

*Mar.* Now let hot *Ætna* cool in *Sicily*,  
And be my heart an ever-burning hell !  
These miseries are more than may be borne !  
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,  
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

*Luc.* Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,  
And yet detested life not shrink thereat !  
That ever death should let life bear his name,  
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe !

[*LAVINIA kisses him.*]

*Mar.* Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,  
As frozen water to a starved snake.

*Tit.* When will this fearful slumber have an end ?

*Mar.* Now, farewell, flattery ; Die, Andronicus ;  
Thou dost not slumber : see, thy two sons' heads ;  
Thy warlike hand ; thy mangled daughter here ;  
Thy other banish'd son, with this dear sight  
Struck pale and bloodless ; and thy brother, I,  
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah ! now no more will I control thy griefs :  
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand  
Gnawing with thy teeth ; and be this dismal sight  
The closing up of our most wretched eyes !  
Now is a time to storm ; why art thou still ?

*Tit.* Ha, ha, ha !

*Mar.* Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with this hour.

*Tit.* Why, I have not another tear to shed :  
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,  
And would usurp upon my wat'ry eyes,  
And make them blind with tributary tears ;  
Then which way shall I find revenge's cave ?  
For these two heads do seem to speak to me ;  
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,  
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,  
Even in their throats that have committed them.  
Come, let me see what task I have to do.—  
You heavy people, circle me about ;  
That I may turn me to each one of you,  
And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.  
The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head ;  
And in this hand the other will I bear :  
Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things ;  
Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth.  
As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight ;  
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay :

Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there :  
 And, if you love me, as I think you do,  
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.

*Luc.* Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father ;  
 The woeful'st man that ever liv'd in Rome !  
 Farewell, proud Rome ! till Lucius come again,  
 He leaves his pledges dearer than his life.  
 Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister ;  
 O, 'would thou wert as thou 'tofore hast been !  
 But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,  
 But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.  
 If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs ;  
 And make proud Saturninus and his empress  
 Beg at the gates, like Tarquin and his queen.  
 Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,  
 To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. [Exit.

## SCENE II.

*A Room in Titus's House. A Banquet set out.*

*Enter* TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young LUCIUS,  
*a Boy.*

*Tit.* So, so ; now sit : and look, you eat not more  
 Than will preserve just so much strength in us  
 As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.  
 Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot ;  
 Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,  
 And cannot passionate our tenfold grief  
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine  
 Is left to tyrannize upon my breast ;  
 And when my heart, all mad with misery,  
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,  
 Then thus I thump it down.—  
 Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs !

[*To* LAVINIA.

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,  
 Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.  
 Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans ;

Or get some little knife between thy teeth,  
 And just against thy heart make thou a hole ;  
 That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall,  
 May run into that sink, and soaking in,  
 Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

*Mar.* Fye, brother, fye ! teach her not thus to lay  
 Such violent hands upon her tender life.

*Tit.* How now ! has sorrow made thee dote already ?  
 Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.  
 What violent hands can she lay on her life !  
 Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands ;  
 To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,  
 How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable ?  
 O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands ;  
 Lest we remember still, that we have none.—  
 Fye, fye, how frantickly I square my talk !  
 As if we should forget we had no hands,  
 If Marcus did not name the word of hands !—  
 Come, let's fall to ; and, gentle girl, eat this :—  
 Here is no drink ! Hark, Marcus, what she says ;—  
 I can interpret all her martyr'd signs ;—  
 She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,  
 Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks :<sup>1</sup>—  
 Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought ;  
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect,  
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers :  
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,  
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,  
 But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,  
 And, by still practice,<sup>m</sup> learn to know thy meaning.

*Boy.* Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments ;  
 Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

*Mar.* Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,  
 Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

*Tit.* Peace, tender sapling ; thou art made of tears,  
 And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[*MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.*

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife ?

<sup>1</sup> — mesh'd upon her cheeks : ] A very coarse allusion to brewing.—STEEVENS.

<sup>m</sup> — by still practice, ] By constant or continual practice.—JOHNSON.

*Mar.* At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

*Tit.* Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;  
Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:  
A deed of death, done on the innocent,  
Becomes not Titus' brother: Get thee gone;  
I see thou art not for my company.

*Mar.* Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

*Tit.* But how, if that fly had a father and mother?<sup>a</sup>  
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,  
And buz lamenting doings in the air?  
Poor harmless fly!

That with his pretty buzzing melody,  
Came here to make us merry; and thou hast kill'd him.

*Mar.* Pardon me, sir; 'twas a black ill-favour'd fly,  
Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

*Tit.* O, O, O,  
Then pardon me for reprehending thee,  
For thou has done a charitable deed.  
Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;  
Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,  
Come hither purposely to poison me.—  
There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—  
Ah, sirrah!<sup>b</sup>

Yet I do think we are not brought so low,  
But that, between us, we can kill a fly,  
That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor:

*Mar.* Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought on him,  
He takes false shadows for true substances.

*Tit.* Come, take away.—Lavinia go with me:  
I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee  
Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—  
Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,  
And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> — a father and mother?]  
Mother perhaps should be omitted, as the following line speaks only in the singular number, and Titus most probably confuses his thoughts to the sufferings of a father.—STEEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> Ah, sirrah!]  
This was formerly not a disrespectful expression. Poins uses the same address to the prince of Wales.—MALONE.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before Titus's House.*

*Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter young LUCIUS, LAVINIA running after him.*

*Boy.* Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia Follows me every where, I know not why:— Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes! Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

*Mar.* Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.

*Tit.* She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

*Boy.* Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.

*Mar.* What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?

*Tit.* Fear her not, Lucius:—Somewhat doth she mean: See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee: Somewhither would she have me go with her. Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee, Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.

Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

*Boy.* My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess, Unless some fit or phrenzy do possess her: For I have heard my grandsire say full oft, Extremity of griefs would make men mad; And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy Ran mad through sorrow: That made me to fear; Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did, And would not, but in fury, fright my youth: Which made me down to throw my books, and fly; Causeless, perhaps: But pardon me, sweet aunt: And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go, I will most willingly attend your ladyship.

*Mar.* Lucius, I will.

[LAVINIA turns over the Books which LUCIUS has let fall.

*Tit.* How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this? Some book there is that she desires to see:—

Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.—  
 But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd ;  
 Come, and take choice of all my library,  
 And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens  
 Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—  
 Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus ?

*Mar.* I think she means, that there was more than one  
 Confederate in the fact ;—Ay, more there was :—  
 Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.

*Tit.* Lucius, what book is that she tosseth so ?

*Boy.* Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphosis ;  
 My mother gave't me.

*Mar.* For love of her that's gone,  
 Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

*Tit.* Soft ! see, how busily she turns the leaves !  
 Help her :—

What would she find ?—Lavinia, shall I read ?  
 This is the tragic tale of Philomel,  
 And treats of Tereus' treason, and his rape ;  
 And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

*Mar.* See, brother, see ; note, how she quotes<sup>p</sup> the leaves.

*Tit.* Lavinia, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,  
 Ravish'd, and wrong'd, as Philomela was,  
 Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods ?—  
 See, see !—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,  
 (O, had we never, never, hunted there !)  
 Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,  
 By nature made for murders, and for rapes.

*Mar.* O, why should nature build so foul a den,  
 Unless the gods delight in tragedies !

*Tit.* Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none but  
 What Roman lord it was durst do the deed : [friends,—  
 Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,  
 That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed ?

*Mar.* Sit down, sweet niece ;—brother, sit down by  
 Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury, [me.—  
 Inspire me, that I may this treason find !—  
 My lord, look here ;—Look here, Lavinia :

<sup>p</sup> — quotes,] i. e. Observes.

This sandy plot is plain ; guide, if thou canst,  
This after me, when I have writ my name  
Without the help of any hand at all.

[*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.*]

Curs'd be that heart, that forc'd us to this shift !—  
Write thou, good niece ; and here display, at last,  
What God will have discover'd for revenge :  
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,  
That we may know the traitors, and the truth !

[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*]

*Tit.* O, do you read, my lord, what she hath writ ?  
*Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius.*

*Mar.* What, what !—the lustful sons of Tamora  
Performers of this heinous, bloody deed ?

*Tit.* *Magne Dominator poli,*<sup>a</sup>

*Tam lentus audis scelera ? tam lentus vides ?*

*Mur.* O, calm thee, gentle lord ! although, I know,  
There is enough written upon this earth,  
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,  
And arm the minds of infants to exclams.  
My lord, kneel down with me ; Lavinia, kneel ;  
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope ;  
And swear with me,—as with the woeful feere,<sup>r</sup>  
And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,  
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—  
That we will prosecute, by good advice,  
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,  
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

*Tit.* 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how,  
But if you hurt these bear whelps, then beware :  
The dam will wake ; and, if she wind you once,  
She's with the lion deeply still in league,  
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,  
And, when he sleeps, will she do what she list.  
You're a young huntsman, Marcus ; let it alone ;

<sup>a</sup> *Magne Dominator poli, &c.*] *Magne Regnator Deum, &c.* is the exclamation of Hippolytus when Phædra discovered the secret of her incestuous passion in Seneca's tragedy.—STEEVENS.

<sup>r</sup> — *feere,*]—signifies a companion, and here metaphorically a husband.



And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,  
 And with a gad\* of steel will write these words,  
 And lay it by: the angry northern wind  
 Will blow these sands, like Sybil's leaves, abroad,  
 And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

*Boy.* I say, my lord, that if I were a man,  
 Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe  
 For these bad-bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

*Mar.* Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft  
 For this ungrateful country done the like.

*Boy.* And uncle, so will I, an if I live.

*Tit.* Come, go with me into mine armoury;  
 Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy  
 Shall carry from me to the empress' sons  
 Presents, that I intend to send them both:  
 Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

*Boy.* Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms, grandsire.

*Tit.* No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.  
 Lavinia, come:—Marcus, look to my house;  
 Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;  
 Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.]

*Mar.* O heavens, can you hear a good man groan,  
 And not relent, or not compassion him?  
 Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy;  
 That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,  
 Than foe-men's marks upon his batter'd shield:  
 But yet so just, that he will not revenge:—  
 Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus! [Exit.]

## SCENE II.

### *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, at one Door;  
 at another Door, young LUCIUS, and an Attendant, with  
 a Bundle of Weapons, and Verses writ upon them.

*Chi.* Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;  
 He hath some message to deliver to us.

\* — gad — ] From the Saxon, *Ʒad*, i. e. the point of a spear, is used here for some similar pointed instrument.—MALONE.

*Aar.* Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

*Boy.* My lords, with all the humbleness I may,  
I greet your honours from Andronicus ;—  
And pray the Roman gods, confound you both. [*Aside.*

*Dem.* Gramercy,<sup>1</sup> lovely Lucius : What's the news ?

*Boy.* That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,  
For villains mark'd with rape. [*Aside.*] May it please  
My grandsire, well-advis'd, hath sent by me [you,  
The goodliest weapons of his armoury,  
To gratify your honourable youth,  
The hope of Rome ; for so he bade me say ;  
And so I do, and with his gifts present  
Your lordships, that whenever you have need,  
You may be armed and appointed well :  
And so I leave you both, [*aside.*] like bloody villains.

[*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*

*Dem.* What's here ? A scroll ; and written round about ?  
Let's see ;

*Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus,  
Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.*

*Chi.* O, 'tis a verse in Horace ; I know it well :  
I read it in the grammar long ago.

*Aar.* Ay, just !—a verse in Horace ;—right, you have it.  
Now, what a thing it is to be an ass !

Here's no sound jest ! the old man hath found  
their guilt ;

And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,  
That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick.

But were our witty empress well a-foot  
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.

But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star,  
Led us to Rome, strangers, and, more than so,  
Captives, to be advanced to this height ?

It did me good, before the palace gate  
To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

*Dem.* But me more good, to see so great a lord  
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

*Aside.*

<sup>1</sup> Gramercy,] i. e. Grand merci ; great thanks.—STEEVENS.

*Aar.* Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?  
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

*Dem.* I would, we had a thousand Roman dames  
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

*Chi.* A charitable wish, and full of love.

*Aar.* Here lacks but your mother for to say, amen.

*Chi.* And that would she for twenty thousand more.

*Dem.* Come, let us go; and pray to all the gods  
For our beloved mother in her pains.

*Aar.* Pray to the devils; the gods have given us o'er.

[*Aside. Flourish.*]

*Dem.* Why do the emperor's trumpets flourish thus?

*Chi.* Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

*Dem.* Soft; who comes here?

*Enter a Nurse, with a Black-a-moor Child in her Arms.*

*Nur.* Good morrow, lords:

O, tell me, did you see Aaron the Moor?

*Aar.* Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,  
Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

*Nur.* O gentle Aaron, we are all undone!  
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

*Aar.* Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep?  
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

*Nur.* O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,  
Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;—  
She is deliver'd lords, she is deliver'd.

*Aar.* To whom?

*Nur.* I mean, she's brought to bed.

*Aar.* Well, God  
Give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

*Nur.* A devil.

*Aar.* Why, then she's the devil's dam; a joyful issue.

*Nur.* A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:  
Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad  
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,  
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

*Aar.* Out, out, you whore! is black so base a hue?—  
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom, sure,

*Dem.* Villain, what hast thou done?

*Aar.* Done! that which thou  
Canst not undo.

*Chi.* Thou hast undone our mother.

*Aar.* Villain, I have done thy mother.

*Dem.* And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.  
Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!  
Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend!

*Chi.* It shall not live.

*Aar.* It shall not die.

*Nur.* Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

*Aar.* What, must it, nurse? then let no man, but I,  
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

*Dem.* I'll broach the tadpole<sup>a</sup> on my rapier's point;  
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

*Aar.* Sooner this sword shall plow thy bowels up.

*[Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.]*

Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,

That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point,

That touches this my first-born son and heir!

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,

With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what; ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!

Ye white-lim'd walls! ye alehouse painted signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to wear another hue:

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn a swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood.

Tell the emperess from me, I am of age

To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

*Dem.* Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

*Aar.* My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;  
The vigour, and the picture of my youth:

<sup>a</sup> I'll broach the tadpole—] A broach is a spit. I'll spit the tadpole.—  
JOHNSON.

This, before the world, do I prefer;  
 This maugre all the world, will I keep safe,  
 Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

*Dem.* By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

*Chi.* Rome will despise her for this foul escape.\*

*Nur.* The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

*Chi.* I blush, to think upon this ignomy.†

*Aar.* Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:  
 Fye, treacherous hue! that will betray with blushing  
 The close enacts, and counsels of the heart!  
 Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer:‡  
 Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father;  
 As who should say, *Old lad, I am thine own.*  
 He is your brother, lords; sensibly fed  
 Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;  
 And, from that womb, where you imprison'd were,  
 He is enfranchis'd and come to light:  
 Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,  
 Although my seal be stamped in his face.

*Nur.* Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

*Dem.* Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,  
 And we will all subscribe to thy advice;  
 Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

*Aar.* Then sit we down, and let us all consult.  
 My son and I will have the wind of you:  
 Keep there: Now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the ground.*]

*Dem.* How many women saw this child of his?

*Aar.* Why, so, brave lords; When we all join in  
 league,

I am a lamb: but if you brave the Moor,  
 The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,  
 The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—  
 But, say again, how many saw the child?

*Nur.* Cornelia the midwife, and myself,  
 And no one else, but the deliver'd empress.

*Aar.* The emperess, the midwife, and yourself:  
 Two may keep counsel, when the third's away:

\* — for this foul escape.] This foul illegitimate child.—MALONE.

† — ignomy.] i. e. Ignominy.

‡ — leer:] i. e. Complexion or hue.

Go to the empress; tell her, this I said:—

[*Stabbing her.*]

Weke, weke!—so cries a pig, prepar'd to the spit.

*Dem.* What means't thou, Aaron? Wherefore didst thou this?

*Aar.* O, lord, sir, 'tis a deed of policy:  
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours?  
A long-tongu'd babbling-gossip? no, lords, no.  
And now be it known to you my full intent.  
Not far, one Muliteus lives, my countryman,  
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed;  
His child is like to her, fair as you are:  
Go pack with him,<sup>7</sup> and give the mother gold,  
And tell them both the circumstance of all;  
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,  
And be received for the emperor's heir,  
And substituted in the place of mine,  
To calm this tempest whirling in the court:  
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.  
Hark ye, lords; ye see, that I have given her physick,

[*Pointing to the Nurse.*]

And you must needs bestow her funeral;  
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:  
This done, see that you take no longer days,  
But send the midwife presently to me.  
The midwife, and the nurse, well made away,  
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

*Chi.* Aaron, I see, thou wilt not trust the air  
With secrets.

*Dem.* For this care of Tamora,  
Herself, and hers, are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEM. and CHI. bearing off the Nurse.*]

*Aar.* Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow flies;  
There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,  
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—  
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence;  
For it is you that puts us to our shifts:

<sup>7</sup> *Go pack with him.*] *Pack* here seems to have the meaning of *makes a bargain*.  
Or it may mean, as in the phrase of modern gamesters, to act collusively.—  
*Porr.*

I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,  
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,  
And cabin in a cave; and bring you up  
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [Exit.]

## SCENE III.

*A publick Place.*

*Enter TITUS, bearing Arrows, with Letters at the ends of them; with him MARCUS, young LUCIUS, and other Gentlemen, with Bows.*

*Tit.* Come, Marcus, come;—Kinsmen, this is the way:  
Sir boy, now let me see your archery;  
Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight:  
*Terras Astræa reliquit;*  
Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's fled.  
Sir, take you to your tools. You, cousins, shall  
Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets;  
Happily you may find her in the sea;  
Yet there's as little justice as at land:—  
No; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it;  
'Tis you must dig with mattock, and with spade,  
And pierce the inmost center of the earth:  
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,  
I pray you, deliver him this petition,  
Tell him, it is for justice, and for aid:  
And that it comes from old Andronicus,  
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—  
Ah, Rome!—Well, well; I made thee miserable,  
What time I threw the people's suffrages  
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.—  
Go, get you gone; and pray be careful all,  
And leave you not a man of war unsearch'd;  
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her hence,  
And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

*Mar.* O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,  
To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

*Pub.* Therefore, my lord, it highly us concerns,

By day and night to attend him carefully ;  
And feed his humour kindly as we may,  
Till time beget some careful remedy.

*Mar.* Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.  
Join with the Goths ; and with revengeful war  
Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,  
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

*Tit.* Publius, how now ? how now, my masters ?  
What,

Have you met with her ?

*Pub.* No, my good lord ; but Pluto sends you word  
If you will have revenge from hell, you shall :  
Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,  
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,  
So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

*Tit.* He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.  
I'll dive into the burning lake below,  
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—  
Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we ;  
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size :  
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back ;  
Yet wrung with wrongs,\* more than our backs can bear :  
And, sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,  
We will solicit heaven ; and move the gods,  
To send down justice for to wreak\* our wrongs :  
Come, to this gear. You are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the Arrows.*]

*Ad Jovem*, that's for you :—Here, *ad Apollinem* :—

*Ad Martem*, that's for myself :—

Here, boy, to Pallas :—Here, to Mercury :  
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine,—  
You were as good to shoot against the wind.  
To it, boy. Marcus, loose when I bid :  
O' my word, I have written to effect ;  
There's not a god left unsolicited.

*Mar.* Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court :  
We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

\* Yet wrung with wrongs.] To wring a horse is to press or strain his back.—  
JOHNSON.

\* —wreak—] i. e. Reveng.



**Tit.** Now, masters, draw. [*They shoot.*] O, well said,  
Lucius!

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

**Mar.** My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;  
Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

**Tit.** Ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done!  
See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

**Mar.** This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,  
The bull being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock  
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court;  
And who should find them but the empress' villain?  
She laugh'd, and told the Moor, he should not choose  
But give them to his master for a present.

**Tit.** Why, there it goes: God give your lordship joy:

*Enter a Clown, with a Basket and two Pigeons.*

News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.  
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?  
- Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

**Clo.** Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says, that he hath  
taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged  
till the next week.

**Tit.** But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

**Clo.** Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter; I never drank with  
him in all my life.

**Tit.** Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

**Clo.** Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

**Tit.** Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

**Clo.** From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there: God  
forbid, I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young  
days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal  
plebs,<sup>b</sup> to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and  
one of the emperial's men.

**Mar.** Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to serve for your  
oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor  
from you.

<sup>b</sup> — the tribunal plebs,] I suppose the clown means to say, *Plebeian tribune*, i. e. tribune of the people; for none could fill this office but such as were descended from *Plebeian* ancestors.—STEVENS.

*Sir T. Hanmer* supposes that he means—*tribunus plebis*.—MALONE.

*Tit.* Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

*Clo.* Nay, truly, sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

*Tit.* Sirrah, come hither: make no more ado,  
But give your pigeons to the emperor:  
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.  
Hold, hold;—mean while, here's money for thy charges.  
Give me a pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

*Clo.* Ay, sir.

*Tit.* Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach, you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

*Clo.* I warrant you, sir; let me alone.

*Tit.* Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.  
Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration;  
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant:—  
And when thou hast given it to the emperor,  
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

*Clo.* God be with you, sir; I will.

*Tit.* Come, Marcus, let's go:—Publius, follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

*Before the Palace.*

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, Lords, and others: SATURNINUS with the Arrows in his hand, that TITUS shot.*

*Sat.* Why, lords, what wrongs are these? Was ever  
seen

An emperor of Rome thus overborne,  
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent  
Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?  
My lords, you know, as do the mighty gods,  
However these disturbers of our peace

Buz in the people's ears, there nought hath pass'd,  
 But even with law, against the wilful sons  
 Of old Andronicus. And what an if  
 His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,  
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,  
 His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?  
 And now he writes to heaven for his redress:  
 See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury;  
 This to Apollo; this to the god of war:  
 Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!  
 What's this, but libelling against the senate,  
 And blazoning our injustice every where?  
 A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?  
 As who would say, in Rome no justice were.  
 But, if I live, his feigned ecstasies  
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages:  
 But he and his shall know, that justice lives  
 In Saturninus' health; whom, if she sleep,  
 He'll so awake, as she in fury shall  
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

*Tam.* My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,  
 Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,  
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,  
 The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,  
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart  
 And rather comfort his distressed plight,  
 Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,  
 For these contempts. Why, thus it shall become  
 High-witted Tamora to gloze with all: [Aside.  
 But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,  
 Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,  
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

*Enter Clown.*

How now, good fellow? would'st thou speak with us?

*Clo.* Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

*Tam.* Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

*Clo.* 'Tis he.—God, and Saint Stephen, give you good  
 den: I have brought you a letter, and a couple of pigeons  
 here.

[SATURNINUS reads the Letter.

*Sat.* Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

*Clo.* How much money must I have?

*Tam.* Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

*Clo.* Hang'd! By'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. *[Exit, guarded.]*

*Sat.* Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!  
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?  
I know from whence this same device proceeds;  
May this be borne?—as if his traitorous sons,  
That died by law for murder of our brother,  
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully.—  
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;  
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:—  
For this proud mock, I'll be thy slaughter-man;  
Sly frantick wretch, that holp'st to make me great,  
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

*Enter ÆMILIUS.*

What news with thee, Æmilius?

*Æmil.* Arm, arm, my lords; Rome never had more cause!

The Goths have gather'd head; and with a power  
Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,  
They hither march amain, under conduct  
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;  
Who threats, in course of this revenge, to do  
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

*Sat.* Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?  
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head  
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.  
Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:  
'Tis he, the common people love so much;  
Myself hath often over-heard them say,  
(When I have walked like a private man,)  
That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,  
And they have wish'd that Lucius were their emperor.

*Tam.* Why should you fear? is not your city strong?

*Sat.* Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius;  
And will revolt from me, to succour him.

*Tam.* King, by thy thoughts imperious,<sup>c</sup> like thy name.  
 Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?  
 The eagle suffers little birds to sing,  
 And is not careful what they mean thereby;  
 Knowing that, with the shadow of his wings,  
 He can at pleasure stint their melody:  
 Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.  
 Then cheer thy spirit: for know, the empenor,  
 I will enchant the old Andronicus,  
 With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous,  
 Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks<sup>d</sup> to sheep;  
 When as the one is wounded with the bait,  
 The other rotted with delicious feed.

*Sat.* But he will not entreat his son for us.

*Tam.* If Tamora entreat him, then he will:  
 For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear  
 With golden promises: that were his heart  
 Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,  
 Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.—  
 Go thou before, be our ambassador: [To *ÆMILIUS*.]  
 Say, that the emperor requests a parley  
 Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,  
 Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.

*Sat.* *Æmilius*, do this message honourably:  
 And if he stand on hostage for his safety,  
 Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

*Æmil.* Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[*Exit ÆMILIUS*.]

*Tam.* Now will I to that old Andronicus;  
 And temper him, with all the art I have,  
 To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.  
 And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,  
 And bury all thy fear in my devices.

*Sat.* Then go successfully, and plead to him. [*Exeunt*.]

<sup>c</sup> — imperious,] Formerly used for imperial.—MALONE.

<sup>d</sup> — honey-stalks—] i. e. Clover flowers which contain a sweet juice; it is common for cattle to overcharge themselves with clover and die.—NAZES.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Plains near Rome.*

*Enter LUCIUS, and Goths, with Drum and Colours.*

*Luc.* Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,  
I have received letters from great Rome,  
Which signify, what hate they bear their emperor,  
And how desirous of our sight they are.  
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,  
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs :  
And, wherein Rome hath done you any scath,\*  
Let him make treble satisfaction.

*1 Goth.* Brave slip, sprang from the great Andronicus,  
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort ;  
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,  
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,  
Be bold in us : we'll follow where thou lead'st,—  
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,  
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,—  
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

*Goths.* And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

*Luc.* I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.  
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth ?

*Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his Child in his Arms,*

*2 Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,  
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery ;  
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye  
Upon the wasted building, suddenly  
I heard a child cry underneath a wall :  
I made unto the noise ; when soon I heard  
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse :  
*Peace, tawny slave ; half me, and half thy dam !*  
*Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,*  
*Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,*  
*Villain, thou might'st have been an emperor :*

\* — scath,] i. e. Harm.

*But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,  
 They never do beget a coal-black calf.  
 Peace, villain, peace!*—even thus he rates the babe,  
*For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;  
 Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,  
 Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.*  
 With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,  
 Surpriz'd him suddenly; and brought him hither,  
 To use as you think needful of the man.

*Luc.* O worthy Goth! this is the incarnate devil,  
 That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:  
 This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye;<sup>f</sup>  
 And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—  
 Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey  
 This growing image of thy fiend-like face?  
 Why dost not speak? What! deaf? No; not a word?  
 A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,  
 And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

*Aar.* Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

*Luc.* Too like the sire for ever being good.—  
 First, hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;  
 A sight to vex the father's soul withal.  
 Get me a ladder.

[*A Ladder brought, which AARON is obliged to ascend.*

*Aar.* Lucius, save the child;  
 And bear it from me to the emperess.  
 If thou do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things,  
 That highly may advantage thee to hear:  
 If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,  
 I'll speak no more; But vengeance rot you all!

*Luc.* Say on; and, if it please me which thou speak'st,  
 Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

*Aar.* An if it please thee? why; assure thee, Lucius,  
 'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak;  
 For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,  
 Acts of black night, abominable deeds,  
 Complots of mischief, treason; villainies

<sup>f</sup>*This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye;*] Alluding to the proverb,  
 "A black man is a pearl in a fair woman's eye."—MALONE.

Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd :  
 And this shall all be buried by my death,  
 Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

*Luc.* Tell on thy mind ; I say, thy child shall live.

*Aar.* Swear, that he shall, and then I will begin.

*Luc.* Who should I swear by ? thou believ'st no  
 god ;

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath ?

*Aar.* What if I do not ? as, indeed, I do not :

Yet,—for I know thou art religious,  
 And hast a thing within thee, called conscience ;  
 With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,  
 Which I have seen thee careful to observe,—  
 Therefore I urge thy oath :—For that, I know,  
 An idiot holds his bauble for a god,  
 And keeps the oath, which by that god he swears ;  
 To that I'll urge him :—Therefore, thou shalt vow  
 By that same god, what god soe'er it be,  
 That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,—  
 To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up ;  
 Or else I will discover nought to thee.

*Luc.* Even by my god, I swear to thee, I will.

*Aar.* First, know thou, I begot him on the empress.

*Luc.* O most insatiate, luxurious woman !<sup>s</sup>

*Aar.* Tut, Lucius ! this was but a deed of charity,  
 To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.  
 'Twas her two sons, that murder'd Bassianus :  
 They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,  
 And cut her hands ; and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

*Luc.* O, détestable villain ! call'st thou that trimming ?

*Aar.* Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd ; and  
 'twas

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

*Luc.* O, barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself !

*Aar.* Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them ;  
 That coddling spirit had they from their mother,  
 As sure a card as ever won the set ;  
 That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,

<sup>s</sup> — *luxurious woman* !] i. e. *Lascivious woman*.—MALONE.



As true a dog as ever fought at head.<sup>b</sup>

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.  
 I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,  
 Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay :  
 I wrote the letter that thy father found,  
 And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,  
 Confederate with the queen and her two sons ;  
 And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,  
 Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it ?  
 I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand ;  
 And, when I had it, drew myself apart,  
 And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.  
 I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,  
 When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads ;  
 Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,  
 That both mine eyes were rainy like to his ;  
 And when I told the empress of this sport,  
 She swoounded<sup>1</sup> almost at my pleasing tale,  
 And, for my tidings, gave me twenty kisses.

*Goth.* What ! canst thou say all this, and never blush ?

*Aar.* Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

*Luc.* Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds ?

*Aar.* Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day, (and yet, I think,  
 Few come within the compass of my curse,)  
 Wherein I did not some notorious ill :  
 As kill a man, or else devise his death ;  
 Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it ;  
 Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself ;  
 Set deadly enmity between two friends ;  
 Make poor men's cattle break their necks ;  
 Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,  
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears.  
 Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,  
 And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,  
 Even when their sorrows almost were forgot ;

<sup>b</sup> *As true a dog as ever fought at head.*] An allusion to bull-dogs, whose generosity and courage are always shown by meeting the bull in front, and seizing his nose.—JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> *— she swoounded—*] When this play was written, the verb to swoond, which we now write swoon, was in common use.—MALONE.

And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,  
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,  
*Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.*  
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,  
As willingly as one would kill a fly;  
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,  
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

*Luc.* Bring down the devil;<sup>\*</sup> for he must not die  
So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

*Aar.* If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,  
To live and burn in everlasting fire;  
So I might have your company in hell,  
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

*Luc.* Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no  
more.

*Enter a Goth.*

*Goth.* My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,  
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

*Luc.* Let him come near.—

*Enter ÆMILIUS.*

Welcome, Æmilius, what's the news from Rome?

*Æmil.* Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,  
The Roman emperor greets you all by me:  
And, for he understands you are in arms,  
He craves a parley at your father's house,  
Willing you to demand your hostages,  
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

*1 Goth.* What says our general?

*Luc.* Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges  
Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,  
And we will come.—March away.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>\*</sup> *Bring down the devil;*] It appears from these words, that the audience were entertained with part of the apparatus of an execution, and that Aaron was mounted on a ladder, as ready to be turned off.—STEEVENS.

## SCENE II.

Rome. *Before Titus's House.*

*Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS, disguised.*

*Tam.* Thus, in this strange and sad habiliment,  
I will encounter with Andronicus ;  
And say, I am Revenge, sent from below,  
To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs.  
Knock at his study, where, they say, he keeps,  
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge ;  
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,  
And work confusion on his enemies. *[They knock.]*

*Enter TITUS above.*

*Tit.* Who doth molest my contemplation ?  
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door ;  
That so my sad decrees may fly away,  
And all my study be to no effect ?  
You are deceiv'd : for what I mean to do,  
See here, in bloody lines I have set down ;  
And what is written shall be executed.

*Tam.* Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

*Tit.* No ; not a word : How can I grace my talk,  
Wanting a hand to give it action ?  
Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

*Tam.* If thou did'st know me, thou would'st talk with  
me.

*Tit.* I am not mad ; I know thee well enough :  
Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines ;  
Witness these trenches, made by grief and care ;  
Witness the tiring day, and heavy night ;  
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well  
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora ;  
Is not thy coming for my other hand ?

*Tam.* Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora ;  
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend :  
I am Revenge ; sent from the infernal kingdom,  
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,

By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.  
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light;  
Confer with me of murder and of death :  
There's not a hollow cave, or lurking-place,  
No vast obscurity, or misty vale,  
Where bloody murder, or detested rape,  
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out ;  
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,  
Revenge, which makes the foul offender quake.

*Tit.* Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to me,  
To be a torment to mine enemies?

*Tam.* I am ; therefore come down, and welcome me.

*Tit.* Do me some service, ere I come to thee.  
Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands ;  
Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,  
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels ;  
And then I'll come, and be thy waggoner,  
And whirl along with thee about the globes.  
Provide thee proper palfries, black as jet,  
To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,  
And find out murderers in their guilty caves :  
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,  
I will dismount, and by the waggon wheel  
Trot, like a servile footman, all day long ;  
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east,  
Until his very downfall in the sea.  
And day by day I'll do this heavy task,  
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

*Tam.* These are my ministers, and come with me.

*Tit.* Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

*Tam.* Rapine, and Murder ; therefore called so,  
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

*Tit.* Good lord, how like the empress' sons they are!  
And you, the empress ! But we worldly men  
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.  
O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee :  
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,  
I will embrace thee in it by and by.

[*Exit TITUS, from above.*]

*Tam.* This closing with him fits his lunacy :

To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,  
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.  
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

*Enter* TITUS.

*Tit.* Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee :  
Welcome, dread fury, to my woeful house ;—  
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too :—  
How like the empress and her sons you are !  
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor :—  
Could not all hell afford you such a devil ?  
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,  
But in her company there is a Moor ;  
And would you represent our queen aright,  
It were convenient you had such a devil :  
But welcome, as you are. What shall we do ?

*Tam.* What would'st thou have us do, Andronicus ?

*Dem.* Show me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

*Chi.* Show me a villain, that hath done a rape,  
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

*Tam.* Show me a thousand, that have done thee wrong,  
And I will be revenged on them all.

*Tit.* Look round about the wicked streets of Rome ;

I pray thee, do on them some violent death,  
They have been violent to me and mine.

*Tam.* Well hast thou lesson'd us ; this shall we do.  
But would it please thee, good Andronicus,  
To send for Lucius, thy thrice valiant son,  
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike Goths,  
And bid him come and banquet at thy house :  
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,  
I will bring in the empress and her sons,  
The emperor himself, and all thy foes ;  
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,  
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.  
What says Andronicus to this device ?

*Tit.* Marcus, my brother !—'tis sad Titus calls.

*Enter* MARCUS.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius :  
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths ;  
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him  
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths ;  
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are :  
Tell him, the emperor and the empress too  
Feast at my house : and he shall feast with them.  
This do thou for my love : and so let him,  
As he regard's his aged father's life.

*Mar.* This will I do, and soon return again. [*Exit.*

*Tam.* Now will I hence about thy business,  
And take my ministers along with me.

*Tit.* Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me ;  
Or else I'll call my brother back again,  
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

*Tam.* What say you, boys ? will you abide with him,  
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,  
How I have govern'd our determin'd jeat ?  
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair. [*Aside.*  
And tarry with him, till I come again.

*Tit.* I know them all, though they suppose me mad ;  
And will o'er-reach them in their own devices,  
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam. [*Aside.*

*Dem.* Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

*Tam.* Farewell, Andronicus : Revenge now goes  
To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit TAMORA.*]

*Tit.* I know thou dost ; and, sweet Revenge, farewell.

*Chi.* Tell us old man, how shall we be employ'd ?

*Tit.* Tut, I have work enough for you to do.—

Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine !

*Enter PUBLIUS and others.*

*Pub.* What's your will ?

*Tit.* Know you these two ?

*Pub.* Th' empress' sons,

I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

*Tit.* Fye, Publius, fye ! thou art too much deceiv'd ;  
The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name :  
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius ;  
Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them :  
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,  
And now I find it ; therefore bind them sure ;  
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[*Exit TITUS.*—PUBLIUS, &c. lay hold on CHIRON  
and DEMETRIUS.

*Chi.* Villains, forbear ; we are the empress' sons.

*Pub.* And therefore do we what we are commanded.—  
Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word :  
Is he sure bound ? look, that you bind them fast.

*Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with LAVINIA ; she bearing  
a Bason, and he a Knife.*

*Tit.* Come, come, Lavinia : look, thy foes are bound ;—  
Sirs, stop their mouths, let them not speak to me ;  
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.  
O villains, Chiron and Demetrius !  
Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud :  
This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.  
You kill'd her husband ; and for that vile fault,  
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death :  
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest :  
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that, more dear  
Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,

Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.  
 What would you say, if I should let you speak?  
 Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.  
 Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.  
 This one hand yet is left to cut your throats;  
 Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold  
 The bason, that receives your guilty blood.  
 You know, your mother means to feast with me,  
 And calls herself, Revenge, and thinks me mad,—  
 Hark, villains; I will grind your bones to dust,  
 And with your blood and it, I'll make a paste;  
 And of the paste a coffin<sup>1</sup> I will rear,  
 And make two pasties of your shameful heads;  
 And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,  
 Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.  
 This is the feast that I have bid her to,  
 And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;  
 For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,  
 And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd:  
 And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,  
[*He cuts their throats.*]
 Receive the blood: and, when that they are dead,  
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,  
 And with this hateful liquor temper it;  
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.  
 Come, come, be every one officious  
 To make this banquet: which I wish may prove  
 More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.  
 So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,  
 And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.  
[*Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.*]

<sup>1</sup> *And of the paste a coffin—*] A coffin is the term of art for the cavity of a raised pye.—JOHNSON.



## SCENE III.

*The same. A Pavilion, with Tables, &c.*

*Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths, with AARON, Prisoner.*

*Luc.* Uncle Marcus, since 'tis my father's mind,  
That I repair to Rome, I am content.

*1 Goth.* And ours, with thine, befall what fortune  
will.<sup>a</sup>

*Luc.* Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,  
This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;  
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,  
Till he be brought unto the empress' face,  
For testimony of her foul proceedings:  
And see the ambush of our friends be strong:  
I fear, the emperor means no good to us.

*Aar.* Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,  
And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth  
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

*Luc.* Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—  
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[*Excunt Goths, with AARON. Flourish.*  
The trumpets show, the emperor is at hand.

*Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes, Senators, and others.*

*Sat.* What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

*Luc.* What boots it thee, to call thyself a sun?

*Mar.* Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;<sup>b</sup>  
These quarrels must be quietly debated.  
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus  
Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,  
For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:  
Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

<sup>a</sup> And ours, with thine, &c.] i. e. And our content runs parallel with thine, be the consequence of our coming to Rome what it may.—MALONE.

<sup>b</sup> — break the parle;] That is, begin the parley. We yet say, he breaks his mind.—JOHNSON.

*Sat.* Marcus, we will.

[*Hautboys sound. The company sit down at Table.*

*Enter TITUS, dressed like a cook, LAVINIA, veiled, young LUCIUS, and others. TITUS places the Dishes on the Table.*

*Tit.* Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, dread queen;  
Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;  
And welcome, all; although the cheer be poor,  
'Twill fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

*Sat.* Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

*Tit.* Because I would be sure to have all well,  
To entertain your highness, and your empress.

*Tam.* We are beholden to you, good Andronicus.

*Tit.* An if your highness knew my heart, you were.  
My lord the emperor, resolve me this;  
Was it well done of rash Virginus,  
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,  
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?

*Sat.* It was, Andronicus.

*Tit.* Your reason, mighty lord!

*Sat.* Because the girl should not survive her shame,  
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

*Tit.* A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;  
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,  
For me, most wretched to perform the like:—  
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee;

[*He kills LAVINIA.*

And, with thy shame, thy father's sorrow die!

*Sat.* What hast thou done, unnatural, and unkind?

*Tit.* Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.  
I am as woeful as Virginus was:  
And have a thousand times more cause than he  
To do this outrage;—and it is now done.

*Sat.* What, was she ravished? tell, who did the deed.

*Tit.* Will't please you eat? will't please your highness  
feed?

*Tam.* Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

*Tit.* Not I; 'twas Chiron, and Demetrius:

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,  
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

*Sat.* Go fetch them hither to us presently.

*Tit.* Why, there they are both, baked in that pye;  
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,  
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.  
'Tis true, 'tis true; witness my knife's sharp point.

[*Killing TAMORA.*

*Sat.* Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed.

[*Killing TITUS.*

*Luc.* Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?  
There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Kills SATURNINUS. A great Tumult. The People  
in confusion disperse. MARCUS, LUCIUS, and  
their Partisans ascend the Steps before TITUS's  
House.*

*Mar.* You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,  
By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl  
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,  
O, let me teach you how to knit again  
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,  
These broken limbs again into one body.

*Sen.* Lest Rome herself be bane unto herself;  
And she, whom mighty kingdoms court'sy to,  
Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,  
Do shameful execution on herself.  
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,  
Grave witnesses of true experience,  
Cannot induce you to attend my words,—  
Speak, Rome's dear friend; [*to LUCIUS.*] as erst our an-  
When with his solemn tongue he did discourse, [*cestor,*  
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,  
The story of that baleful burning night,  
When subtle Greeks surpriz'd king Priam's Troy;

\* *Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.*] The additions made by Ravenscroft to this scene, are so much of a piece with it, that I cannot resist the temptation of showing the reader how he continues the speech before us:

"Thus cramm'd thou'rt bravely fatten'd up for hell,

And thus to Pluto I do serve thee up.

[*Stabs the Empress.*"]

And then,—"*A curtain drawn discovers the heads and hands of Demetrius and Chiron hanging up against the wall; their bodies in chairs in bloody linen.*—  
STEEVENS.

Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,  
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,  
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil wound.—  
My heart is not compact of flint, nor steel;  
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,  
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,  
And break my very utterance; even i'the time  
When it should move you to attend me most,  
Lending your kind commiseration:  
Here is a captain, let him tell the tale:  
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

*Luc.* Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,  
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius  
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother;  
And they it were that ravished our sister:  
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;  
Our father's tears despis'd; and basely cozen'd<sup>p</sup>  
Of that true hand, that fought Rome's quarrel out,  
And sent her enemies unto the grave.  
Lastly, myself unkindly banished,  
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,  
To beg relief among Rome's enemies;  
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,  
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend:  
And I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,  
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood;  
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,  
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.  
Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;  
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,  
That my report is just, and full of truth.  
But, soft; methinks, I do digress too much,  
Citing my worthless praise; O, pardon me;  
For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

*Mar.* Now is my turn to speak; Behold this child,  
[*Pointing to the Child in the arms of an Attendant.*  
Of this was Tamora delivered;  
The issue of an irreligious Moor,  
Chief architect and plotter of these woes;

<sup>p</sup> — and basely cozen'd—] i. e. And he basely cozened.—MALONE.

The villain is alive in Titus' house,  
 Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.  
 Now judge what cause had Titus to revenge  
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,  
 Or more than any living man could bear.  
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, Romans?  
 Have we done aught amiss? Show us wherein,  
 And, from the place where you behold us now,  
 The poor remainder of Andronici  
 Will, hand in hand, all headlong cast us down,  
 And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,  
 And make a mutual closure of our house.  
 Speak, Romans, speak; and, if you say, we shall,  
 Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

*Æmil.* Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,  
 And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,  
 Lucius our emperor; for, well I know,  
 The common voice do cry, it shall be so.

*Rom.* [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's royal  
 emperor!

LUCIUS, &c. *descend.*

*Mar.* Go, go into old Titus' sorrowful house;

[*To an Attendant.*]

And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,  
 To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,  
 As punishment for his most wicked life.

*Rom.* [*Several speak.*] Lucius, all hail; Rome's gracious  
 governor!

*Luc.* Thanks, gentle Romans; May I govern so,  
 To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe!  
 But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—  
 For nature puts me to a heavy task;—  
 Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,  
 To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:—  
 O, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips.

[*Kisses Titus.*]

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,  
 The last true duties of thy noble son!

*Mar.* Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,

Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips :  
O, were the sum of these that I should pay  
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them !

*Luc.* Come hither, boy ; come, come, and learn of us  
To melt in showers : Thy grandsire lov'd thee well :  
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,  
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow ;  
Many a matter hath he told to thee,  
Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy ;  
In that respect then, like a loving child,  
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,  
Because kind nature doth require it so :  
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe :  
Bid him farewell ; commit him to the grave ;  
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

*Boy.* O grandsire, grandsire ! even with all my heart  
Would I were dead, so you did live again !  
O lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping ;  
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

*Enter Attendants, with AARON.*

*1 Rom.* You sad Andronici, have done with woes ;  
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,  
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

*Luc.* Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him ;  
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food :  
If any one relieves or pities him,  
For the offence he dies. This is our doom.  
Some stay, to see him fasten'd in the earth.<sup>a</sup>

*Aar.* O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb ?  
I am no baby, I, that, with base prayers,  
I should repent the evils I have done ;  
Ten thousand, worse than ever yet I did,  
Would I perform, if I might have my will ;  
If one good deed in all my life I did,  
I do repent it from my very soul.

*Luc.* Some loving friends convey the emperor hence,

<sup>a</sup> — to see him fasten'd in the earth.] That justice and cookery may go hand in hand to the conclusion of this play, in Ravenscroft's alteration of it, Aaron is at once racked and roasted on the stage.—STEEVENS.

And give him burial in his father's grave:  
 My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith  
 Be closed in our household's monument.  
 As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,  
 No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,  
 No mournful bell shall ring her burial;  
 But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of prey:  
 Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity;  
 And, being so, shall have like want of pity.  
 See justice done to Aaron, that damn'd Moor,  
 By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:  
 Then, afterwards, to order well the state;  
 That like events may ne'er it ruin. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>r</sup> All the editors and critics agree with Mr. Theobald in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the style is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre, which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience; yet we are told by Jonson, that they were not only borne but praised. That Shakspeare wrote any part, though Theobald declares it *incontestible*, I see no reason for believing.

The testimony by which it is ascribed to Shakspeare, is by no means equal to the argument against its authenticity, arising from the total difference of conduct, language, and sentiments, by which it stands apart from all the rest. Meres had probably no other evidence than that of a title-page,<sup>a</sup> which, though in our time it be sufficient, was then of no great authority; for all the plays which were rejected by the first collectors of Shakspeare's works, and admitted in later editions, and again rejected by the critical editors, had Shakspeare's name on the title, as we must suppose, by the fraudulence of the printers, who, while there were yet no gazettes, nor advertisements, nor any means of circulating literary intelligence, could usurp at pleasure any celebrated name. Nor had Shakspeare any interest in detecting the imposture, as none of his fame or profit was produced by the press.—JOHNSON.

<sup>a</sup> The name of the author was not mentioned in the title-page of any of the three quarto editions of this play; and Meres most probably had other evidence, for he appears to have been personally acquainted with Shakspeare; and speaks in commendation of his sonnets, at a time when he could only have seen them in the MS.

# PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

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THIS play was entered at Stationers' Hall, May 2, 1608, by Edward Blount, one of the printers of the first folio edition of Shakspeare's works; but it did not appear in print till the following year, and then it was published not by Blount but by Henry Gosson, who had probably anticipated the other, by getting a hasty transcript from a play-house copy. There is no play of the author's, perhaps not in the English language, of which the text is as corrupted as that of this tragedy. The most corrupt of Shakspeare's other dramas is purity itself compared with *Pericles*.

The story on which this play is formed, is of great antiquity. It is found in a book, once very popular, entitled *Gesta Romanorum*, which is supposed by Mr. Tyrwhitt, the learned editor of *The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, 1775, to have been written five hundred years ago. The earliest impression of that work (which I have seen) was printed in 1488; in that edition the history of *Appolonius King of Tyre* makes the 153d chapter. It is likewise related by Gower in his *Confessio Amantis*, lib. viii. p. 175—185, edit. 1554. The Rev. Dr. Farmer has in his possession a fragment of a MS. poem on the same subject, which appears from the hand-writing and the metre, to be more ancient than Gower. There is also an ancient Romance on this subject, called *Kyng Appolyn of Thyre*, translated from the French by Robert Copland, and printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1510. In 1576 William Howe had a licence for printing *The most excellent, pleasant, and variable Historie of the strange Adventures of Prince Appolonius, Lucine his wyfe, and Tharsa his daughter*. The author of *Pericles* having introduced Gower in his piece, it is reasonable enough to suppose that he chiefly followed the work of that poet. It is observable, that the hero of this tale is, in Gower's poem, as in the present play, called *Prince of Tyre*; in the *Gesta Romanorum*, and Copland's prose Romance, he is entitled *King*. Most of the incidents of the play are found in the *Conf. Amant.* and a few of Gower's expressions are occasionally borrowed. However, I think it is not unlikely, that there may have been (though I have not met with it) an early prose translation of this popular story from the *Gest. Roman.* in which the name of Appolonius was changed to *Pericles*; to which, likewise, the author of this drama may have been indebted. In 1607 was published at London, by Valentine Sims, "The patterne of painful adventures, containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable Historie of the strange Accidents that befell unto Prince Appolonius, the lady Lucina his wife, and Tharsia his daughter, wherein the uncertaintie of this world and the fickle state of man's life are lively described. Translated into English by T. Twine, Gent." I have never seen the book, but it was without doubt a re-publication of that published by W. Howe in 1577. This play seems to have been particularly successful. In the four quarto editions it is called, the "much admired" play of *Pericles, prince of Tyre*, and is mentioned by many ancient writers as a popular performance.

—MALONE.

Rowe, in his first edition of Shakspeare, says, "It is owned that some part of *Pericles* certainly was written by him, particularly the last act. Farmer thinks the hand of Shakspeare may be sometimes seen in the latter part of the play, but there only."



## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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ANTIOCHUS, *king of Antioch.*

PERICLES, *prince of Tyre.*

HELICANUS, } *two lords of Tyre.*  
ESCANES, }

SIMONIDES, *king of Pentapolis.\**

CLEON, *governor of Tharsus.*

LYSIMACHUS, *governor of Mytilene.*

CERIMON, *a lord of Ephesus.*

THALIARD, *a lord of Antioch.*

PHILEMON, *servant to Cerimon.*

LEONINE, *servant to Dionyza. Marshal.*

*A Pander, and his Wife. BOULT, their servant.*

GOWER, *as Chorus.*

*The Daughter of Antiochus. DIONYZA, wife to Cleon.*

THAISA, *daughter to Simonides.*

MARINA, *daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*

LYCHORIDA, *nurse to Marina. DIANA.*

*Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates,  
Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.*

*SCENE, dispersedly in various Countries.*

\* — *Pentapolis.*] This is an imaginary city, and its name might have been borrowed from some romance. We meet indeed in history with *Pentapetisus regis*, a country in Africa, consisting of five cities; and from thence, perhaps, some novelist furnished the sounding title of *Pentapolis*, which occurs likewise in the 37th chapter of *Kyng Appolyn of Tyre*, 1510, as well as in Gower, the *Geste Romanorum*, and Twine's translation from it.

It should not however be concealed, that *Pentapolis* is also found in an ancient map of the world, MS. in the Cotton Library, British Museum, Tiberias, B. V.

That the reader may know through how many regions the scene of this drama is dispersed, it is necessary to observe that *Antioch* was the metropolis of Syria; *Tyre*, a city of Phœnicia, in Asia; *Tharsus*, the metropolis of Cilicia, a country of Asia Minor; *Mitylene*, the capital of Lesbos, an island in the Ægean Sea; and *Ephesus*, the capital of Ionia, a country of the Lesser Asia.—STEVENS.

PERICLES,  
PRINCE OF TYRE.

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ACT I.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Before the palace of Antioch.*

**T**o sing a song of old was sung,  
From ashes ancient Gower is come ;  
Assuming man's infirmities,  
To glad your ear, and please your eyes.  
It hath been sung at festivals,  
On ember-eves, and holy-ales ;<sup>a</sup>  
And lords and ladies of their lives  
Have read it for restoratives :  
'Purpose to make men glorious ;  
*Et quo antiquius, eo melius.*  
If you, born in these latter times,  
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,  
And that to hear an old man sing,  
May to your wishes pleasure bring,  
I life would wish, and that I might  
Waste it for you, like taper-light.—  
This city then, Antioch the great  
Built up for his chiefest seat ;  
The fairest in all Syria ;  
(I tell you what mine authors say ;)  
This king unto him took a pheere,<sup>b</sup>  
Who died and left a female heir,

<sup>a</sup> — holy-ales ;] i. e. says Dr. Farmer, church-ales.

<sup>b</sup> — a pheere,] This word, which is frequently used by our old poets, signifies a mate or companion.—MALONE.

So buxom, blithe, and full of face,<sup>c</sup>  
 As heaven had lent her all his grace;  
 With whom the father liking took,  
 And her to incest did provoke;  
 Bad father! to entice his own  
 To evil, should be done by none.  
 By custom, what they did begin,  
 Was, with long use, account<sup>d</sup> no sin.  
 The beauty of this sinful dame  
 Made many princes thither frame,<sup>e</sup>  
 To seek her as a bed-fellow,  
 In marriage-pleasures play-fellow;  
 Which to prevent, he made a law,  
 (To keep her still, and men in awe,)  
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,  
 His riddle told not, lost his life:  
 So for her many a wight did die,  
 As yon grim looks do testify<sup>f</sup>  
 What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye  
 I give, my cause who best can justify.<sup>g</sup> [Exit.

## SCENE I.

Antioch. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.*

*Ant.* Young prince of Tyre,<sup>h</sup> you have at large receiv'd  
 The danger of the task you undertake.

*Per.* I have, Antiochus, and with a soul  
 Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,  
 Think death no hazard, in this enterprise. [Musick.

<sup>c</sup> — full of face,] i. e. Completely beautiful.—MALONE.

<sup>d</sup> — account]—for accounted.

<sup>e</sup> — thither frame,] i. e. Shape or direct their course thither.—MALONE.

<sup>f</sup> As yon grim looks do testify.] Gower must be supposed here to point to the heads of those unfortunate wights, which, he tells us, in his poem, were fixed on the gate of the palace at Antioch.—MALONE.

<sup>g</sup> — my cause who best can justify.] i. e. Which (the judgment of your eye) best can justify, i. e. prove its resemblance to the ordinary course of nature.—STEEVENS.

<sup>h</sup> — prince of Tyre.] It does not appear in the present drama, that the father of Pericles is living. By prince, therefore, throughout this play we are to understand prince regnant.—MALONE.

*Ant.* Bring in our daughter, clothed like a bride,  
For the embracements even of Jove himself;  
At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd,)<sup>1</sup>  
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,  
The senate-house of planets all did sit,  
To knit in her their best perfections.

*Enter the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.*

*Per.* See, where she comes, apparell'd like the spring,  
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king  
Of every virtue gives renown to men!<sup>k</sup>  
Her face, the book of praises, where is read  
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence  
Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath  
Could never be her mild companion,<sup>l</sup>  
Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,  
That have inflam'd desire in my breast,  
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,  
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,  
As I am son and servant to your will,  
To compass such a boundless happiness!

*Ant.* Prince Pericles,——

*Per.* That would be son to great Antiochus.

*Ant.* Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,  
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;  
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:  
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view  
A countless glory,<sup>m</sup> which desert must gain:  
And which, without desert, because thine eye  
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.<sup>n</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *At whose conception, (till Lucina reign'd,)]* i. e. From the time of whose conception, till the hour of her birth, over which Lucina presided, the planets sat in council, in order to endow her with the rarest perfections.

<sup>k</sup> ——— and her thoughts the king

*Of every virtue gives renown to men!]* This passage is incurably depraved, and my attempts to restore it are decidedly abortive.—STEVENS.

<sup>l</sup> ——— and testy wrath

*Could never be her mild companion.]* i. e. The companion of her mildness.—M. MASON.

<sup>m</sup> *A countless glory,]* i. e. Her face, like the firmament, invites you to a blaze of beauties too numerous to be counted.—STEVENS.

<sup>n</sup> ——— *all thy whole heap must die,]* i. e. Thy whole mass must be destroyed.—MALONE.

Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,  
 Drawn by report, advent'rous by desire,  
 Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance pale,  
 That, without covering, save yon field of stars,  
 They here stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;  
 And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist,  
 For going<sup>o</sup> on death's net, whom none resist.

*Per.* Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath taught  
 My frail mortality to know itself,  
 And by those fearful objects to prepare  
 This body, like to them, to what I must:<sup>p</sup>  
 For death remember'd, should be like a mirror,  
 Who tells us, life's but breath; to trust it, error.  
 I'll make my will then; and as sick men do,  
 Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe,<sup>q</sup>  
 Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;  
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you,  
 And all good men, as every prince should do;  
 My riches to the earth from whence they came;  
 But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the Daughter of ANTIOCHUS.*

Thus ready for the way of life or death,  
 I wait the sharpest blow, Antiochus,  
 Scorning advice.

*Ant.* Read the conclusion then;  
 Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,  
 As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

*Daugh.* In all, save that, may'st thou prove prosperous!

In all, save that, I wish thee happiness!<sup>r</sup>

<sup>o</sup> For going—] i. e. For fear of going.—STEEVENS.

<sup>p</sup> — like to them, to what I must:] That is,—to prepare this body for that state to which I must come.—MALONE.

<sup>q</sup> Who know the world, see heaven, but feeling woe, &c.] The meaning may be—I will act as sick men do: who having had experience of the pleasures of the world, and only a visionary and distant prospect of heaven, have neglected the latter for the former; but at length feeling themselves decaying, grasp no longer at temporal pleasures, but prepare calmly for futurity.—MALONE

<sup>r</sup> In all, save that, I wish thee happiness!] Her father has just said to Pericles, that his life depended on his expounding the riddle; and the daughter, who feels a regard for the prince, expresses it by deprecating his fate and wishing him success in every thing except that. She wishes that he may not expound the riddle, but that his failing to do so may be attended with prosperous consequences.—M. MASON.

*Per.* Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,  
Nor ask advice of any other thought  
But faithfulness, and courage.

[He reads the Riddle.]

*I am no viper, yet I feed  
On mother's flesh, which did me breed :  
I sought a husband, in which labour,  
I found that kindness in a father.  
He's father, son, and husband mild,  
I mother, wife, and yet his child.  
How they may be, and yet in two,  
As you will live, resolve it you.*

Sharp physick is the last :<sup>a</sup> but O you powers !  
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,  
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,  
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it ?  
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

[Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.]

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill :  
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt ;  
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,<sup>b</sup>  
That knowing sin within, will touch the gate.  
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings ;  
Who, finger'd to make man<sup>c</sup> his lawful musick,  
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods to hearken ;  
But, being play'd upon before your time,  
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime :  
Good sooth, I care not for you.

*Ant.* Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,  
For that's an article within our law,  
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd ;  
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

*Per.* Great king,  
Few love to hear the sins they love to act ;

<sup>a</sup> *Sharp physick is the last :*] i. e. The intimation in the last line of the riddle, that his life depends on resolving it: which he properly enough calls *sharp physick*, or a bitter potion.—PERCY.

<sup>b</sup> *For he's no man on whom perfections wait,*] i. e. He's no honest man.—MALONE.

<sup>c</sup> *— to make man—*] i. e. To produce for man, &c.—MALONE.

'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.  
 Who has a book of all that monarchs do,  
 He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown;  
 For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,  
 Blows dust<sup>x</sup> in others' eyes, to spread itself;  
 And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,  
 The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear  
 To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts  
 Copp'd hills' towards heaven, to tell, the earth is wrong'd  
 By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't.  
 Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their will;  
 And if Jove stray, who dares say, Jove doth ill?  
 It is enough you know; and it is fit,  
 What being more known grows worse, to smother it.  
 All love the womb that their first beings bred,  
 Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

*Ant.* Heaven, that I had thy head!—he has found the  
 meaning;—

But I will gloze with him. [*Aside.*] Young prince of Tyre,  
 Though by the tenour of our strict edict,  
 Your exposition misinterpreting,<sup>y</sup>  
 We might proceed to cancel of your days;  
 Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree  
 As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:  
 Forty days longer we do respite you;  
 If by which time our secret be undone,  
 This mercy shows, we'll joy in such a son:  
 And until then, your entertain shall be,  
 As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt ANTIOCHUS, his Daughter, and  
 Attendants.*]

*Per.* How courtesy would seem to cover sin!  
 When what is done is like an hypocrite,

<sup>x</sup> *For vice repeated, is like the wand'ring wind,  
 Blows dust, &c.*] The man who knows of the ill-practices of princes, is un-  
 wise if he reveals what he knows; for the publisher of vicious actions resem-  
 bles the wind, which, while it passes along, blows dust into men's eyes: the  
 breath is gone, and the eyes, though sore, see clear enough to stop for the fa-  
 ture the air that would annoy them.—MALONE and M. MASON.

<sup>y</sup> *Copp'd hills*—] i. e. *Hills rising to a top or head.* From *cop* or *coppe*, the top  
 of any thing. It is pure Saxon.—Nares.

<sup>z</sup> *Your exposition misinterpreting,*] Your exposition of the riddle being a mis-  
 taken one; not interpreting it rightly.—MALONE.

The which is good in nothing but in sight.  
 If it be true that I interpret false,  
 Then were it certain, you were not so bad,  
 As with foul incest to abuse your soul ;  
 Where<sup>a</sup> now you're both a father and a son,  
 By your untimely claspings with your child,  
 (Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father ;)   
 And she an eater of her mother's flesh,  
 By the defiling of her parent's bed ;  
 And both like serpents are, who though they feed  
 On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.  
 Antioch, farewell ! for wisdom sees, those men  
 Blush not<sup>b</sup> in actions blacker than the night,  
 Will shun no course to keep them from the light.  
 One sin, I know, another doth provoke ;  
 Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.  
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin,  
 Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame :  
 Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,  
 By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [Exit.

*Re-enter* ANTIOCHUS.

*Ant.* He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean  
 To have his head.  
 He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,  
 Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin  
 In such a loathed manner :  
 And therefore instantly this prince must die ;  
 For by his fall my honour must keep high.  
 Who attends on us there ?

*Enter* THALIARD.<sup>c</sup>

*Thal.* Doth your highness call ?

*Ant.* Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our mind  
 Partakes her private actions to your secresy :

<sup>a</sup> *Where*]—in this place, has the power of *whereas*.

<sup>b</sup> ——— *those men*

*Blush not*—] The expression is elliptical here, as in many places in this play, for "that those men, who blush not."—MALONE.

<sup>c</sup> ——— *Thaliard*.] This name is somewhat corrupted from *Thaliarch*, i. e. *Thaliarchus*.



And for your faithfulness we will advance you.  
 Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;  
 We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;  
 It fits thee not to ask the reason why,  
 Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

*Thal.* My lord,  
 'Tis done.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Ant.* Enough;  
 Lest your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.\*

*Mess.* My lord, prince Pericles is fled.

[*Erit Messenger.*

*Ant.* As thou

Wilt live, fly after: and, as an arrow, shot  
 From a well-experienc'd archer, hits the mark  
 His eye doth level at, so ne'er return,  
 Unless thou say, prince Pericles is dead.

*Thal.* My lord, if I  
 Can get him once within my pistol's length,  
 I'll make him sure: so farewell to your highness. [*Erit.*

*Ant.* Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,  
 My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Erit.*

## SCENE II.

*Tyre. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.*

*Per.* Let none disturb us: Why this charge of thoughts?  
 The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,  
 By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour,  
 In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,  
 (The tomb where grief should sleep,) can breed me quiet!  
 Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,  
 And danger, which I feared, is at Antioch,  
 Whose arm is far too short to hit me here:

\* *Lest your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.*] i. e. Say no more of it, lest your breath in describing your alacrity, should cool your ardour.—  
*M. MASON.*

Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirit,  
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.  
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,  
That have their first conception by mis-dread,  
Have after-nourishment and life by care;  
And what was first but fear what might be done,  
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.\*  
And so with me :—the great Antiochus  
( 'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,  
Since he's so great, can make his will his act,)  
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;  
Nor boots it me to say, I honour him,  
If he suspect I may dishonour him :  
And what may make him blush in being known,  
He'll stop the course by which it might be known ;  
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,  
And with the ostent of war will look so huge,  
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;  
Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,  
And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought offence :  
Which care of them, not pity of myself,  
(Who am no more but as the tops of trees,  
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them,)  
Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,  
And punish that before, that he would punish.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast !

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind till you return to us,  
Peaceful and comfortable !

*Hel.* Peace, peace, my lords, and give experience  
They do abuse the king, that flatter him : [tongue.  
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin ;  
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,  
To which that breath<sup>c</sup> gives heat and stronger glowing ;  
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,  
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.  
When signior Sooth here does proclaim a peace,  
He flatters you, makes war upon your life :

\* — and cares it be not done.] And makes provision that it may not be done.  
—MALONE.

<sup>c</sup> — that breath—] i. e. The breath of flattery.

Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;  
I cannot be much lower than your knees.

*Per.* All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook  
What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,  
And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*] Helicanus, thou  
Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

*Hel.* An angry brow, dread lord.

*Per.* If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,  
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

*Hel.* How dare the plants look up to heaven, from whence  
They have their nourishment?

*Per.* Thou know'st I have power  
To take thy life.

*Hel.* [*kneeling.*] I have ground the axe myself:  
Do you but strike the blow.

*Per.* Rise, pr'ythee rise;  
Sit down, sit down; thou art no flatterer:  
I thank thee for it; and high heaven forbid,  
That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!<sup>a</sup>  
Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,  
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,  
What would'st thou have me do?

*Hel.* With patience bear  
Such griefs as you do lay upon yourself.

*Per.* Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus;  
Who minister'st a potion unto me,  
That thou would'st tremble to receive thyself.  
Attend me then: I went to Antioch,  
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,  
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,  
From whence an issue I might propagate,  
Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys.<sup>b</sup>  
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;  
The rest (hark in thine ear,) as black as incest;  
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father

<sup>a</sup> *That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!*] Heaven forbid, that kings should stop their ears, and so prevent them from hearing their secret faults!—To let formerly signified to hinder.—MALONE.

<sup>b</sup> *From whence an issue I might propagate, Bring arms to princes, and to subjects joys.*] The meaning of this passage is, "From whence I might propagate such issue, as bring additional strength to princes and joy to their subjects."—M. MASON.

Seem'd not to strike, but smooth:<sup>i</sup> but thou know'st this,  
 'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.  
 Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,  
 Under the covering of a careful night,  
 Who seem'd my good protector; and being here,  
 Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.  
 I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears  
 Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:  
 And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)  
 That I should open to the listening air,  
 How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,  
 To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,—  
 To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,  
 And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;  
 When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,  
 Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:  
 Which love to all (of which thyself art one,  
 Who now reprov'st me for it)——

*Hel.*

Alas, sir!

*Per.* Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,  
 Musings into my mind, a thousand doubts  
 How I might stop this tempest ere it came;  
 And finding little comfort to relieve them,  
 I thought it princely charity to grieve them.<sup>j</sup>

*Hel.* Well, my lord, since you have given me leave to  
 Freely I'll speak. Antiochus you fear, [speak,  
 And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,  
 Who either by publick war, or private treason,  
 Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,  
 Till that his rage and anger be forgot,  
 Or Destinies do cut his thread of life.  
 Your rule direct to any; if to me,  
 Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

*Per.* I do not doubt thy faith;  
 But should he wrong my liberties in absence—

*Hel.* We'll mingle bloods together in the earth,  
 From whence we had our being and our birth.

<sup>i</sup> — smooth:] i. e. To flatter, to stroke gently.

<sup>j</sup> — to grieve them.] That is, to lament their fate.—MALONE.

*Per.* Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to *Tharsus*  
 Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee ;  
 And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.  
 The care I had and have of subjects' good,  
 On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.  
 I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath ;  
 Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack both :  
 But in our orbs<sup>k</sup> we'll live so round and safe,  
 That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,<sup>l</sup>  
 Thou show'dst a subject's shine,<sup>m</sup> I a true prince.  
[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Tyre.* *An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter THALIARD.*

*Thal.* So, this is Tyre, and this is the court. Here must I kill king Pericles ; and if I do not, I am sure to be hanged at home : 'tis dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow,<sup>n</sup> and had good discretion, that being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know, none of his secrets. Now do I see he had some reason for it : for if a king bid a man be a villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath to be one.—Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

*Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.*

*Hel.* You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,  
 Further to question of your king's departure.  
 His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,  
 Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.

*Thal.* How ! the king gone ! [*Aside.*

*Hel.* If further yet you will be satisfied,  
 Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,

<sup>k</sup> But in our orbs—] i. e. In our different spheres.

<sup>l</sup> — convince,] i. e. Overcome.

<sup>m</sup> — shine,] By the old writers this word was frequently used as a substantive for light, brightness, lustre.

<sup>n</sup> — he was a wise fellow, &c.] Who this wise fellow was, may be known from the following passage in Barnabie Riche's *Souldier's Wishe to Briton's Welfare*, 1604, p. 27 : " I will therefore commend the poet *Philipides*, who being demanded by King *Lisimachus* what favour he might doe unto him, for that he loved him, made this answer to the king ; ' That your majestie would never impart unto me any of your secrets.' " — *STEELE*.

He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.

Being at Antioch——

*Thal.* What from Antioch? [*Aside.*]

*Hel.* Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not,) Took some displeasure at him; at least he judg'd so: And doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd To show his sorrow, would correct himself; So puts himself unto the shipman's toil, With whom each minute threatens life or death.

*Thal.* Well, I perceive [*Aside.*]  
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;  
But since he's gone, the king it sure must please,  
He 'scap'd the land, to perish on the seas.—  
But I'll present me. Peace to the lords of Tyre!

*Hel.* Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

*Thal.* From him I come  
With message unto princely Pericles;  
But, since my landing, as I have understood  
Your lord has took himself to unknown travels,  
My message must return from whence it came.

*Hel.* We have no reason to desire it, since  
Commended to our master, not to us:  
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,——  
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*Tharsus.* *A Room in the Governor's House.*

*Enter* CLEON, DIONYZA, and Attendants.

*Cle.* My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,  
And by relating tales of other's griefs,  
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

*Dio.* That were to blow at fire, in hope to quench it;  
For who digs hills because they do aspire,  
Throws down one mountain, to cast up a higher.  
O my distressed lord, even such our griefs;  
Here they're but felt, and seen with mistful eyes,  
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

*Cle.* O Dionyza,

Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,  
 Or can conceal his hunger, till he famish?  
 Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes  
 Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs  
 Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that,  
 If heaven slumber, while their creatures want,  
 They may awake their helps to comfort them.  
 I'll then discourse our woes, felt several years,  
 And wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

*Dio.* I'll do my best, sir.

*Cle.* This Tharsus, o'er which I have government,  
 (A city, on whom plenty held full hand,)  
 For riches, strew'd herself even in the streets;  
 Whose towers bore heads so high, they kiss'd the clouds,  
 And strangers ne'er beheld, but wonder'd at;  
 Whose men and dames so jetted<sup>o</sup> and adorn'd,  
 Like one another's glass to trim them by:  
 Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,  
 And not so much to feed on, as delight;  
 All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,  
 The name of help grew odious to repeat.

*Dio.* O, 'tis too true.

*Cle.* But see what heaven can do! By this our change,  
 These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,  
 Were all too little to content and please,  
 Although they gave their creatures in abundance,  
 As houses are defil'd for want of use,  
 They are now starv'd for want of exercise:  
 Those palates, who not yet two summers younger,  
 Must have inventions to delight the taste,  
 Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;  
 Those mothers who, to nouse up<sup>p</sup> their babes,  
 Thought nought too curious, are ready now,  
 To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.  
 So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife  
 Draw lots, who first shall die to lengthen life:  
 Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;  
 Here many sink, yet those which see them fall,

<sup>o</sup> — jetted—] i. e. Strutted: to jet is to walk proudly.

<sup>p</sup> — nouse up—] i. e. Nurse: quasi nurse.—Nares.

Have scarce strength left to give them burial.  
Is not this true?

*Dio.* Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness it.

*Cle.* O, let those cities, that of Plenty's cup  
And her prosperities of largely taste,  
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!  
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Where's the lord governor?

*Cle.* Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st, in haste,  
For comfort is too far for us to expect.

*Lord.* We have descried, upon our neighbouring shore,  
A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

*Cle.* I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,  
That may succeed as his inheritor;  
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,  
Taking advantage of our misery,  
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their power,<sup>a</sup>  
To beat us down, the which are down already;  
And make a conquest of unhappy me,  
Whereas<sup>r</sup> no glory's got to overcome.

*Lord.* That's the least fear; for, by the semblance  
Of their white flags display'd, they bring us peace,  
And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

*Cle.* Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat,<sup>a</sup>  
Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.  
But bring they what they will, what need we fear?  
The ground's the low'st, and we are half way there.  
Go tell their general, we attend him here,  
To know for what he comes, and whence he comes,  
And what he craves.

*Lord.* I go, my lord.

[*Exit.*

<sup>a</sup> — their power,] i. e. Their forces.

<sup>r</sup> Whereas—] For where.

<sup>a</sup> Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to repeat,] The sense is—Deluded by the pacifick appearance of this navy, you talk like one, who has never learned the common adage, "that the fairest outsides are most to be suspected."—STEVENS.



*Cle.* Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;<sup>†</sup>  
If wars, we are unable to resist.

*Enter PERICLES, with Attendants.*

*Per.* Lord governor, for so we hear you are,  
Let not our ships and number of our men  
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.  
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,  
And seen the desolation of your streets :  
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,  
But to relieve them of their heavy load ;  
And these our ships you happily may think  
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd within,  
With bloody views, expecting overthrow,  
Are stor'd with corn, to make your needy bread,<sup>‡</sup>  
And give them life, who are hunger-starv'd, half dead.

*All.* The gods of Greece protect you !  
And we'll pray for you.

*Per.* Rise, I pray you, rise ;  
We do not look for reverence, but for love,  
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

*Cle.* The which when any shall not gratify,  
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,<sup>‡</sup>  
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,  
The curse of heaven and men succeed their evils !  
Till when, (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be seen,)  
Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

*Per.* Which welcome we'll accept ; feast here a while,  
Until our stars that frown, lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>†</sup> — consist ;] i. e. *Stands* ; a Latin sense.—MALONE.

<sup>‡</sup> — to make your needy bread,] i. e. To make bread for your needy subjects.  
—PERCY.

<sup>‡</sup> — unthankfulness in thought,] i. e. *Mental ingratitude.*

## ACT II.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Here have you seen a mighty king  
 His child, I wis, to incest bring;  
 A better prince, and benign lord,  
 Prove awful both in deed and word.  
 Be quiet then, as men should be,  
 Till he hath pass'd necessity.  
 I'll show you those<sup>1</sup> in troubles reign,  
 Losing a mite, a mountain gain.  
 The good in conversation<sup>2</sup>  
 (To whom I give my benizon,)  
 Is still at Tharsus, where each man  
 Thinks all is writ he spoken can:<sup>3</sup>  
 And, to remember what he does,  
 Gild his statue glorious:  
 But tidings to the contrary  
 Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

*Dumb show.*

*Enter at one door, PERICLES, talking with CLEON; all the Train with them. Enter at another door, a Gentleman, with a Letter to PERICLES; PERICLES shows the Letter to CLEON; then gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him. Exeunt PERICLES, CLEON, &c. severally.*

*Gow.* Good Helicone hath staid at home,  
 Not to eat honey, like a drone,  
 From others' labours; forth he strive<sup>b</sup>  
 To killen bad, keep good alive;

<sup>1</sup> *I'll show you those—*] I will now exhibit to you persons, who, after suffering small and temporary evils, will at length be blessed with happiness—MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *— conversation—*] i. e. *Conduct, behaviour.* Gower means to say—The good prince (on whom I bestow my best wishes) is still engaged at Tharsus, where every man, &c.—STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Thinks all is writ he spoken can:]* Pays as much respect to whatever Pericles says, as if it were holy writ.—MALONE.

<sup>b</sup> *— forth, &c.]* i. e. *Thoroughly, from beginning to end.*—STEEVENS.

And, to fulfil his prince' desire,  
 Sends word of all that haps in Tyre :  
 How Thaliard came full bent with sin,  
 And hid intent, to murder him ;  
 And that in Tharsus was not best  
 Longer for him to make his rest :  
 He knowing so, put forth to seas,  
 Where when men been, there's seldom ease ;  
 For now the wind begins to blow ;  
 Thunder above, and deeps below,  
 Make such unquiet, that the ship<sup>c</sup>  
 Should house him safe, is wreck'd and split ;  
 And he, good prince, having all lost,  
 By waves from coast to coast is tost ;  
 All perishen of man, of pelf,  
 Ne aught escapen but himself ;  
 Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,  
 Threw him ashore, to give him glad :  
 And here he comes : what shall be next,  
 Pardon old Gower ; this long's the text.<sup>d</sup> [Exit.

## SCENE I.

Pentapolis. *An open Place by the Sea-side.*

*Enter PERICLES, wet.*

*Per.* Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of heaven !  
 Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man  
 Is but a substance that must yield to you ;  
 And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.  
 Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,  
 Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath  
 Nothing to think on, but ensuing death :  
 Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,

<sup>c</sup> — ship—] *Ship* and *split* are such defective rhymes, that I suppose the author wrote *fleet*. Pericles, in the storm, lost his *fleet* as well as the vessel in which he was himself embarked.—STEVENS.

<sup>d</sup> — what shall be next,

Pardon old Gower ; this long's the text.] The meaning of this may be—Excuse old Gower from telling you what follows. The very text to it has proved of too considerable length already.—STEVENS.

To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes ;  
And having thrown him from your wat'ry grave,  
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

*Enter Three Fishermen.*

1 *Fish.* What, ho, Pilche !\*

2 *Fish.* Ho ! come, and bring away the nets.

1 *Fish.* What Patch-breech, I say !

3 *Fish.* What say you, master ?

1 *Fish.* Look how thou stirrest now ! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannion.<sup>f</sup>

3 *Fish.* 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us, even now.

1 *Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us, to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 *Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much, when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled ?<sup>g</sup> they say, they are half fish, half flesh : a plague on them, they ne'er come, but I look to be washed. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 *Fish.* Why, as men do a-land ; the great ones eat up the little ones : I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale ; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful. Such whales have I heard on a'the land, who never leave gaping, 'till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

*Per.* A pretty moral.

3 *Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 *Fish.* Why, man ?

3 *Fish.* Because he should have swallowed me too ;

\* — *Pilche* ?] In allusion to his dress : *pilche* is a leathern coat.

<sup>f</sup> — *with a wannion.*] A phrase very commonly met with in old authors, but totally unexplained ; it seems equivalent to *with a vengeance*, or *with a plague*.—See Nares' Glossary.

<sup>g</sup> — *when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled ?*] Malone considers this prognostick as arising merely from the superstition of the sailors : but captain Cook, in his second voyage to the South Seas, mentions the playing of porpusses round the ship as a certain sign of a violent gale of wind.—M. Mason.

and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good king Simonides were of my mind——

*Per.* Simonides?

3 *Fish.* We would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

*Per.* How from the finny subject of the sea  
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;  
And from their wat'ry empire recollect  
All that may men approve, or men detect!—  
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

2 *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? if it be a day fits you,<sup>b</sup> scratch it out of the calendar, and no body will look after it.

*Per.* Nay, see, the sea hath cast upon your coast——

2 *Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!

*Per.* A man whom both the waters and the wind,  
In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball  
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;  
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 *Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece, gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 *Fish.* Can'st thou catch any fishes then?

*Per.* I never practis'd it.

2 *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou can'st fish for't.

*Per.* What I have been, I have forgot to know;  
But what I am, want teaches me to think on;  
A man shrunk up with cold; my veins are chil,  
And have no more of life, than may suffice  
To give my tongue that heat, to ask your help;  
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead.  
For<sup>d</sup> I am a man, pray see me buried.

<sup>b</sup> —— if it be a day fits you,] The allusion is to the lucky and unlucky days which are put down in some of the old calendars.—Dovce.

<sup>d</sup> For—] i. e. Because.

1 *Fish*. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreo'er puddings and flap-jacks;<sup>j</sup> and thou shalt be welcome.

*Per*. I thank you, sir.

2 *Fish*. Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

*Per*. I did but crave.

2 *Fish*. But crave? Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

*Per*. Why, are all your beggars whipped then?

2 *Fish*. O, not all, my friend, not all; for if all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office, than to be beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[*Exeunt Two of the Fishermen.*]

*Per*. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 *Fish*. Hark you, sir! do you know where you are?

*Per*. Not well.

1 *Fish*. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

*Per*. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 *Fish*. Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so called, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

*Per*. He is a happy king, since from his subjects He gains the name of good, by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 *Fish*. Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world, to just and tourney for her love.

*Per*. Did but my fortunes equal my desires, I'd wish to make one there.

1 *Fish*. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.<sup>k</sup>

— *flap-jacks*;] In some counties a *flap-jack* signifies an apple-puff; but anciently it seems to have meant a pancake.—STEVENS.

<sup>k</sup> O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.] i. e. "Things must be as they are appointed to be; and what a man is not sure to compass, he has yet a right to attempt:—

*Re-enter the Two Fishermen, drawing up a Net.*

**2 Fish.** Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't,<sup>1</sup> 'tis come at last, and 'tis turned to a rusty armour.

**Per.** An armour, friends! I pray you let me see it. Thanks, fortune, yet, that after all my crosses, Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself: And, though it was mine own,<sup>2</sup> part of mine heritage, Which my dead father did bequeath to me, With this strict charge, (even as he left his life,) *Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield 'Twixt me and death;* (and pointed to this brace:\*) *For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity, Which gods protect thee from! it may defend thee.* It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it; Till the rough seas, that spare not any man, Took it in rage, though calm'd, they give't again: I thank thee for't; my shipwreck's now no ill, Since I have here my father's gift by will.

**1 Fish.** What mean you, sir?

**Per.** To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth, For it was sometime target to a king; I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly, And for his sake, I wish the having of it; And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's court, Where with't I may appear a gentleman; And if that ever my low fortunes better, I'll pay your bounties; till then, rest your debtor.

**1 Fish.** Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

**Per.** I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

**1 Fish.** Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't!

**2 Fish.** Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that

it is for example scarcely possible that a man's wife should not be damned; but still a man should strive to save her." This is the most probable sense of this very difficult passage that I can collect from the commentators upon it.

<sup>1</sup> — bots on't,] The bots are the worms that breed in horses.—MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> And, though it was mine own,] i. e. And I thank you though it was my own.—MALONE.

\* — brace:] i. e. Armour for the arm.







made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolences, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

*Per.* Believe't, I will.

Now, by your furtherance, I am cloth'd in steel;  
And spite of all the rupture of the sea,  
This jewel holds his biding on my arm;  
Unto thy ~~value~~ will I mount myself  
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps  
Shall make ~~the~~ gazes joy to see him tread.—  
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided  
Of a pair of ~~bases~~.\*

*2 Fish.* We'll sure provide: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair; and I'll bring thee to the court myself.

*Per.* Then honour be but a goal to my will;  
This day I'll ~~see~~, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The same. A publick Way, or Platform, leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it, for the reception of the King, Princess, Lords, &c.*

*Enter PERICLES, THAISA, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Sim.* Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

*1 Lord.* They are ~~ready~~ themselves.  
And stay your coming to see them.

*Sim.* Return them, we are ready;† and our daughter,  
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,  
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat  
For men to see, and seeing, wonder at. [*Erit a Lord.*]

*Thai.* It pleaseth you, my father, to express  
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

\* —bases,] i. e. A kind of embroidered mantle which hung down from the middle to about the knees or lower, and worn by knights on horseback.—*Nares' Glossary.*

† —the triumph?] i. e. In the language of Shakspeare's time, any publick show, such as a mask, or revel, &c.—*Steevens.*

‡ Return them, we are ready;] i. e. Return them notice, that we are ready, &c.—*Percy.*

*Sim.* 'Tis fit it should be so ; for princes are  
A model, which heaven makes like to itself ;  
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,  
So princes their renown, if not respected.  
'Tis now your honour,<sup>r</sup> daughter to explain  
The labour of each knight, in his device.

*Thai.* Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

*Enter a Knight; he passes over the Stage, and his Squire  
presents his Shield to the Princess.*

*Sim.* Who is the first that doth prefer himself ?

*Thai.* A knight of Sparta, my renowned father ;  
And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is a black Æthiop, reaching at the sun ;  
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*<sup>s</sup>

*Sim.* He loves you well, that holds his life of you.

*[The second Knight passes.*

Who is the second, that presents himself ?

*Thai.* A prince of Macedon, my royal father ;  
And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is an arm'd knight, that's conquer'd by a lady :  
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulçura que per fuerça.*<sup>t</sup>

*[The third Knight passes.*

*Sim.* And what's the third ?

*Thai.* The third of Antioch ;  
And his device, a wreath of chivalry :  
The word, *Me pompæ proverit apex.*

*[The fourth Knight passes.*

*Sim.* What is the fourth ?

*Thai.* A burning torch, that's turned upside down ;  
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*

*Sim.* Which shows, that beauty hath his power and will,  
Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

*[The fifth Knight passes.*

<sup>r</sup> — your honour,] Alluding to her situation as queen of the feast, as she is afterwards denominated.—STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> The word, *Lux tua vita mihi.*] What we now call the motto, was sometimes termed the word or mot by old writers. *Le mot*, French.—STEEVENS.

<sup>t</sup> — *Piu per dulçura que per fuerça.*] That is, more by sweetness than by force. The author should have written *Mas per dulçura*, &c. *Piu* in Italian, signifies more ; but, I believe, there is no such Spanish word.—MALONE.

*Thai.* The fifth, an hand environed with clouds ;  
Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone tried :  
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The sixth Knight passes.*

*Sim.* And what's the sixth and last, which the knight  
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd ? [himself

*Thai.* He seems a stranger ; but his present is  
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top ;  
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

*Sim.* A pretty moral ;  
From the dejected state wherein he is,  
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his outward  
Can any way speak in his just commend : [show  
For, by his rusty outside, he appears  
To have practis'd more the whipstock,\* than the lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he comes  
To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnished.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour rust  
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

*Sim.* Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan  
The outward habit by the inward man.†  
But stay, the knights are coming ; we'll withdraw  
Into the gallery. [Exitunt.  
[*Great Shouts, and all cry, The mean knight.*

SCENE III.

*The same. A Hall of State. A Banquet prepared.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Knights, and  
Attendants.*

*Sim.* Knights,  
To say you are welcome, were superfluous.  
To place upon the volume of your deeds,  
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,  
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,

\* — the whipstock,] i. e. The carter's whip.

† The outward habit by the inward man.] i. e. That makes us scan the inward man by the outward habit. This kind of inversion was formerly very common.  
—MALONE.

Since every worth in show commends itself.  
 Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast :  
 You are my guests.

*Thai.* But you, my knight and guest;  
 To whom this wreath of victory I give,  
 And crown you king of this day's happiness.

*Per.* 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.

*Sim.* Call it by what you will, the day is yours;  
 And here, I hope, is none that envies it.  
 In framing artists, art hath thus decreed,  
 To make some good, but others to exceed;  
 And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen o'the  
 feast,

(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your place :  
 Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

*Knights.* We are honour'd much by good Simonides.

*Sim.* Your presence glads our days; honour we love,  
 For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

*Marsh.* Sir, yond's your place.

*Per.* Some other is more fit.

*1 Knight.* Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen,  
 That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,  
 Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

*Per.* You are right courteous knights.

*Sim.* Sit, sit, sir; sit.

*Per.* By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,  
 These cates resist me,<sup>7</sup> she not thought upon.

*Thai.* By Juno, that is queen  
 Of marriage, all the viands that I eat  
 Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat!  
 Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

*Sim.* He's but  
 A country gentleman;  
 He has done no more than other knights have done;  
 Broken a staff, or so: so let it pass.

*Thai.* To me he seems like diamond to glass.

*Per.* Yon king's to me, like to my father's picture,  
 Which tells me, in that glory once he was;  
 Had princes sit, like stars about his throne,

<sup>7</sup> — resist me,] i.e. Go against my stomach.—STEEVENS.

And he the sun, for them to reverence.  
None that beheld him, but like lesser lights,  
Did vail their crowns to his supremacy ;  
Where now his son's a glow-worm in the night,  
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light ;  
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,  
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,  
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

**Sim.** What, are you merry, knights?

1 *Knight*. Who can be other, in this royal presence?

*Sim.* Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim,  
(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,\*)  
We drink this health to you.

**Knights.** . . . . . We thank your grace.

*Sim.* Yet pause a while ;  
Yon knight, methinks, do sit too melancholy,  
As if the entertainment in our court  
Had not a show might countervail his worth.  
Note it not you, Thaisa ?

**Thai.** What is it

**To me, my father ?**

*Sim.* O, attend, my daughter;  
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,  
Who freely give to every one that comes  
To honour them; and princes, not doing so,  
Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd  
Are wonder'd at.<sup>a</sup>  
Therefore to make's entrance<sup>b</sup> more sweet, here say,  
We drink this standing-bowl<sup>c</sup> of wine to him.

*Thai.* Alas, my father, it befits not me  
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold :  
He may my proffer take for an offence,  
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

<sup>2</sup> — *As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,*] i. e. Let the quantity of wine you swallow, be proportioned to the love you bear your mistress.—STEVENS.

<sup>a</sup> ——— and princes, not doing so,

*Are like to gnats, which make a sound, but kill'd  
Are wonder'd at.]* i. e. When they are found to be such small insignificant  
animals, after making so great a noise.—Percy.

<sup>b</sup> Therefore to make's entrance - ] By his *entrance*, I believe, is meant his present *trance*, the *reversis* in which he is supposed to be sitting.—STEVENS.

c — *standing-bowl* — i. e. *A bowl resting on a foot*. — STEEVENS.

*Sim.* How !

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

*Thai.* Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.

[*Aside.*

*Sim.* And further tell him, we desire to know,  
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

*Thai.* The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

*Per.* I thank him.

*Thai.* Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

*Per.* I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

*Thai.* And further he desires to know of you,  
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

*Per.* A gentleman of Tyre—(my name, Pericles ;  
My education being in arts and arms ;)—  
Who looking for adventures in the world,  
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,  
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

*Thai.* He thanks your grace ; names himself Pericles,  
A gentleman of Tyre, who only by  
Misfortune of the seas has been bereft  
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.

*Sim.* Now by the gods, I pity his misfortune,  
And will awake him from his melancholy.  
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,  
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.  
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,<sup>a</sup>  
Will very well become a soldier's dance.  
I will not have excuse, with saying, this  
Loud musick is too harsh for ladies' heads ;  
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[*The Knights dance.*

So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.\*

Come, sir ;

Here is a lady that wants breathing too :  
And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre  
Are excellent in making ladies trip ;  
And that their measures are as excellent.

<sup>a</sup> — address'd,] i. e. Accoutered, prepared for combat.

\* So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.] i. e. The excellence of this exhibition has justified the solicitation by which it was obtained.—STEEVENS.

*Per.* In those that practise them, they are, my lord.

*Sim.* O, that's as much, as you would be denied  
[*The Knights and Ladies dance.*]

Of your fair courtesy.—Unclasp, unclasp;  
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,  
But you the best [*to PERICLES.*] Pages and lights,  
conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings: Yours, sir,  
We have given order to be next our own.

*Per.* I am at your grace's pleasure.

*Sim.* Princes, it is too late to talk of love,  
For that's the mark I know you level at:  
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;  
To-morrow, all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE IV.

Tyre. *A Room in the Governor's House.*

*Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.*

*Hel.* No, no, my Escanes; know this of me,—  
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;  
For which, the most high gods not minding longer  
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,  
Due to this heinous capital offence;  
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,  
When he was seated, and his daughter with him,  
In a chariot of inestimable value,  
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up  
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,  
That all those eyes ador'd them, ere their fall,  
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

*Esca.* 'Twas very strange.

*Hel.* And yet but just; for though  
This king were great, his greatness was no guard  
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.

*Esca.* 'Tis very true.



*Enter Three Lords.*

1 *Lord.* See, not a man in private conference,  
Or council, has respect with him but he.

2 *Lord.* It shall no longer grieve, without reproof.

3 *Lord.* And curs'd be he that will not second it.

1 *Lord.* Follow me then : Lord Helicane, a word.

*Hel.* With me ? and welcome : Happy day, my lords.

1 *Lord.* Know, that our griefs are risen to the top,  
And now at length they overflow their banks.

*Hel.* Your griefs, for what ? wrong not the prince you  
love.

1 *Lord.* Wrong not yourself then, noble Helicane ;  
But if the prince do live, let us salute him,  
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.  
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out ;  
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there ;  
And be resolv'd, ' he lives to govern us,  
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,  
And leaves us to our free election.

2 *Lord.* Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our  
censure :<sup>s</sup>  
And knowing this kingdom, if without a head,  
(Like goodly buildings left without a roof,)  
Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,  
That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,  
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

*All.* Live, noble Helicane !

*Hel.* Try honour's cause ; forbear your suffrages :  
If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.  
Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,<sup>b</sup>  
Where's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease.  
A twelvemonth longer, let me then entreat you  
To forbear choice i'the absence of your king ;  
If in which time expir'd, he not return,

<sup>f</sup> ——— resolv'd,] i. e. Satisfied.

<sup>s</sup> ——— the strongest in our censure :] i. e. The most probable in our opinion.—  
STEEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,] i. e. I embark too hastily on an expedition in which ease is disproportioned to labour.—STEEVENS.

I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.  
But if I cannot win you to this love,  
Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,  
And in your search, spend your adventurous worth;  
Whom if you find, and win unto return,  
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 *Lord*. To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;  
And, since lord Helicane enjoineth us,  
We with our travels will endeavour it.

*Hel*. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands;  
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE V.

Pentapolis. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, reading a Letter, the Knights meet him.*

1 *Knight*. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

*Sim*. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,  
That for this twelvemonth, she'll not undertake  
A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,  
Which from herself by no means can I get.

2 *Knight*. May we not get access to her, my lord?

*Sim*. 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her  
To her chamber, that it is impossible.  
One twelve moons she'll wear Diana's livery;  
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,<sup>1</sup>  
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 *Knight*. Though loath to bid farewell, we take our  
leaves. [*Exeunt*.]

\* *Sim*. So

They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:  
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,  
Or never more to view nor day nor light.  
Mistress, 'tis well, your choice agrees with mine;  
I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't,

<sup>1</sup> *This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd.*] It were to be wished that Simonides (who is represented as a blameless character) had hit on some more ingenuous expedient for the dismissal of these wooers. Here he tells them as a solemn truth, what he knows to be a fiction of his own.—STEELE.

Not minding whether I dislike or no !  
 Well, I commend her choice ;  
 And will no longer have it be *delay'd*.  
 Soft, here he comes :—I must dissemble it.

*Enter PERICLES.*

*Per.* All fortune to the good Simonides !

*Sim.* To you as much, sir ! I am beholden to you,  
 For your sweet musick this last night: my ears,  
 I do protest, were never better fed  
 With such delightful pleasing harmony.

*Per.* It is your grace's pleasure to commend ;  
 Not my desert.

*Sim.* Sir, you are musick's master.

*Per.* The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

*Sim.* Let me ask one thing. What do you think, sir, of  
 My daughter ?

*Per.* As of a most virtuous princess.

*Sim.* And she is fair too, is she not ?

*Per.* As a fair day in summer ; wond'rous fair.

*Sim.* My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you ;  
 Ay, so well, sir, that you must be her master,  
 And she'll your scholar be ; therefore look to it.

*Per.* Unworthy I to be her schoolmaster.

*Sim.* She thinks not so ; peruse this writing *else*.

*Per.* What's here !

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre ?

'Tis the king's subtilty, to have my life. *[Aside.*

O, seek not to intrap, my gracious lord,  
 A stranger and distressed gentleman,  
 That never aim'd so high, to love your daughter,  
 But bent all offices to honour her.

*Sim.* Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art  
 A villain.

*Per.* By the gods, I have not, sir.  
 Never did thought of mine levy offence ;  
 Nor never did my actions yet commence  
 A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

*Sim.* Traitor, thou liest.

*Per.* Traitor !

*Sim.*

Ay, traitor, sir.

*Per.* Even in his throat, (unless it be the king.)  
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

*Sim.* Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

[*Aside.*

*Per.* My actions are as noble as my thoughts,  
That never relish'd of a base descent.  
I came unto your court, for honour's cause,  
And not to be a rebel to her state;  
And he that otherwise accounts of me,  
This sword shall prove, he's honour's enemy.

*Sim.* No!—

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

*Enter THAISA.*

*Per.* Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,  
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue  
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe  
To any syllable that made love to you?

*Thai.* Why, sir, say if you had,  
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?

*Sim.* Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—  
I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside.*] I'll tame you;  
I'll bring you in subjection.—

Will you, not having my consent, bestow  
Your love and your affections on a stranger?

(Who, for ought I know to the contrary,  
Or think, may be as great in blood as I.) [*Aside.*

Hear therefore, mistress; frame your own will to mine,—  
And you, sir, hear you.—Either be rul'd by me,  
Or I will make you—man and wife.—

Nay, come; your hands and lips must seal it too.—

And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—

And for a further grief,—God give you joy!

What, are you both pleas'd?

*Thai.*

Yes, if you love me, sir.

*Per.* Even as my life, my blood that fosters it.

*Sim.* No!—

*Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.] Simonides I think means to say,—Not a rebel to our state! Here comes my daughter, she can prove thou art one.—MALONE.*

*Sim.* What, are you both agreed ?

*Both.* Yes, 'please your majesty.

*Sim.* It pleaseth me so well, I'll see you wed ;  
Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.<sup>k</sup> [*Exeunt.*

### ACT III.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Now sleep yslaked hath the rout ;  
No din but snores, the house about,  
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast  
Of this most pompous marriage feast.  
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,  
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole ;  
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,  
As the blither for their drouth.  
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,  
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,  
A babe is moulded ;—Be attent,  
And time that is so briefly spent,  
With your fine fancies quaintly eche ;<sup>l</sup>  
What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

*Dumb show.*

*Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES at one door, with Attendants ; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a Letter. PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES ; the Lords kneel to the former.<sup>m</sup> Then enter THAISA with child, and LYCHORIDA. SIMONIDES shows his Daughter the Letter ; she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her Father, and depart. Then SIMONIDES, &c. retire.*

<sup>k</sup> — get you to bed.] I cannot dismiss the foregoing scene, till I have expressed the most supreme contempt of it. Such another gross, nonsensical dialogue, would be sought for in vain among the earliest and rudest efforts of the British theatre.—STEVENS.

<sup>l</sup> — eche ;] i. e. Eke out.

<sup>m</sup> — the Lords kneel to the former.] The Lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter that he is king of Tyre. By the death of Antiochus and his daughter, Pericles has also succeeded to the throne of Antioch, in consequence of having rightly interpreted the riddle proposed to him.—MALONE.

*Gow.* By many a dearn and painful perch,<sup>a</sup>  
 Of Pericles the careful search  
 By the four opposing coignes,<sup>b</sup>  
 Which the world together joins,  
 Is made, with all due diligence,  
 That horse, and sail, and high expence,  
 Can stead the quest.<sup>c</sup> At last from Tyre  
 (Fame answering the most strong inquire,)  
 To the court of king Simonides  
 Are letters brought; the tenour these:  
 Antiochus and his daughter's dead;  
 The men of Tyrus, on the head  
 Of Helicanus would set on  
 The crown of Tyre, but he will none:  
 The mutiny there he hastes t'appease;  
 Says to them, if king Pericles  
 Come not, in twice six moons, home,  
 He obedient to their doom,  
 Will take the crown. The sum of this,  
 Brought hither to Pentapolis,  
 Y-ravished the regions round,  
 And every one with claps, 'gan sound,  
*Our heir apparent is a king:*  
*Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?*  
 Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:  
 His queen with child makes her desire  
 (Which who shall cross?) along to go;  
 (Omit we all their dole and woe;) *Lychorida*, her nurse, she takes,  
 And so to sea. Their vessel shakes  
 On Neptune's billow; half the flood  
 Hath their keel cut; but fortune's mood  
 Varies again; the grizzled north  
 Disgorges such a tempest forth,  
 That, as a duck for life that dives,  
 So up and down the poor ship drives,

<sup>a</sup> By many a dearn and painful perch, &c.] *Dearn* signifies lonely, solitary. A perch is a measure of five yards and a half.—STEEVENS.

<sup>b</sup> By the four opposing coignes,] By the four opposite corner-stones that unite and bind together the great fabrick of the world.—MALONE.

<sup>c</sup> Can stead the quest.] i. e. Help, befriend, or assist the search.

The lady shrieks, and well-a-near !<sup>a</sup>  
 Doth fall in travail with her fear :  
 And what ensues in this fell storm,  
 Shall, for itself, itself perform.  
 I will relate,<sup>b</sup> action may  
 Conveniently the rest convey :  
 Which might not what by me is told.<sup>c</sup>  
 In your imagination hold  
 This stage, the ship, upon whose deck  
 The sea-tost prince appears to speak. [Exit.

## SCENE I.

*Enter PERICLES, on a Ship at Sea.*

*Per.* Thou God of this great vast, rebuke these surges,  
 Which wash both heaven and hell ; and thou, that hast  
 Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,  
 Having call'd them from the deep ! O still thy deaf'ning,  
 Thy dreadful thunders ; gently quench thy nimble,  
 Sulphurous flashes !—O how, Lychorida,  
 How does my queen ?—Thou storm, thou ! venomously  
 Wilt thou spit all thyself ?—The seaman's whistle  
 Is as a whisper in the ears of death,  
 Unheard.—Lychorida !—Lucina, O  
 Divinest patroness, and midwife, gentle  
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deity  
 Aboard our dancing boat ; make swift the pangs  
 Of my queen's travails !—Now, Lychorida—

*Enter Lychorida, with an Infant.*

*Lyc.* Here is a thing  
 Too young for such a place, who, if it had  
 Conceit,<sup>d</sup> would die as I am like to do.  
 Take in your arms this piece of your dead queen.

<sup>a</sup> — well-a-near !] This exclamation is equivalent to *well-a-day*, and is still used in Yorkshire.—REED.

<sup>b</sup> I will relate,] The further consequences of this storm I shall not describe.—MALONE.

<sup>c</sup> Which might not what by me is told.] i. e. Which might not conveniently convey what by me is told, &c. What ensues may conveniently be exhibited in action ; but action could not well have displayed all the events that I have now related.—MALONE.

<sup>d</sup> Conceit,] i. e. Thought.

*Per.* How! how, Lychorida!

*Lyc.* Patience, good sir; do not assist the storm.  
Here's all that is left living of your queen,—  
A little daughter; for the sake of it,  
Be manly, and take comfort.

*Per.* O you gods!

Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,  
And snatch them straight away? We, here below,  
Recall not what we give, and therein may  
Vie honour with yourselves.\*

*Lyc.* Patience, good sir,  
Even for this charge,

*Per.* Now, mild may be thy life!  
For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:  
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!‡  
For thou'rt the rudeliest welcom'd to this world,  
That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!  
Thou hast as chiding⁴ a nativity,  
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,  
To herald thee from the womb: even at the first,  
Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit;⁵  
With all thou canst find here.—Now the good gods  
Throw their best eyes upon it!

*Enter Two Sailors.*

1 *Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you.

*Per.* Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;⁶  
It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love  
Of this poor infant, this fresh-new sea-farer,  
I would, it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins there;⁷ thou wilt not, wilt  
thou? Blow, and split thyself:

\* *Vie honour with yourselves.*] i. e. Contend with you in honour.—M. MASON.

‡ — conditions!] i. e. Qualities, dispositions of mind. Such was anciently its sense.

⁴ — as chiding—] i. e. As noisy.

⁵ *Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,*] i. e. Thou hast already lost more (by the death of thy mother) than thy safe arrival at the port of life can counterbalance, with all to boot that we can give thee.—STEEVENS.

⁶ — the flaw;] i. e. The blast.

⁷ *Slack the bolins there;*] *Bowlins* are ropes by which the sails of a ship are governed when the wind is unfavourable. They are slackened when it is high.—STEEVENS.



**2 Sail.** But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy billow  
kiss the moon, I care not.

**1 Sail.** Sir, your queen must overboard ; the sea works  
high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be  
cleared of the dead.

*Per.* That's your superstition.

**1 Sail.** Pardon us, sir ; with us at sea it still hath been  
observed ; and we are strong in earnest. Therefore  
briefly yield her ; for she must overboard straight.

*Per.* Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched queen !

*Lyr.* Here she lies, sir.

*Per.* A terrible child-bed hast thou had, my dear ;  
No light, no fire : the unfriendly elements  
Forgot thee utterly ; nor have I time  
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight  
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze ;  
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,  
And aye-remaining lamps,<sup>c</sup> the belching whale  
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,  
Lying with simple shells. *Lychorida*,  
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,  
My casket and my jewels ; and bid Nicander  
Bring me the sattin coffer :<sup>d</sup> lay the babe  
Upon the pillow ; hie thee, whiles I say  
A priestly farewell to her : suddenly, woman.

[*Exit* *LYCHORIDA*.]

**2 Sail.** Sir, we have a chest beneath the hatches, caulk'd  
and bitumed ready.

*Per.* I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this ?

**2 Sail.** We are near Tharsus.

*Per.* Thither, gentle mariner,  
Alter thy course for Tyre. When can'st thou reach it ?

**2 Sail.** By break of day, if the wind cease.

*Per.* O make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe

<sup>c</sup> *And aye-remaining lamps, &c.*] Instead of a monument erected above thy bones, AND perpetual lamps to burn near them, the spouting-whale shall oppress thee with his weight, and the mass of waters shall roll with low heavy murmur over thy head.—*STEVENS*.

<sup>d</sup> — *sattin-coffer :*] i. e. A coffer lined with sattin. Our ancient coffers were often adorned on the inside with such costly materials.—*STEVENS*.

Cannot hold out to Tyrus : there I'll leave it  
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good mariner ;  
I'll bring the body presently. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

*Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.*

*Cer.* Philemon, ho !

*Enter PHILEMON.*

*Phil.* Doth my lord call ?

*Cer.* Get fire and meat for these poor men ;  
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.

*Serv.* I have been in many ; but such a night as this,  
Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

*Cer.* Your master will be dead ere you return ;  
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,  
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothecary,  
And tell me how it works. *[To PHILEMON.]*

*[Exeunt PHILEMON, Servant, and those who had been shipwrecked.]*

*Enter Two Gentlemen.*

*1 Gent.* Good morrow, sir.

*2 Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

*Cer.* Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early ?

*1 Gent.* Sir,

Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,  
Shook, as the earth did quake ;  
The very principals\* did seem to rend,  
And all to topple ; pure surprize and fear  
Made me quit the house.

*2 Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early ;  
'Tis not our husbandry.†

\* — principals—] i. e. The strongest rafters in the roof of a building.  
† — husbandry.] i. e. Economical prudence.

*Cer.* O, you say well.

*1 Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship, having  
Rich fire about you, should at these early hours  
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.  
It is most strange,  
Nature should be so conversant with pain,  
Being thereto not compell'd.

*Cer.* I held it ever,  
Virtue and cunning<sup>s</sup> were endowments greater  
Than nobleness and riches : careless heirs  
May the two latter darken and expend ;  
But immortality attends the former,  
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever  
Have studied physick, through which secret art,  
By turning o'er authorities, I have  
(Together with my practice), made familiar  
To me and to my aid, the blest infusions  
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones ;  
And I can speak of the disturbances  
That nature works, and of her cures ; which gives me  
A more content in course of true delight  
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,  
Or tie my pleasure up in silken bags,  
To please the fool and death.<sup>a</sup>

*2 Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth  
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves  
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd :  
And not your knowledge, personal pain, but even  
Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon  
Such strong renown as time shall never——

*Enter Two Servants with a Chest.*

*Serv.* So ; lift there.

*Cer.* What is that ?

*Serv.* Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest ;  
'Tis of some wreck.

<sup>s</sup> — cunning]—means here knowledge.

<sup>a</sup> — fool and death.] A dance was once popularly exhibited in this country at fairs and wakes, &c. which entirely consisted of *Death's* contrivances to surprise the *Merry Andrew*, and of the *Merry Andrew's* efforts to elude the stratagems of *Death*, by whom at last he was overpowered.—STEEVENS.

*Cer.* Set 't down, let's look on it.

*2 Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, sir.

*Cer.* Whate'er it be,  
'Tis wond'rous heavy. Wrench it open straight;  
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,  
It is a good constraint of fortune, that  
It belches upon us.

*2 Gent.* 'Tis so, my lord.

*Cer.* How close 'tis caulk'd and bitum'd!—  
Did the sea cast it up?

*Serv.* I never saw so huge a billow, sir,  
As toss'd it upon shore.

*Cer.* Come, wrench it open;  
Soft, soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.

*2 Gent.* A delicate odour.

*Cer.* As ever hit my nostril; so,—up with it,  
O you most potent gods! What's here? a corse!

*1 Gent.* Most strange!

*Cer.* Shrouded in cloth of state: balm'd and entreasur'd  
With bags of spices full! A passport too!  
Apollo, perfect me i'the characters! [*Unfolds a Scroll.*]

*Here I give to understand,* [Reads.  
(*If e'er this coffin drive a-land,*)  
*I, king Pericles, have lost*  
*This queen, worth all our mundane<sup>1</sup> cost.*  
*Who finds her, give her burying,*  
*She was the daughter of a king:*  
*Besides this treasure for a fee,*  
*The gods requite his charity!*

If thou liv'st Pericles, thou hast a heart  
That even cracks for woe!—This chanc'd to-night.

*2 Gent.* Most likely, sir.

*Cer.* Nay, certainly to-night;  
For look, how fresh she looks!—They were too rough,  
That threw her in the sea. Make fire within;  
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.  
Death may usurp on nature many hours,

<sup>1</sup> — *mundane*—] i. e. *Worldly*.

And yet the fire of life kindle again  
 The overpressed spirits. I have heard  
 Of an Egyptian, had nine hours lien dead,  
 By good appliance was recovered.

*Enter a Servant, with Boxes, Napkins, and Fire.*

Well said, well said ; the fire and the cloths.—  
 The rough and woeful musick that we have,  
 Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.  
 The vial once more ;—How thou stirr'st, thou block !  
 The musick there.—I pray you, give her air :—  
 Gentlemen,  
 This queen will live : nature awakes ; a warmth  
 Breathes out of her : she hath not been entranc'd  
 Above five hours. See, how she 'gins to blow  
 Into life's flower again !

1 *Gent.* The heavens, sir,  
 Through you, increase our wonder, and set up  
 Your fame for ever.

*Cer.* She is alive ; behold,  
 Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels  
 Which Pericles hath lost,  
 Begin to part their fringes of bright gold ;  
 The diamonds of a most praised water  
 Appear, to make the world twice rich. O live,  
 And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,  
 Rare as you seem to be ! *[She moves.]*

*Thai.* O dear Diana,  
 Where am I ? Where's my lord ? What world is this ?

2 *Gent.* Is not this strange ?

1 *Gent.* Most rare.

*Cer.* Hush, gentle neighbours ;  
 Lend me your hands : to the next chamber bear her.  
 Get linen ; now this matter must be look'd to,  
 For her relapse is mortal. Come, come, come ;  
 And Æsculapius guide us !

*[Exeunt, carrying THAISA away.]*

SCENE III.

Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's House.*

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA,  
and MARINA.*

*Per.* Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone;  
My twelvemonths are expir'd, and Tyrus stands  
In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,  
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods  
Make up the rest upon you!

*Cle.* Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mor-  
Yet glance full wand'ringly on us. [tally,

*Dion.* O your sweet queen!  
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought her  
hither,  
To have bless'd mine eyes!

*Per.* We cannot but obey  
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar  
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end  
Must be as 'tis. My babe Marina (whom  
For she was born at sea, I have nam'd so,) here  
I charge your charity withal, and leave her  
The infant of your care; beseeching you  
To give her princely training, that she may be  
Manner'd as she is born.

*Cle.* Fear not, my lord:  
Your grace, that fed my country with your corn,  
(For which the people's prayers still fall on you,)  
Must in your child be thought on. If neglecton  
Should therein make me vile, the common body,  
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:  
But if to that my nature need a spur,  
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,  
To the end of generation!

*Per.* I believe you;  
Your honour and your goodness teach me credit,  
Without your vows. 'Till she be married, madam,  
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,

Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,  
 Though I show will in't. So I take my leave.  
 Good madam, make me blessed in your care  
 In bringing up my child.

*Dion.* I have one myself,  
 Who shall not be more dear to my respect,  
 Than yours, my lord.

*Per.* Madam, my thanks and prayers.

*Cle.* We'll bring your grace even to the edge o'the shore;  
 Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune,<sup>j</sup> and  
 The gentlest winds of heaven.

*Per.* I will embrace  
 Your offer. Come, dear'st madam.—O, no tears,  
 Lychorida, no tears :  
 Look to your little mistress, on whose grace  
 You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's House.*

*Enter CERIMON and THAISA.*

*Cer.* Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,  
 Lay with you in your coffer : which are now  
 At your command. Know you the character ?

*Thai.* It is my lord's.  
 That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,  
 Even on my yearning time ; but whether there  
 Delivered or no, by the holy gods,  
 I cannot rightly say : But since king Pericles,  
 My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,  
 A vestal livery will I take me to,  
 And never more have joy.

*Cer.* Madam, if this you purpose as you speak,  
 Diana's temple is not distant far,  
 Where you may 'bide until your date expire.<sup>k</sup>

<sup>j</sup> — *mask'd Neptune,*] i. e. Insidious waves that wear a treacherous smile.  
 —STEEVENS.

<sup>k</sup> — *until your date expire.*] i. e. Until you die.—MALONE.

Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine  
Shall there attend you.

*Thai.* My recompense is thanks, that's all;  
Yet my good-will is great, though the gift small. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Imagine Pericles at Tyre,  
Welcom'd to his own desire.  
His woeful queen leave at Ephess,  
To Dian there a votaress.  
Now to Marina bend your mind,  
Whom our fast growing scene must find  
At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd  
In musick, letters; who hath gain'd  
Of education all the grace,  
Which makes her both the heart and place  
Of general wonder.<sup>1</sup> But alack!  
That monster envy, oft the wrack  
Of earned praise,<sup>m</sup> Marina's life  
Seeks to take off by treason's knife.  
And in this kind hath our Cleon  
One daughter, and a wench full grown,  
Even ripe for marriage fight; this maid  
Hight Philoten: and it is said  
For certain in our story, she  
Would ever with Marina be:  
Be't when she weav'd the sleided silk<sup>n</sup>  
With fingers, long, small, white as milk;  
Or when she would with sharp neeld wound  
The cambrick, which she made more sound  
By hurting it; or when to the lute  
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,

<sup>1</sup> Which makes her both the heart and place  
Of general wonder.] Such an education as rendered her the center and  
situation of general wonder.—STEVENS.

<sup>m</sup> — earned praise.] i. e. Praise well deserved.

<sup>n</sup> — the sleided silk—] i. e. Untwisted silk, prepared to be used in the  
weaver's sley or slay.—PERCY.



That still records<sup>o</sup> with moan ; or when  
 She would with rich and constant pen  
 Vail<sup>p</sup> to her mistress Dian ; still  
 This Philoten contends in skill  
 With absolute<sup>q</sup> Marina : so  
 With the dove of Paphos might the crow  
 Vie feathers white. Marina gets  
 All praises, which are paid as debts,  
 And not as given. This so darks  
 In Philoten all graceful marks,  
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,  
 A present murderer does prepare  
 For good Marina, that her daughter  
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter.  
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,  
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead ;  
 And curs'd Dionyza hath  
 The pregnant<sup>r</sup> instrument of wrath  
 Prest<sup>s</sup> for this blow. The unborn event  
 I do commend to your content :  
 Only I carry winged time  
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme ;  
 Which never could I so convey,  
 Unless your thoughts went on my way.—  
 Dionyza does appear,  
 With Leonine, a murderer.

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE I.

Tharsus. *An open Place near the Sea-shore.**Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.*

*Dion.* Thy oath remember ; thou hast sworn to do it :  
 'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.  
 Thou canst not do a thing i'the world so soon,

<sup>o</sup> — records—] i. e. Sings. To record anciently signified to sing.

<sup>p</sup> Vail—] i. e. Bow, do homage.

<sup>q</sup> — absolute—] i. e. Highly accomplished, perfect.

<sup>r</sup> — pregnant—] i. e. Prepared, instructed.

<sup>s</sup> Prest—] i. e. Ready ; prêt, Fr.

To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,  
Which is but cold, inflame love in thy bosom,  
Inflame too nicely ; nor let pity, which  
Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be  
A soldier to thy purpose.

*Leon.* I'll do't ; but yet she is a goodly creature.

*Dion.* The fitter then the gods should have her.

Here

Weeping she comes for her old nurse's death.

Thou art resolv'd ?

*Leon.*

I am resolv'd.

*Enter MARINA, with a Basket of Flowers.*

*Mar.* No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed,  
To strew thy green with flowers : the yellows, blues,  
The purple violets, and marigolds,  
Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,  
While summer days do last. Ah me ! poor maid,  
Born in a tempest, when my mother died,  
This world to me is like a lasting storm,  
Whirring me from my friends.<sup>†</sup>

*Dion.* How now, Marina ! why do you keep alone ?  
How chance my daughter is not with you ? Do not  
Consume your blood with sorrowing : you have  
A nurse of me. Lord ! how your favour's chang'd<sup>‡</sup>  
With this unprofitable woe ! Come, come ;  
Give me your wreath of flowers, ere the sea mar it.  
Walk forth with Leonine ; the air is quick there,<sup>‡</sup>  
Piercing, and sharpens well the stomach. Come ;—  
Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

*Mar.* No, I pray you ;  
I'll not bereave you of your servant.

*Dion.*

Come, come ;

<sup>†</sup> *Whirring me from my friends.*] *Whirring* or *whirring*, had formerly the same meaning. A bird that flies with a quick motion, accompanied with noise, is said to *whirr* away.—MALONE.

<sup>‡</sup> — *your favour's*—] i. e. *Countenance*, look.

<sup>‡</sup> — *ere the sea mar it*, &c.] i. e. Ere the sea mar your walk upon the shore by the coming in of the tide, walk there with Leonine. We see plainly by the circumstance of the pirates, that Marina, when seized upon, was walking on the sea-shore ; and Shakspeare was not likely to reflect that there is little or no tide in the Mediterranean.—CHARLEMONT.

I love the king your father and yourself,  
 With more than foreign heart.<sup>1</sup> We every day  
 Expect him here : when he shall come, and find  
 Our paragon to all reports,<sup>2</sup> thus blasted,  
 He will repent the breadth of this great voyage ;  
 Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en  
 No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,  
 Walk, and be cheerful once again ; reserve  
 That excellent complexion, which did steal  
 The eyes of young and old. Care not for me ;  
 I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go ;

But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 'tis good for you.  
 Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least ;  
 Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while ;  
 Pray you walk softly, do not heat your blood :  
 What ! I must have a care of you.

Mar. Thanks, sweet madam.—

[Exit DIONYZA.]

Is this wind westerly that blows ?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

Leon. Was't so ?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,  
 But cry'd *good seamen!* to the sailors, galling  
 His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes :  
 And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea  
 That almost burst the deck, and from the ladder-tackle  
 Wash'd off a canvas-climber:<sup>3</sup> *Ha!* says one,  
*Wilt out?* and with a dropping industry,  
 They skip from stem to stern : the boatswain whistles,  
 The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

<sup>1</sup> *With more than foreign heart.*] With the same warmth of affection as if I was his countrywoman.—MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Our paragon to all reports,*] Our fair charge, whose beauty was once equal to all that fame said of it.—MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> — canvas-climber:] i. e. *A ship-boy.* A canvas-climber is one who climbs the mast, to furl, or unfurl, the canvas or sails.

*Leon.* And when was this?

*Mar.* It was when I was born :  
Never was waves nor wind more violent.

*Leon.* Come, say your prayers speedily.

*Mar.* What mean you?

*Leon.* If you require a little space for prayer,  
I grant it : Pray ; but be not tedious,  
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn  
To do my work with haste.

*Mar.* Why, will you kill me ?

*Leon.* To satisfy my lady.

*Mar.* Why would 'she have me kill'd ?  
Now, as I can remember, by my troth,  
I never did her hurt in all my life ;  
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn  
To any living creature : believe me, la,  
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly :  
I trod upon a worm against my will,  
But-I wept for it. How have I offended,  
Wherein my death might yield her profit, or  
My life imply her danger ?

*Leon.* My commission  
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

*Mar.* You will not do't for all the world, I hope.  
You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow  
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,  
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought ;  
Good sooth, it show'd well in you ; do so now :  
Your lady seeks my life ; come you between,  
And save poor me, the weaker.

*Leon.* I am sworn,  
And will despatch.

*Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling.*

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain ! [LEONINE runs away.

2 *Pirate.* A prize ! a prize !

3 *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have  
her aboard suddenly. [Exit Pirates with MARINA.

## SCENE II.

*The same.**Re-enter LEONINE.*

*Leon.* These roving thieves serve the great pirate  
Valdes ;

And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go :  
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,  
And thrown into the sea.—But I'll see further ;  
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,  
Not carry her aboard. If she remain,  
Whom they have ravish'd, must by me be slain. [*Erit.*

## SCENE III.

Mitylene. *A Room in a Brothel.*

*Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT.*

*Pand.* Boul't.

*Boul't.* Sir.

*Pand.* Search the market narrowly ; Mityline is full of  
gallants. We lost too much money this mart, by being  
too wenchless.

*Bawd.* We were never so much out of creatures. We  
have but poor three, and they can do no more than they  
can do ; and with continual action are even as good as  
rotten.

*Pand.* Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay  
for them. If there be not a conscience to be us'd in every  
trade, we shall never prosper.

*Bawd.* Thou say'st true : 'tis not the bringing up  
of poor bastards, as I think, I have brought up some  
eleven——

*Boul't.* Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again.  
But shall I search the market ?

*Bawd.* What else, man ? The stuff we have, a strong  
wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

*Pand.* Thou say'st true ; they are too unwholesome

o'conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

*Boult.* Ay, she quickly poop'd him; she made him roast meat for worms:—but I'll go search the market.

[*Erit BOULT.*]

*Pand.* Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

*Bawd.* Why, to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

*Pand.* O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger;<sup>b</sup> therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatch'd. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods, will be strong with us for the giving over.

*Bawd.* Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

*Pand.* As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling:—but here comes Boult.

*Enter the Pirates, and BOULT, dragging in MARINA.*

*Boult.* Come your ways. [*To MARINA.*—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 *Pirate.* O, sir, we doubt it not.

*Boult.* Master, I have gone thorough<sup>c</sup> for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

*Bawd.* Boult, has she any qualities?

*Boult.* She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes; there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

*Bawd.* What's her price, Boult?

*Boult.* I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

*Pand.* Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw<sup>d</sup> in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt PANDER and Pirates.*]

<sup>b</sup> — wages not with the danger;] i. e. Is not equal to.

<sup>c</sup> — I have gone thorough—] i. e. I have bid a high price for her; gone far in my attempt to purchase her.

<sup>d</sup> — raw—] i. e. Unripe, unskilful.

*Bawd.* Boul't, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity: and cry, *He that will give most, shall have her first.* Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

*Boul't.* Performance shall follow. [Exit BOULT.]

*Mar.* Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow! (He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates, (Not enough barbarous,) had not overboard Thrown me, to seek my mother!

*Bawd.* Why lament you, pretty one?

*Mar.* That I am pretty.

*Bawd.* Come, the gods have done their part in you.

*Mar.* I accuse them not.

*Bawd.* You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

*Mar.* The more my fault,\*  
To 'scape his hands, where I was like to die.

*Bawd.* Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

*Mar.* No.

*Bawd.* Yes, indeed, shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

*Mar.* Are you a woman?

*Bawd.* What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

*Mar.* An honest woman, or not a woman.

*Bawd.* Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

*Mar.* The gods defend me!

*Bawd.* If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boul't's returned.

*Enter BOULT.*

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

\* — my fault,] i. e. My misfortune. See GIFFORD'S *Messinger*, vol. ii. p. 98.

*Boult.* I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

*Bawd.* And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

*Boult.* 'Faith they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

*Bawd.* We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

*Boult.* To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers<sup>f</sup> i'the hams?

*Bawd.* Who? monsieur Veroles?

*Boult.* Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.<sup>g</sup>

*Bawd.* Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither; here he does but repair it. I know, he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

*Boult.* Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.<sup>h</sup>

*Bawd.* Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully, which you commit willingly; to despise profit, where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: Seldom, but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere<sup>i</sup> profit.

*Mar.* I understand you not.

*Boult.* O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of her's must be quenched with some present practice.

*Bawd.* Thou say'st true, 'faith, so they must: for your

<sup>f</sup> — cowers—] i. e. Sinks by the bending of the hams.

<sup>g</sup> — he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.] If there were no other proof of Shakspeare's hand in this piece, this admirable stroke of humour would furnish decisive evidence of it.—MALONE.

<sup>h</sup> — we should lodge them with this sign.] If a traveller from every part of the globe were to assemble in Mitylene, they would all resort to this house, while we had such a sign to it as this virgin.—MALONE.

<sup>i</sup> — mere—] i. e. Absolute, certain.



bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

*Boult.* 'Faith some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargained for the joint,—

*Bawd.* Thou may'st cut a morsel off the spit.

*Boult.* I may so.

*Bawd.* Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

*Boult.* Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

*Bawd.* Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have: you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

*Boult.* I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels,<sup>j</sup> as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

*Bawd.* Come your ways; follow me.

*Mar.* If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,  
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.  
Diana, aid my purpose!

*Bawd.* What have we to do with Diana? Pray you,  
will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.

Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's House.*

*Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.*

*Dion.* Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

*Cle.* O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter  
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

*Dion.* I think

You'll turn a child again.

*Cle.* Were I chief lord of all the spacious world,  
I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,  
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess

<sup>j</sup> ——— *thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels,*] Thunder is not supposed to have an effect on fish in general, but on eels only, which are roused by it from the mud, and are therefore more easily taken.—WHALLEY.

To equal any single crown o'the earth,  
 I'the justice of compare ! O villain Leonine,  
 Whom thou hast poison'd too !  
 If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness  
 Becoming well thy feat :<sup>k</sup> what canst thou say,  
 When noble Pericles shall demand his child ?

*Dion.* That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,  
 To foster it, nor ever to preserve.  
 She died by night ; I'll say so. Who can cross it ?  
 Unless you play the impious innocent,<sup>l</sup>  
 And for an honest attribute, cry out,  
*She died by foul play.*

*Cle.* O, go to. Well, well,  
 Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods  
 Do like this worst.

*Dion.* Be one of those, that think  
 The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,  
 And open this to Pericles. I do shame  
 To think of what a noble strain you are,  
 And of how cow'd a spirit.

*Cle.* To such proceeding  
 Who ever but his approbation added,  
 Though not his pre-consent, he did not flow  
 From honourable courses.

*Dion.* Be it so then :  
 Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,  
 Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.  
 She did disdain my child, and stood between  
 Her and her fortunes : None would look on her,  
 But cast their gazes on Marina's face ;  
 Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,  
 Not worth the time of day.<sup>m</sup> It pierced me thorough,  
 And though you call my course unnatural,  
 You not your child well loving, yet I find,

<sup>k</sup> — feat :] i. e. *Of a piece with the rest of the exploit.*—M. MASON.

<sup>l</sup> — impious innocent,] She calls him, an *impious simpleton*, because such a discovery would touch the life of one of his own family, his wife. An *innocent* was formerly a common appellation for an idiot.—MALONE.

<sup>m</sup> — a malkin,

*Not worth the time of day.*] A *malkin* is a coarse wench. *Not worth the time of day*, is, not worth a *good day*, or *good morrow* ; undeserving the most common and usual salutation.—STEVENS.

It greets me,<sup>a</sup> as an enterprize of kindness,  
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

*Cle.*

Heavens forgive it!

*Dion.* And as for Pericles,

What should he say? We wept after her hearse,  
And even yet we mourn: her monument  
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs  
In glittering golden characters express  
A general praise to her, and care in us,  
At whose expence 'tis done.

*Cle.*

Thou art like the harpy,

Which, to betray, doth wear an angel's face,  
Seize with an eagle's talons.

*Dion.* You are like one, that superstitiously  
Doth swear to the gods, that winter kills the flies;  
But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter GOWER, before the Monument of MARINA, at Tharsus.*

*Gow.* Thus time we waste, and longest leagues  
make short;

Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for't;  
Making, (to take your imagination,)  
From bourn to bourn,<sup>b</sup> region to region.  
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime  
To use one language, in each several clime,  
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you,  
To learn of me, who stand i'the gaps to teach you  
The stages of our story. Pericles  
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,  
(Attended on by many a lord and knight,)  
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.  
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late  
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,

<sup>a</sup> *It greets me,*—may mean, it *pleases me*, *c'est à mon gré*. If *greet* be used in its ordinary sense of *saluting* or *meeting with congratulations*, it is surely a very harsh phrase.—MALONE.

<sup>b</sup> *Making, (to take your imagination,)*

*From bourn to bourn,*] *Making, &c.* is travelling (with the hope of engaging your attention) from one division or boundary of the world to another; i. e. we hope to interest you by the variety of our scene, and the different countries through which we pursue our story. We still use a phrase exactly corresponding with *take your imagination*; i. e. *take your fancy*.—STANLEY.

Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,  
 Old Helicanus goes along behind.  
 Well-sailing ships, and bounteous winds, have  
 brought  
 This king to Tharsus, (think his pilot thought;  
 So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on,)  
 To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.  
 Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;  
 Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

*Dumb show.*

*Enter, at one door, PERICLES with his Train; CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON shows PERICLES the Tomb of MARINA; whereat PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on Sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs. Then CLEON and DIONYZA retire.*

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul show;  
 This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;<sup>p</sup>  
 And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,  
 With sighs shot through, and biggest tears o'er-  
 show'r'd,  
 Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He swears  
 Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;  
 He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears,  
 A tempest, which his mortal vessel<sup>q</sup> tears,  
 And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit  
 The epitaph is for Marina writ  
 By wicked Dionyza.

*[Reads the Inscription on MARINA'S Monument.*  
*The fairest, sweet'st, and best, lies here,*  
*Who wither'd in her spring of year.*  
*She was of Tyros, the king's daughter,*  
*Of whom foul death hath made this slaughter;*  
*Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,*  
*Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o'the earth,*

<sup>p</sup> — for true old woe;] i. e. For such tears as were shed when, the world being in its infancy, dissimulation was unknown. All poetical writers are willing to persuade themselves that sincerity expired with the first ages.—  
 STEVENS.

<sup>q</sup> — mortal vessel—] i. e. His body.

<sup>r</sup> — Now please you wit—] i. e. Now be pleased to know.

*Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,  
 Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:  
 Wherefore she does, (and swears she'll never stint,\*)  
 Make raging battery upon shores of flint.  
 No visor doth become black villainy,  
 So well as soft and tender flattery.  
 Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,  
 And bear his courses to be ordered  
 By lady fortune; while our scenes display<sup>h</sup>  
 His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,  
 In her unholy service. Patience then,  
 And think you now are all in Mitylen.* [Exit.

## SCENE V.

*Mitylene. A Street before the Brothel.*

*Enter, from the Brothel, Two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preached there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses: Shall we go hear the vestals sing?

1 *Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever. [Exit.

## SCENE VI.

*The same. A Room in the Brothel.*

*Enter PANDER, BAWD, and BOULT.*

*Pand.* Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

*Bawd.* Fye, fye upon her; she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravished, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our

\* — stint,] i. e. Cease.

profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

*Boult.* 'Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

*Pand.* Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

*Bawd.* 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

*Boult.* We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

*Enter* LYSIMACHUS.

*Lys.* How now? How a dozen of virginities?

*Bawd.* Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

*Boult.* I am glad to see your honour in good health.

*Lys.* You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

*Bawd.* We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

*Lys.* If she'd do the deeds of darkness, thou would'st say.

*Bawd.* Your honour knows what 'tis to say, well enough.

*Lys.* Well; call forth, call forth.

*Boult.* For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

*Lys.* What, pr'ythee?

*Boult.* O, sir, I can be modest.

*Lys.* That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

*Enter* MARINA.

*Bawd.* Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

*Lys.* 'Faith, she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you;—leave us.

*Bawd.* I beseech your honour, give me leave : a word, and I'll have done presently.

*Lys.* I beseech you, do.

*Bawd.* First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man. [To MARINA, whom she takes aside.

*Mar.* I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

*Bawd.* Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I bound to.

*Mar.* If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed ; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

*Bawd.* 'Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

*Mar.* What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

*Lys.* Have you done?

*Bawd.* My lord, she's not paced yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together.

[*Exeunt Bawd, PANDER, and BOULT.*

*Lys.* Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

*Mar.* What trade, sir?

*Lys.* What I cannot name but I shall offend.

*Mar.* I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

*Lys.* How long have you been of this profession?

*Mar.* Ever since I can remember.

*Lys.* Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?

*Mar.* Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

*Lys.* Why, the house you dwell in, proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

*Mar.* Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

' — a gamester, &c.] Formerly used to signify a waster.

*Lys.* Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

*Mar.* Who is my principal?

*Lys.* Why, your herb-woman: she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

*Mar.* If you were born to honour, show it now; If put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it.

*Lys.* How's this? how's this?—Some more;—be sage.

*Mar.* For me,  
That am a maid, though most ungente fortune  
Hath plac'd me here within this loathsome stie,  
Where, since I came, diseases have been sold  
Dearer than physick,—O that the good gods  
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,  
Though they did change me to the meanest bird  
That flies i'the purer air!

*Lys.* I did not think  
Thou could'st have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou  
could'st.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,  
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:  
Perséver still in that clear way thou goest,  
And the gods strengthen thee!

*Mar.* The gods preserve you!

*Lys.* For me, be you thoughten  
That I came with no ill intent: for to me  
The very doors and windows savour vilely.  
Farewell. Thou art a piece of virtue, and  
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—  
Hold; here's more gold for thee.—  
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,  
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st from me,  
It shall be for thy good.

[As *LYSIMACHUS* is putting up his Purse,  
*BOULT* enters.



*Boult.* I beseech your honour, one piece for me.

*Lys.* Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper! Your house,  
But for this virgin that doth prop it up,  
Would sink, and overwhelm you all. Away!

[*Exit* LYSIMACHUS.]

*Boult.* How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope,\* shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

*Mar.* Whither would you have me?

*Boult.* I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your way. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

*Re-enter Bawd.*

*Bawd.* How now! what's the matter?

*Boult.* Worse and worse, mistress; She has here spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

*Bawd.* O abominable!

*Boult.* She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

*Bawd.* Marry, hang her up for ever!

*Boult.* The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snow-ball; saying his prayers too.

*Bawd.* Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

*Boult.* An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

*Mar.* Hark, hark, you gods!

*Bawd.* She conjures: away with her. Would she had never come within my doors! Marry hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!<sup>12</sup>

[*Exit* Bawd.]

\* — under the cope,] i. e. Under the cope or covering of heaven.

<sup>12</sup> — my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays!} Anciently many dishes were

*Boult.* Come, mistress; come your way with me.

*Mar.* Whither would you have me?

*Boult.* To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

*Mar.* Pr'ythee, tell me one thing first.

*Boult.* Come, now, your one thing.

*Mar.* What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

*Boult.* Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather, my mistress.

*Mar.* Neither of these are yet so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command.

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend Of hell would not in reputation change :

Thou'rt the damn'd door-keeper to every coystrel<sup>1</sup>

That hither comes enquiring for his tib;<sup>2</sup>

To the cholerick fisting of each rogue thy ear

Is liable ; thy very food is such

As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

*Boult.* What would you have me ? go to the wars, would you ? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one ?

*Mar.* Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty Old receptacles, common sewers, of filth :

Serve by indenture to the common hangman ;

Any of these ways are better yet than this :

For that which thou professest, a baboon,

Could he but speak, would own a name too dear.

O that the gods would safely from this place

Deliver me ! Here, here is gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain ought by me,

Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,

With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast ;

And I will undertake all these to teach.

I doubt not but this populous city will

Yield many scholars.

*Boult.* But can you teach all this you speak of ?

served up with this garniture, during the season of Christmas. The bawd means to call her a piece of ostentatious virtue.—STEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> — coystrel] i. e. A wine vessel here used for a drunken fellow.

<sup>2</sup> — tib ;] A cant name for a strumpet.

*Mar.* Prove that I cannot, take me home again,  
And prostitute me to the basest groom  
That doth frequent your house.

*Boult.* Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can  
place thee, I will.

*Mar.* But, amongst honest women?

*Boult.* 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them.  
But since my master and my mistress have bought you,  
there's no going but by their consent; therefore I will  
make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not  
but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for  
thee what I can; come your ways. [Exit.

## ACT V.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Marina thus the brothel'scapes, and chances  
Into an honest house, our story says.  
She sings like one immortal, and she dances  
As goddess-like to her admired lays:  
Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her needl<sup>a</sup> com-  
poses  
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry;  
That even her art sisters the natural roses;  
Her inkle,<sup>b</sup> silk, twin with the rubied cherry:  
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,  
Who pour their beauty on her; and her gain  
She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;  
And to her father turn our thoughts again,  
Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost;  
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd  
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast  
Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd  
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence  
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,

<sup>a</sup> — needl—] i. e. Needle.

<sup>b</sup> — inkle,] A particular kind of *cruvel* or *worsted* with which ladies worked  
flowers, &c.—STEVENS.

His banners sable, trimm'd with rich expence;  
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.  
In your supposing once more put your sight;  
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark:  
Where, what is done in action, more, if might,<sup>c</sup>  
Shall be discover'd; please you, sit, and hark. [*Erit.*]

SCENE I.

*On board Pericles' Ship, off Mitylene. A close Pavilion on deck, with a Curtain before it; Pericles within it, reclined on a Couch. A Barge lying beside the Tyrian Vessel.*

*Enter Two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian Vessel, the other to the Barge; to them HELICANUS.*

*Tyr. Sail.* Where's the lord Helicanus? he can resolve you. [*To the Sailor of Mitylene.*]

O here he is.—

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mitylene,  
And in it is Lysimachus the governor,  
Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

*Hel.* That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

*Tyr. Sail.* Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

*Enter Two Gentlemen.*

*1 Gent.* Doth your lordship call?

*Hel.* Gentlemen,

There is some of worth would come aboard; I pray you,  
To greet them fairly.

[*The Gentlemen and the Two Sailors descend, and go on board the Barge.*]

*Enter, from thence, LYSIMACHUS and Lords; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the Two Sailors.*

*Tyr. Sail.* Sir,  
This is the man that can, in aught you would,  
Resolve you.

<sup>c</sup> *Where, what is done in action, more, if might,] Where all that may be displayed in action, shall be exhibited; and more should be shown, if our stage would permit. The poet seems to be aware of the difficulty of representing the ensuing scene.—MALONE.*

*Lys.* Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

*Hel.* And you, sir, to out-live the age I am,  
And die as I would do.

*Lys.* You wish me well.  
Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,  
Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,  
I made to it, to know of whence you are.

*Hel.* First, sir, what is your place?

*Lys.* I am governor of this place you lie before.

*Hel.* Sir,  
Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;  
A man, who for this three months hath not spoken  
To any one, nor taken sustenance.  
But to prorogue<sup>d</sup> his grief.

*Lys.* Upon what ground is his distemperature?

*Hel.* Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat;  
But the main grief of all springs from the loss  
Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

*Lys.* May we not see him, then?

*Hel.* You may indeed, sir.  
But bootless is your sight; he will not speak  
To any.

*Lys.* Yet, let me obtain my wish.

*Hel.* Behold him, sir: [PERICLES *discovered.*] this was  
a goodly person,  
Till the disaster, that, one mortal night,<sup>e</sup>  
Drove him to this.

*Lys.* Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you! Hail!  
Hail, royal sir!

*Hel.* It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

I Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,  
Would win some words of him.

*Lys.* 'Tis well bethought.  
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony  
And other choice attractions, would allure,  
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,<sup>f</sup>  
Which now are midway stopp'd:

<sup>d</sup> — to prorogue—] i. e. To lengthen or prolong.

<sup>e</sup> — mortal—] i. e. Pernicious, destructive.

<sup>f</sup> — deafen'd parts,] i. e. His ears.

She, all as happy as of all the fairest,  
Is, with her fellow maidens, now within  
The leafy shelter that abuts against  
The island's side.

[*He whispers one of the attendant Lords.—Exit Lord,  
in the Barge of* LYSIMACHUS.

*Hel.* Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit  
That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness  
We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you further,  
That for our gold we may provision have,  
Wherein we are not destitute for want,  
But weary for the staleness.

*Lys.* O, sir, a courtesy,  
Which if we should deny, the most just God  
For every graff would send a caterpillar,  
And so inflict our province.—Yet once more  
Let me entreat to know at large the cause  
Of your king's sorrow.

*Hel.* Sit, sir, I will recount it :—  
But, see, I am prevented.

*Enter, from the Barge, Lord, MARINA, and a young Lady.*

*Lys.* O, here is  
The lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!  
Is't not a goodly presence ?

*Hel.* A gallant lady.

*Lys.* She's such, that were I well assur'd she came  
Of gentle kind, and noble stock, I'd wish  
No better choice, and think me rarely wed.  
Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty  
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient :  
If that thy prosperous-artificial feat  
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,  
Thy sacred physick shall receive such pay  
As thy desires can wish.

*Mar.* Sir, I will use  
My utmost skill in his recovery,  
Provided none but I and my companion  
Be suffer'd to come near him.

*Is't not a goodly presence ?]* i. e. Is she not beautiful in her form ?

*Lys.* Come, let us leave her;  
And the gods make her prosperous! [*MARINA sings.*

*Lys.* Mark'd he your musick?

*Mar.* No, nor look'd on us.

*Lys.* See, she will speak to him.

*Mar.* Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear:—

*Per.* Hum! ha!

*Mar.* I am a maid,  
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,  
But have been gaz'd on, comet-like: she speaks,  
My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief  
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.  
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,  
My derivation was from ancestors  
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:  
But time hath rooted out my parentage,  
And to the world and aukward<sup>b</sup> casualties  
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist;  
But there is something glows upon my cheek,  
And whispers in mine ear, *Go not till he speak.* [*Aside.*

*Per.* My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—  
To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say you?

*Mar.* I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,  
You would not do me violence.

*Per.* I do think so.

I pray you, turn your eyes again upon me.—  
You are like something that—What countrywoman?  
Here of these shores?

*Mar.* No, nor of any shores:  
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am  
No other than I appear.

*Per.* I am great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.  
My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one  
My daughter might have been: my queen's square brows;  
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;  
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like,  
And cas'd as richly: in pace another Juno;  
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,  
The more she gives them speech.—Where do you live?

<sup>b</sup> — aukward—] i. e. Adverse.

*Mar.* Where I am but a stranger : from the deck  
You may discern the place.

*Per.* Where were you bred ?  
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which  
You make more rich to owe ?

*Mar.* Should I tell my history,  
'Twould seem like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

*Per.* Pr'ythee speak :  
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st  
Modest as justice, and thou seem'st a palace  
For the crown'd truth to dwell in : I'll believe thee,  
And make my senses credit thy relation,  
To points that seem impossible ; for thou look'st  
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends ?  
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,  
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou cam'st  
From good descending ?

*Mar.* So indeed I did.

*Per.* Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st  
Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,  
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,  
If both were open'd.

*Mar.* Some such thing indeed  
I said, and said no more but what my thoughts  
Did warrant me was likely.

*Per.* Tell thy story ;  
If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part  
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I  
Have suffer'd like a girl : yet thou dost look  
Like Patience, gazing on king's graves, and smiling  
Extremity out of act.<sup>k</sup> What were thy friends ?  
How lost thou them ? Thy name, my most kind virgin ?  
Recount, I do beseech thee : come, sit by me.

*Mar.* My name, sir, is Marina.

*Per.* O, I'm mock'd,

<sup>i</sup> — to owe ?] i. e. To possess. The meaning of the compliment is : These endowments, however valuable in themselves, are heightened by being in your possession. They acquire additional grace from their owner.—STEEVENS.

<sup>k</sup> — and smiling

[Extremity out of act.] By her beauty and patient meekness disarming Calamity, and preventing her from using her up-lifted sword.—MALONE.



And thou by some incensed god sent hither  
To make the world laugh at me.

*Mar.* Patience, good sir,

Or here I'll cease.

*Per.* Nay, I'll be patient ;

Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,  
To call thyself Marina.

*Mar.* The name Marina

Was given me by one that had some power ;  
My father, and a king.

*Per.* How ! a king's daughter ?

And call'd Marina ?

*Mar.* You said you would believe me ;

But, not to be a troubler of your peace,  
I will end here.

*Per.* But are you flesh and blood ?

Have you a working pulse ? and are no fairy ?  
No motion ? Well ; speak on. Where were you born ?  
And wherefore call'd Marina ?

*Mar.* Call'd Marina,

For I was born at sea.

*Per.* At sea ? thy mother ?

*Mar.* My mother was the daughter of a king ;  
Who died the very minute I was born,  
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft  
Deliver'd weeping.

*Per.* O, stop there a little !

This is the rarest dream that ere dull sleep  
Did mock sad fools withal : this cannot be.  
My daughter's buried. [*Aside.*] Well :—where were you  
bred ?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,  
And never interrupt you.

*Mar.* You'll scarce believe me ; 'twere best I did give  
o'er.

*Per.* I will believe you by the syllable  
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave :—  
How came you in these parts ? where were you bred ?

*Mar.* The king, my father, did in Tharsus leave me ;

<sup>1</sup> No motion ?] i. e. No puppet dress'd up to deceive me.—STEEVENS.

Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,  
 Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd  
 A villain to attempt it, who having drawn,  
 A crew of pirates came and rescued me;  
 Brought me to Mitylene. But, now, good sir,  
 Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be,  
 You think me an impostor: no, good faith;  
 I am the daughter to king Pericles,  
 If good king Pericles be.

*Per.* Ho, Helicanus!

*Hel.* Calls my gracious lord?

*Per.* Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,  
 Most wise in general: Tell me, if thou canst,  
 What this maid is, or what is like to be,  
 That thus hath made me weep?

*Hel.* I know not; but  
 Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene,  
 Speaks nobly of her.

*Lys.* She would never tell  
 Her parentage; being demanded that,  
 She would sit still and weep.

*Per.* O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;  
 Give me a gash, put me to present pain;  
 Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,  
 O'erbear the shores of my mortality,  
 And drown me with great sweetness. O, come hither,  
 Thou that beget'st him that did thee beget;  
 Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,  
 And found at sea again!—O Helicanus,  
 Down on thy knees thank the holy gods, as loud  
 As thunder threatens us: This is Marina.—  
 What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,  
 For truth can never be confirm'd enough,  
 Though doubts did ever sleep.<sup>m</sup>

*Mar.* First, sir, I pray,  
 What is your title?

*Per.* I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now  
 (As in the rest thou hast been godlike perfect,)

<sup>m</sup> *Though doubts did ever sleep.*] i. e. In plain language, though nothing ever happened to awake a scruple or doubt concerning your veracity.—STEEVENS.

My drown'd queen's name, thou art the heir of kingdoms,  
And another life to Pericles thy father.

*Mar.* Is it no more to be your daughter, than  
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?  
Thaisa was my mother, who did end,  
The minute I began.

*Per.* Now blessing on thee, rise; thou art my child.  
Give me fresh garments. Mine own Helicanus,  
(Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,  
By savage Cleon,) she shall tell thee all;  
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge,  
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

*Hel.* Sir, 'tis the governor of Mitylene,  
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,  
Did come to see you.

*Per.* I embrace you, sir.  
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.  
O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what musick?—  
Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him  
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,  
How sure you are my daughter.—But what musick?

*Hel.* My lord, I hear none.

*Per.* None?  
The musick of the spheres: list, my Marina.

*Lys.* It is not good to cross him; give him way.

*Per.* Rarest sounds!  
Do ye not hear?

*Lys.* Musick? My lord, I hear—

*Per.* Most heavenly musick:  
It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber  
Hangs on mine eyelids; let me rest. [*He sleeps.*]

*Lys.* A pillow for his head;  
[*The Curtain before the Pavilion of PERICLES is closed.*]  
So leave him all. Well, my companion-friends,  
If this but answer to my just belief,  
I'll well remember you.

[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and  
attendant Lady.]

SCENE II.

*The same.*

PERICLES *on the Deck asleep*; DIANA *appearing to him as in a vision.*

*Dia.* My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,  
And do upon mine altar sacrifice.  
There, when my maiden priests are met together,  
Before the people all,  
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:  
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,  
And give them repetition to the life.<sup>a</sup>  
Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:  
Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow.  
Awake, and tell thy dream. [*DIANA disappears.*]  
*Per.* Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,<sup>o</sup>  
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

*Enter* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, *and* MARINA.

*Hel.* Sir.

*Per.* My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike  
The inhospitable Cleon; but I am  
For other service first: toward Ephesus  
Turn our blown<sup>p</sup> sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why.—  
[*To* HELICANUS.]

Shall we refresh us sir, upon your shore,  
And give you gold for such provision  
As our intents will need?

*Lys.* With all my heart, sir; and when you come ashore,  
I have another suit.

*Per.* You shall prevail,  
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems  
You have been noble towards her.

*Lys.* Sir, lend your arm.

*Per.* Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>a</sup> *And give them repetition to the life.*] i. e. Repeat your misfortunes so feelingly and so exactly, that the language of your narration may imitate to the life the transactions you relate.—MALONE.

<sup>o</sup> — goddess argentine,] That is, regent of the silver moon.—MALONE.

<sup>p</sup> — blown—] i. e. Swollen.

*Enter GOWER, before the Temple of Diana at Ephesus.*

Gow. Now our sands are almost run ;  
 More a little, and then done.  
 This, as my last boon, give me,  
 (For such kindness must relieve me,)  
 That you aptly will suppose  
 What pageantry, what feats, what shows,  
 What minstrelsy, and pretty din,  
 The regent made in Mitylin,  
 To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,  
 That he is promis'd to be wiv'd  
 To fair Marina ; but in no wise,  
 Till he<sup>a</sup> had done his sacrifice,  
 As Dian bade : whereto being bound,  
 The interim, pray you, all confound.<sup>r</sup>  
 In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,  
 And wishes fall out as they're will'd.  
 At Ephesus the temple see,  
 Our king, and all his company.  
 That he can hither come so soon,  
 Is by your fancy's thankful boon.<sup>a</sup> [Exit.

### SCENE III.

*The Temple of Diana at Ephesus ; THAISA standing near the Altar, as High-priestess ; a number of Virgins on each side ; CERIMON, and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*

*Enter PERICLES, with his Train ; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.*

Per. Hail Dian ! to perform thy just command,  
 I here confess myself the king of Tyre ;  
 Who, frighted from my country, did wed  
 The fair Thaisa, at Pentapolis.  
 At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth  
 A maid-child call'd Marina ; who, O goddess,

<sup>a</sup> He—] i. e. Pericles.

<sup>r</sup> — confound.]—here signifies consume.

<sup>a</sup> — thankful boon.] i. e. The boon for which we thank you.—STEEVENS.

Wears yet thy silver livery.<sup>t</sup> She at Tharsus  
Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years  
He sought to murder: but her better stars  
Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore  
Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,  
Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she  
Made known herself my daughter.

*Thai.* Voice and favour!—  
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!— [*She faints.*]

*Per.* What means the woman? she dies! help, gentlemen!

*Cer.* Noble sir,  
If you have told Diana's altar true,  
This is your wife.

*Per.* Reverend appearer, no;  
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

*Cer.* Upon this coast, I warrant you.

*Per.* 'Tis most certain.

*Cer.* Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'erjoy'd.  
Early, one blust'ring morn, this lady was  
Thrown on this shore. I op'd the coffin, and  
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and plac'd her  
Here in Dian's temple.

*Per.* May we see them?

*Cer.* Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,  
Whither I invite you. Look! Thaisa is  
Recover'd.

*Thai.* O, let me look!  
If he be none of mine, my sanctity  
Will to my sense<sup>u</sup> bend no licentious ear,  
But curb it spite of seeing. O, my lord,  
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,  
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,  
A birth, and death?

*Per.* The voice of dead Thaisa!

*Thai.* That Thaisa am I, supposed dead,  
And drown'd.

<sup>t</sup> — thy silver livery.] i. e. Her white robe of innocence, as being yet under the protection of the goddess of chastity.—PERCY.

<sup>u</sup> — sense—] Here used for sensual passion.

*Per.* Immortal Dian !

*Thai.* Now I know you better.—

When we with tears parted Pentapolis,  
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[Shows a Ring.]

*Per.* This, this : no more, you gods ! your present  
kindness

Makes my past miseries sport ; You shall do well,  
That on the touching of her lips I may  
Melt, and no more be seen. O, come, be buried  
A second time within these arms.

*Mar.* My heart

Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

(Kneels to THAISA.)

*Per.* Look, who kneels here ! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa ;  
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,  
For she was yielded there.

*Thai.* Bless'd, and mine own !

*Hel.* Hail, madam, and my queen !

*Thai.* I know you not.

*Per.* You have heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,  
I left behind an ancient substitute.  
Can you remember what I call'd the man ?  
I have nam'd him oft.

*Thai.* 'Twas Helicanus then.

*Per.* Still confirmation :

Embrace him, dear Thaisa ; this is he.  
Now do I long to hear how you were found ;  
How possibly preserv'd ; and whom to thank,  
Besides the gods for this great miracle.

*Thai.* Lord Cerimon, my lord ; this man  
Through whom the gods have shown their power ; that can  
From first to last resolve you.

*Per.* Reverend sir,  
The gods can have no mortal officer  
More like a god than you. Will you deliver  
How this dead queen re-lives ?

*Cer.* I will, my lord.  
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,  
Where shall be shown you all was found with her ;

How she came placed here within the temple ;  
• No needful thing omitted.

*Per.* Pure Diana!  
I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer  
My night oblations to thee. Thaisa,  
This prince, the fair-betroth'd\* of your daughter,  
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now  
This ornament that makes me look so dismal,  
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form ;  
And what this fourteen years no razor touched,  
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

*Thai.* Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit,  
Sir, that my father's dead.

*Per.* Heavens make a star of him! Yet there, my  
queen,  
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves  
Will in that kingdom spend our following days ;  
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.  
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,  
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* In Antioch,<sup>†</sup> and his daughter, you have heard  
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward :  
In Pericles, his queen, and daughter, seen  
(Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,)  
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,  
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.  
In Helicanus may you well descry  
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty :  
In reverend Cerimon there well appears  
The worth that learned charity aye wears.  
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame  
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd name  
Of Pericles, to rage the city turn ;  
That him and his they in his palace burn.  
The gods for murder seemed so content  
To punish them ; although not done, but meant.

\* — the fair-betrothed—] i. e. Fairly contracted, honourably affianced.

† In Antioch,] i. e. Antiochus.



So on your patience evermore attending,  
New joy wait on you ! Here our play has ending.

[Exit GOWER.]

\* To a former edition of this play were subjoined two Dissertations : one written by Mr. Steevens, the other by me. In the latter I urged such arguments as then appeared to me to have weight, to prove that it was the entire work of Shakspeare, and one of his earliest compositions. Mr. Steevens on the other hand maintained, that it was originally the production of some elder playwright, and afterwards improved by our poet, whose hand was acknowledged to be visible in many scenes throughout the play. On a review of the various arguments which each of us produced in favour of his own hypothesis, I am now convinced that the theory of Mr. Steevens was right, and have no difficulty in acknowledging my own to be erroneous.

This play was entered on the Stationers' books, together with *Antony and Cleopatra*, in the year 1608, by Edward Blount, a bookseller of eminence, and one of the publishers of the first folio edition of Shakspeare's works. It was printed with his name in the title-page, in his lifetime : but this circumstance proves nothing ; because, by the knavery of booksellers, other pieces were also ascribed to him in his lifetime, of which he indubitably wrote not a line. Nor is it necessary to urge, in support of its genuineness, that at a subsequent period it was ascribed to him by several dramattick writers. I wish not to rely on any circumstance of that kind ; because, in all questions of this nature, internal evidence is the best that can be produced, and to every person intimately acquainted with our poet's writings, must in the present case be decisive. The congenial sentiments, the numerous expressions bearing a striking similitude to passages in his undisputed plays, some of the incidents, the situation of many of the persons, and in various places the colour of the style, all these combine to set the seal of Shakspeare on the play before us, and furnish us with internal and irresistible proofs, that a considerable portion of this piece, as it now appears, was written by him. The greater part of the last three acts may, I think, on this ground be safely ascribed to him ; and his hand may be traced occasionally in the other two divisions.

To alter, new-model, and improve the unsuccessful dramas of preceding writers, was, I believe, much more common in the time of Shakspeare than is generally supposed. This piece having been thus new-modelled by our poet, and enriched with many happy strokes from his pen, is unquestionably entitled to that place among his works, which it has now obtained.—MALONE.

J. B.

END OF VOL. VII.





1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

3. The third part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".















